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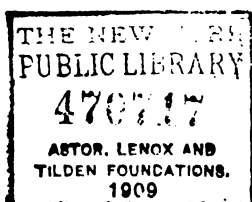
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE object of this Work, which is entirely new, is to comprise, within a single volume, a chronological series of our classical Poets, from Ben Jonson to Beattie, without mutilation or abridgment, with Biographical and Critical notices of their Authors. The contents of this volume are so comprehensive, that few poems, it is believed, are omitted, except such as are of secondary merit, or unsuited to the perusal of youth. The Work, within these bounds, may be termed a "Library of Classical English Poetry," and may safely be recommended to the heads of Schools in general, and to the libraries of Young Persons.



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## BENJAMIN JONSON.

---

BENJAMIN JONSON, (or Johnson,) a poet, who, during life, attained a distinguished character, was the posthumous son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in 1574, about a month after his father's decease. His family was originally from Scotland, whence his grandfather removed to Carlisle, in the reign of Henry VIII.

Benjamin received his education under the learned Camden, at Westminster school; and had made extraordinary progress in his studies, when his mother, who had married a bricklayer for her second husband, took him away to work under his step-father. From this humble employment he escaped, by enlisting as a soldier in the army, then serving in the Netherlands against the Spaniards. An exploit which he here performed, of killing an enemy in single combat, gave him room to boast ever after of a degree of courage which has not often been found in alliance with poetical distinction.

On his return, Jonson entered himself at St. John's College, Cambridge, which he was shortly obliged to quit from the scanty state of his finances. He then turned his thoughts to the stage, and applied for employment at the theatres; but his talents, as an actor, could only procure for him admission at an obscure playhouse in the suburbs. Here he had the misfortune to kill a fellow-actor in a duel, for which he was thrown into prison. The state of mind to which he was here brought, gave the advantage to a Popish priest in converting him to the Catholic faith, under which religion he continued for twelve years.

After his liberation from prison, he married, and applied in earnest to writing for the stage, in which he appears to have already made several attempts. His comedy of "Every Man in his Humor," the first of his acknowledged pieces, was performed with applause in 1596; and henceforth he continued to furnish a play yearly, till his time was occupied by the composition of the masques and other entertainments, by which the accession of James was celebrated. Dryden, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, speaks of him as the "most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had," and

gives a particular examination of his "Silent Woman," as a model of perfection. He afterwards, however, seems to make large deductions from this commendation. "You seldom (says Dryden) find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanics." Besides his comedies, Jonson composed two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, both formed upon ancient models, and full of translations; and neither of them successful. His dramatic compositions, however, do not come within the scope of the present publication.

In 1616, he published a folio volume of his works, which procured for him a grant from his majesty of the salary of poet-laureate for life, though he did not take possession of the post till three years after. With high intellectual endowments, he had many unamiable traits in his character, having a high degree of pride and self-conceit, with a disposition to abuse and disparage every one who incurred his jealousy or displeasure. Jonson was reduced to necessitous circumstances in the latter part of his life, though he obtained from Charles I. an advance of his salary as laureate. He died in 1637, at the age of 63, being at that time considered as at the head of English poetry. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where an inscription was placed over his grave, familiarly expressive of the reputation he had acquired among his countrymen: it was, "O rare Ben Jonson." Six months after his death, a collection of poems to his honor, by a number of the most eminent writers and scholars in the nation, was published, with the title of "Jonsonius Virbius; or the memory of Ben Jonson, revived by the Friends of the Muses."

Although, as a general poet, Jonson for the most part merits the character of harsh, frigid, and tedious; there are, however, some strains in which he appears with singular elegance, and may be placed in competition with some of the most favored writers of that class.

## TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN, most reverend head, to whom I owe  
 All that I am in arts, all that I know—  
 (How nothing's that!) to whom my country owes  
 The great renown, and name wherewith she goes.  
 Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,  
 More high, more holy, that she more would crave.  
 What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in  
 things!

What sight in searching the most antique springs!  
 What weight, and what authority in thy speech!  
 Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst  
 teach.

Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,  
 Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.  
 Many of thine this better could, than I,  
 But for their powers, accept my piety.

## FROM CYNTHIA'S REVELS

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep;  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep:  
 Hesperus intreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear, when day did close;  
 Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;  
 Give unto the flying heart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever:  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess excellently bright.

## FROM THE SILENT WOMAN.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast;  
 Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:  
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,  
 Though art's hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.  
 Give me a look, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicity a grace;  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Than all th' adulteries of art;  
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

## HAGS.

1. I HAVE been, all day, looking after  
 A raven, feeding upon a quarter;  
 And, soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,  
 snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2. I have been gathering wolves' hairs,  
 The mad-dogs' foam, and the adders' ears;  
 The spurgings of a dead-man's eyes,  
 And all since the evening-star did rise.

3. I, last night, lay all alone  
 O' the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;  
 And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;  
 And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4. And I ha' been choosing out this skull,  
 From charnel-houses, that were full;  
 From private grots, and public pits,  
 And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5. Under a cradle I did creep,  
 By day; and, when the child was asleep,  
 At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,  
 And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

7. A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,  
 The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;  
 I bit off a sinew, I clipp'd his hair,  
 I brought off his rage, that danc'd i' the air.

8. The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers bla  
 The blood of the frog, and the bone in his ba  
 I have been getting; and made of his skin  
 A purset, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9. And I ha' been plucking (plants among)  
 Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue,  
 Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's bane;  
 And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.

10. I, from the jaws of a gardener's bitch,  
 Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch  
 Yet went I back to the house again,  
 Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

11. I went to the toad breeds under the wall  
 I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;  
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,  
 I tore the bat's wing: what would you have mor

## DAME.

Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)  
 Horned poppy, cypress boughs,  
 The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,  
 And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,  
 The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:  
 And, now, our orgies let's begin.

## EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO  
 SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse  
 Lies the subject of all verse,  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
 Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,  
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

## ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,  
 I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,  
 What kind of creature I could most desire,  
 To honor, serve, and love; as poets use.  
 I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,  
 Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;  
 I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,  
 Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.  
 I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,  
 Having that solemn vice of greatness, pride;  
 I meant each softest virtue there should meet,  
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.  
 Only a learned, and a manly soul  
 I purpos'd her; that should, with even pow'rs,  
 The rock, the spindle, and the shears control  
 Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.  
 Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,  
 My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she.

## SONG

## TO CELIA

Kiss me, sweet: the wary lover  
 Can your favors keep, and cover,  
 When the common courting jay  
 All your bounties will betray.  
 Kiss again: no creature comes.  
 Kiss, and score up wealthy sums  
 On my lips, thus hardly sun'd red,  
 While you breathe. First give a hundred,  
 Then a thousand, then another  
 Hundred, then unto the tother  
 Add a thousand, and so more:  
 Till you equal with the store,  
 All the grass that Romney yields,  
 Or the sands in Chelsea fields,  
 Or the drops in silver Thames,  
 Or the stars, that gild his streams,  
 In the silent summer nights,  
 When youths ply their stol'n delights.  
 That the curious may not know  
 How to tell 'em as they flow,  
 And the envious, when they find  
 What their number is, be pin'd.

## TO THE SAME.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,  
 Doth ask a drink divine:  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope, that there  
 It could not wither'd be.  
 But thou thereon did'st not breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me:  
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

## FROM THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

## NYMPH I.

THUS, thus, begin: the yearly rites  
 Are due to Pan on these bright nights;  
 His morn now riseth, and invites  
 To sports, to dances, and delights:  
 All envious and profane, away,  
 This is the shepherd's holiday.

## NYMPH II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground,  
 With every flower, yet not confound  
 The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,  
 Bright daisies, and the lips of cows,  
 The garden-star, the queen of May,  
 The rose, to crown the holiday.

## NYMPH III.

Drop, drop, you violets, change your hues,  
 Now red, now pale, as lovers use,  
 And in your death go out as well  
 As when you lived unto the smell:  
 That from your odor all may say,  
 This is the shepherd's holiday.

## LOVE, A LITTLE BOY.

FROM THE  
MASQUE ON LORD HADDINGTON'S MARRIAGE

## FIRST GRACE.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen this toy,  
 Called Love, a little boy,  
 Almost naked, wanton, blind,  
 Cruel now; and then as kind?  
 If he be amongst ye, say;  
 He is Venus' run-away.

## SECOND GRACE.

She, that will but now discover  
 Where the winged wag doth hover,  
 Shall, to-night, receive a kiss,  
 How, or where herself would wish:  
 But, who brings him to his mother,  
 Shall have that kiss, and another.

## THIRD GRACE.

He hath of marks about him plenty:  
 You shall know him among twenty.  
 All his body is a fire,  
 And his breath a flame entire,  
 That being shot, like lightning, in,  
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

## FIRST GRACE.

At his sight, the Sun hath burned,  
 Neptune in the waters burned;  
 Hell hath felt a greater heat:  
 Jove himself forsook his seat:  
 From the centre, to the sky,  
 Are his trophies reared high.

## SECOND GRACE.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,  
 He will leap from lip to lip,

Over liver, lights, and heart,  
But not stay in any part ;  
And, if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

THIRD GRACE.

He doth bear a golden bow,  
And a quiver, hanging low,  
Full of arrows, that out-brave  
Dian's shafts : where, if he have  
Any head more sharp than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

FIRST GRACE

Still the fairest are his fuel.  
When his days are to be cruel,  
Lovers' hearts are all his food ;  
And his baths their warmest blood :  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season ;  
And he hates none like to Reason

SECOND GRACE.

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,  
Seldom with his heart do meet.  
All his practice is deceit ;  
Every gift it is a bait ;  
Not a kiss, but poison bears ;  
And most treason in his tears.

THIRD GRACE.

Idle minutes are his reign ;  
Then, the straggler makes his gain,  
By presenting maids with toys,  
And would have ye think them joys ;  
'Tis the ambition of the elf,  
To have all childish, as himself.

FIRST GRACE.

If by these ye please to know him,  
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

SECOND GRACE.

Though ye had a will to hide him,  
Now, we hope, you'll not abide him.

THIRD GRACE.

Since ye hear his falser play ;  
And that he is Venus' run-away.

EPITAPH

ON ELIZABETH L. H.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die :  
Which in life did harbor give  
To more virtue than doth live.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, a poet of considerable distinction, was born at London, in 1618. His father, who was a grocer by trade, died before his birth; but his mother, through the interest of her friends, procured his admission into Westminster school, as a king's scholar. He has represented himself as so deficient in memory, as to have been unable to retain the common rules of grammar: it is, however, certain that, by some process, he became an elegant and correct classical scholar. He early imbibed a taste for poetry; and so soon did it germinate in his youthful mind, that, while yet at school, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, he published a collection of verses, under the appropriate title of *Poetical Blossoms*.

In 1636 he was elected a scholar of Trinity college, Cambridge. In this favorable situation he obtained much praise for his academical exercises; and he again appeared as an author, in a pastoral comedy, called *Love's Riddle*, and a Latin comedy, entitled, *Naufragium Joculare*; the last of which was acted before the university, by the members of Trinity college. He continued to reside at Cambridge till 1643, and was a Master of Arts when he was ejected from the university by the puritanical visitors. He thence removed to Oxford, and fixed himself in St. John's college. It was here that he engaged actively in the royal cause, and was present in several of the king's journeys and expeditions, but in what quality, does not appear. He ingratiated himself, however, with the principal persons about the court, and was particularly honored with the friendship of Lord Falkland.

When the events of the war obliged the queen-mother to quit the kingdom, Cowley accompanied her to France, and obtained a settlement at Paris, in the family of the earl of St. Alban's. During an absence of nearly ten years from his native country, he took various journeys into Jersey, Scotland, Holland, and Flanders; and it was principally through his instrumentality that a correspondence was maintained between the king and his consort. The business of ciphering and deciphering their letters, was intrusted to his care, and often occupied his nights, as well as his days. It is no wonder that, after the Restoration, he long complained of the neglect with which he was treated. In 1656, having no longer any affairs to transact abroad, he returned to England; still, it is supposed, engaged in the service of his party, as a medium of secret intelligence. Soon after his arrival, he published an edition of his poems, containing most of those which now appear in his works. In a search for another person, he was apprehended by the messengers of the ruling powers, and committed to custody; from which he was liberated, by that generous and learned physician, Dr. Scarborough, who bailed him in the sum of a thousand pounds. This, however, was possibly the sum at which he was rated as a physician, a character he assumed by

virtue of a degree which he obtained, by mandamus, from Oxford, in December, 1657.

After the death of Cromwell, Cowley returned to France, and resumed his station as an agent in the royal cause, the hopes of which now began to revive. The Restoration reinstated him, with other royalists, in his own country; and he naturally expected a reward for his long services. He had been promised, both by Charles I. and Charles II., the Mastership of the Savoy, but was unsuccessful in both his applications. He had also the misfortune of displeasing his party, by his revived comedy of "The Cutter of Coleman-street," which was construed as a satire on the cavaliers. At length, through the interest of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Alban's, he obtained a lease of a farm at Chertsey, held under the queen, by which his income was raised to about 300*l.* per annum. From early youth a country retirement had been a real or imaginary object of his wishes; and, though a late eminent critic and moralist, who had himself no sensibility to rural pleasures, treats this taste with severity and ridicule, there seems little reason to decry a propensity, nourished by the favorite strains of poets, and natural to a mind long tossed by the anxieties of business, and the vicissitudes of an unsettled condition.

Cowley took up his abode first at Barn-elms, on the banks of the Thames; but this place not agreeing with his health, he removed to Chertsey. Here his life was soon brought to a close. According to his biographer, Dr. Sprat, the fatal disease was an affection of the lungs, the consequence of staying too late in the fields among his laborers. Dr. Warton, however, from the authority of Mr. Spence, gives a different account of the matter. He says, that Cowley, with his friend Sprat, paid a visit on foot to a gentleman in the neighborhood of Chertsey, which they prolonged, in free conviviality, till midnight; and that missing their way on their return, they were obliged to pass the night under a hedge, which gave to the poet a severe cold and fever, which terminated in his death. He died on July 28, 1667, and was interred, with a most honorable attendance of persons of distinction, in Westminster-abbey, near the remains of Chaucer and Spenser. King Charles II. pronounced his eulogy, by declaring, "that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

At the time of his death, Cowley certainly ranked as the first poet in England; for Milton lay under a cloud, nor was the age qualified to taste him. And although a large portion of Cowley's celebrity has since vanished, there still remains enough to raise him to a considerable rank among the British poets. It may be proper here to add, that as a prose writer, particularly in the department of essays, there are few who can compare with him in elegant simplicity.

## THE MOTTO.

TENTANDA VIA EST, &amp;c.

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,  
 And make the age to come my own  
 I shall, like beasts or common people, die,  
 Unless you write my elegy;  
 Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;  
 Their mothers' labor, not their own.  
 In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,  
 The weight of that mounts this so high.  
 These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;  
 Brought forth with their own fire and light:  
 If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,  
 Out of myself it must be strook.  
 Yet I must on. What sound is't strikes mine ear?  
 Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:  
 It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can  
 Raise up the buried man.  
 Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,  
 And march, the Muses' Hannibal.  
 Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay  
 Nets of roses in the way!  
 Hence, the desire of honors or estate,  
 And all that is not above Fate!  
 Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!  
 Which intercepts my coming praise.  
 Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;  
 'Tis time that I were gone.  
 Welcome, great Stagyrite! and teach me now  
 All I was born to know:  
 Thy scholar's victories thou dost far outdo;  
 He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world you.  
 Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue and  
 wit  
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet:  
 Thou art the first of orators; only he  
 Who best can praise thee, next must be.  
 Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!  
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;  
 Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,  
 And made that art which was a rage.  
 Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do  
 To be like one of you?  
 But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit  
 On the calm flourishing head of it,  
 And, whilst with wearied steps we upwards go,  
 See us, and clouds, below

## HONOR.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;  
 There's then, at last, no more to do;  
 The happy work's entirely done;  
 Enter the town which thou hast won;  
 The fruits of conquest now begin;  
 Iô, triumph! enter in.

What's this, ye gods! what can it be?  
 Remains there still an enemy?  
 Bold Honor stands up in the gate,  
 And would yet capitulate;  
 Have I o'ercome all real foes,  
 And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!  
 By what witchcraft wert thou made?  
 Empty cause of solid harms!  
 But I shall find out counter-charms  
 Thy airy devilship to remove  
 From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee  
 By the night's obscurity,  
 And obsecrer secrecy!  
 Unlike to every other sprite,  
 Thou attempt'st not men to fright,  
 Nor appear'st but in the light.

## OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie  
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.  
 Some honor I would have,  
 Not from great deeds, but good alone;  
 Th' unknown are better than ill known:  
 Rumor can ope the grave.  
 Acquaintance I would have, but when't deper:  
 Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.  
 My house a cottage more  
 Than palace; and should fitting be  
 For all my use, no luxury.  
 My garden painted o'er  
 With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yie  
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;  
 For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.  
 And in this true delight,  
 These unbought sports, this happy state,  
 I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;  
 But boldly say each night,  
 To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
 Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

## THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possest,  
 If I remember well, my breast,  
 Margarita first of all;  
 But when awhile the wanton maid  
 With my restless heart had play'd,  
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
 To the beauteous Catharine.  
 Beauteous Catharine gave place  
 (Though loth and angry she to part  
 With the possession of my heart)  
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,  
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en.  
 Fundamental laws she broke,

And still new favorites she chose,  
Till up in arms my passions rose,  
And cast away her yoke.

Mary, then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began;  
Alternately they away'd,  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous laws impose;  
A mighty tyrant she!  
Long, alas! should I have been  
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'Twas then a golden time with me:  
But soon those pleasures fled;  
For the gracious princess dy'd,  
In her youth and beauty's pride,  
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,  
Judith held the sovereign power:  
Wondrous beautiful her face!  
But so weak and small her wit,  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
Arm'd with a restless flame,  
And th' artillery of her eye;  
Whilst she proudly march'd about,  
Greater conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd  
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid;  
To whom ensued a vacancy:  
Thousand worse passions then possess  
The interregnum of my breast;  
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary, next began;  
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Catharine,  
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate  
The strength and riches of their state;  
The powder, patches, and the pins,  
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,  
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,  
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts  
To take and keep men's hearts;  
The letters, embassies, and spies,  
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,  
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,  
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,  
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;  
I more voluminous should grow

(Chiefly if I like them should tell  
All change of weathers that befell,  
Than Holingshæd or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,  
Since few of them were long with me.  
An higher and a nobler strain  
My present emperess does claim,  
Heleonora, first o' th' name;  
Whom God grant long to reign!

## ANACREONTICS:

OR,

## SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

Translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon.

## I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,  
In mighty numbers, mighty things.  
Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings  
To my great song rebellious prove;  
The strings will sound of nought but love.  
I broke them all, and put on new;  
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.  
These, sure, (said I) will me obey;  
These, sure, heroic notes will play.  
Straight I began with thundering Jove,  
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,  
Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled lyre  
Came gentle airs, such as inspire  
Melting love and soft desire.  
Farewell, then, heroes! farewell, kings  
And mighty numbers, mighty things!  
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

## II. DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,  
The plants suck-in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair;  
The sea itself (which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink)  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy Sun (and one would guess  
By's drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done  
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:  
They drink and dance by their own light;  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in nature's sober found,  
But an eternal health goes round.  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I?  
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

## III. BEAUTY.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense  
To all things arms for their defence;  
And some she arms with sinewy force,  
And some with swiftness in the course;  
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,  
And some with horns or tusked jaws:



And some with scales, and some with wings,  
 And some with teeth, and some with stings.  
 Wisdom to man she did afford,  
 Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.  
 What to beauteous womankind,  
 What arms, what armor, has she assign'd?  
 Beauty is both; for with the fair  
 What arms, what armor, can compare?  
 What steel, what gold, or diamond,  
 More impassable is found?  
 And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er  
 So great an active force did bear?  
 They are all weapon, and they dart  
 Like porcupines from every part.  
 Who can, alas! their strength express,  
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,  
 Cap-a-pie with nakedness!

## V. AGE.

ORT am I by the women told,  
 Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:  
 Look how thy hairs are falling all;  
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall!  
 Whether I grow old or no,  
 By th' effects, I do not know;  
 This, I know, without being told,  
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old;  
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
 Of little life the best to make,  
 And manage wisely the last stake.

## VIL GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,  
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;  
 But, of all pains, the greatest pain  
 It is to love, but love in vain.  
 Virtue now, nor noble blood,  
 Nor wit, by love is understood;  
 Gold alone does passion move,  
 Gold monopolizes love.  
 A curse on her, and on the man  
 Who this traffic first began!  
 A curse on him who found the ore!  
 A curse on him who digg'd the store!  
 A curse on him who did refine it!  
 A curse on him who first did coin it!  
 A curse, all curses else above,  
 On him who us'd it first in love!  
 Gold begets in brethren hate;  
 Gold in families debate;  
 Gold does friendships separate;  
 Gold does civil wars create.  
 These the smallest harms of it!  
 Gold, alas! does love beget.

## VIII. THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!  
 Around our temples roses twine!  
 And let us cheerfully awhile,  
 Like the wine and roses, smile.  
 Crown'd with roses, we condemn  
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.  
 To-day is ours, what do we fear?  
 To-day is ours; we have it here:  
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow;  
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

## IX. ANOTHER.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,  
 On flowery beds supinely laid,  
 With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,  
 And around it roses growing,  
 What should I do but drink away  
 The heat and troubles of the day?  
 In this more than kingly state  
 Love himself shall on me wait.  
 Fill to me, Love; nay, fill it up;  
 And mingled cast into the cup  
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,  
 Vigorous health and gay desires.  
 The wheel of life no less will stay  
 In a smooth than rugged way:  
 Since it equally doth flee,  
 Let the motion pleasant be.  
 Why do we precious ointments show'r?  
 Nobler wines why do we pour?  
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread,  
 Upon the monuments of the dead?  
 Nothing they but dust can show,  
 Or bones that hasten to be so.  
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,  
 Now your wines and ointments give;  
 After death I nothing crave,  
 Let me alive my pleasures have,  
 All are Stoics in the grave.

## X. THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY Insect! what can be  
 In happiness compar'd to thee?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy Morning's gentle wine!  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant cup does fill;  
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,  
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.  
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;  
 Happier than the happiest king!  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants, belong to thee;  
 All that summer-hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice.  
 Man for thee does sow and plow;  
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!  
 Thou dost innocently joy;  
 Nor does thy luxury destroy;  
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
 More harmonious than he.  
 The country hinds with gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!  
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;  
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.  
 To thee, of all things upon earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
 Happy insect, happy thou!  
 Dost neither age nor winter know;  
 But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sun  
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,  
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,  
 Epicurean animal!)  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

## XI. THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH Prater, what dost thou  
 So early at my window do,

With thy tuneless serenade?  
 Well't had been had Tereus made  
 Thee as dumb as Philomel;  
 There his knife had done but well.  
 In thy undiscover'd nest  
 Thou dost all the winter rest,  
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,  
 Free from the stormy seasons' noise,  
 Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;  
 Who disturbs or seeks out thee?  
 Hadst thou all the charming notes  
 Of the wood's poetic throats,  
 All thy art could never pay  
 What thou hast ta'en from me away.  
 Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away  
 A dream out of my arms to-day;  
 A dream, that ne'er must equall'd be  
 By all that waking eyes may see  
 Thou, this damage to repair,  
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,  
 Nothing half so good, canst bring,  
 Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

## ELEGY UPON ANACREON;

WHO WAS CHOKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

SPOKEN BY THE GOD OF LOVE.

How shall I lament thine end,  
 My best servant and my friend?  
 Nay, and, if from a deity  
 So much deified as I,  
 It sound not too profane and odd,  
 Oh, my master and my god!  
 For 'tis true, most mighty poet!  
 (Though I like not men should know it)  
 I am in naked Nature less,  
 Less by much, than in thy dress.  
 All thy verse is softer far  
 Than the downy feathers are  
 Of my wings, or of my arrows,  
 Of my mother's doves or sparrows,  
 Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,  
 Or their riper following blisses;  
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,  
 All with Venus' girdle bound;  
 And thy life was all the while  
 Kind and gentle as thy style,  
 The smooth-pace'd hours of every day  
 Glided numerously away.  
 Like thy verse each hour did pass;  
 Sweet and short, like that, it was.

Some do but thy youth allow me,  
 Just what they by Nature owe me,  
 The time that's mine, and not their own,  
 The certain tribute of my crown:  
 When they grow old, they grow to be  
 Too busy, or too wise, for me.  
 Thou wert wiser, and didst know  
 None too wise for love can grow;  
 Love was with thy life entwin'd,  
 Close as heat with fire is join'd;  
 A powerful brand prescrib'd the date  
 Of thine, like Meleager's fate.  
 Th' antiperistasis of age  
 More inflam'd thy amorous rage;  
 Thy silver hairs yielded me more  
 Than even golden curls before.

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Had I the power of creation,  
 As I have of generation,  
 Where I the matter must obey,  
 And cannot work plate out of clay,  
 My creatures should be all like thee,  
 'Tis thou should'st their idea be:  
 They, like thee, should thoroughly hate  
 Business, honor, title, state;  
 Other wealth they should not know,  
 But what my living mines bestow;  
 The pomp of kings, they should confess,  
 At their crownings, to be less  
 Than a lover's humblest guise,  
 When at his mistress' feet he lies.  
 Rumor they no more should mind  
 Than men safe landed do the wind;  
 Wisdom itself they should not hear,  
 When it presumes to be severe;  
 Beauty alone they should admire,  
 Nor look at Fortune's vain attire.  
 Nor ask what parents it can show;  
 With dead or old 't has nought to do.  
 They should not love yet all, or any,  
 But very much and very many:  
 All their life should gilded be  
 With mirth, and wit, and gaiety;  
 Well remembering and applying  
 The necessity of dying.  
 Their cheerful heads should always wear  
 All that crowns the flowery year:  
 They should always laugh, and sing,  
 And dance, and strike th' harmonious string.  
 Verse should from their tongues so flow,  
 As if it in the mouth did grow,  
 As swiftly answering their command,  
 As tunes obey the artful hand.  
 And whilst I do thus discover  
 Th' ingredients of a happy lover,  
 'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake  
 I of the grape no mention make.

Till my Anacreon by thee fell,  
 Cursed Plant! I lov'd thee well;  
 And 'twas oft my wanton use  
 To dip my arrows in thy juice.  
 Cursed Plant! 'tis true, I see,  
 The old report that goes of thee—  
 That with giants' blood the Earth  
 Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth;  
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite  
 On men in whom the gods delight.  
 Thy patron, Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,  
 Was brought forth in flames and thunder,  
 In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,  
 Worse than his tigers, he delights;  
 In all our Heaven I think there be  
 No such ill-natur'd god as he.  
 Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine!  
 To be the Muses' friend and mine:  
 With love and wit thou dost begin,  
 False fires, alas! to draw us in;  
 Which, if our course we by them keep,  
 Misguide to madness or to sleep:  
 Sleep were well, thou'st learn't a way  
 To death itself now to betray.

It grieves me when I see what fate  
 Does on the best of mankind wait.  
 Poets or lovers let them be,  
 'Tis neither love nor poesy  
 Can arm, against Death's smallest dart,  
 The poet's head or lover's heart;

B 2

But when their life, in its decline,  
Touches th' inevitable line,  
All the world's mortal to them then,  
And wine is aconite to men;  
Nay, in Death's hand, the grape-stone proves  
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

## ODE, FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast  
(Meaning nothing less than rest)  
Acme lean'd her loving head,  
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

"My dearest Acme, if I be  
Once alive, and love not thee  
With a passion far above  
All that e'er was called love;  
In a Libyan desert may  
I become some lion's prey;  
Let him, Acme, let him tear  
My breast, when Acme is not there."

The god of love, who stood to hear him,  
(The god of love was always near him.)  
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,  
Sneez'd aloud; and all around  
The little Loves, that waited by,  
Bow'd, and blest the augury.  
Acme, inflam'd with what he said,  
Rear'd her gently-bending head;  
And, her purple mouth with joy  
Stretching to the delicious boy,  
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)  
She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

"My little life, my all!" (said she)  
So may we ever servants be  
To this best god, and ne'er retain  
Our hated liberty again!  
So may thy passion last for me,  
As I a passion have for thee,  
Greater and fiercer much than can  
Be conceiv'd by thee a man!  
Into my marrow is it gone,  
Fixt and settled in the bone;  
It reigns not only in my heart,  
But runs, like life, through every part."  
She spoke; the god of love aloud  
Sneez'd again; and all the crowd  
Of little Loves, that waited by,  
Bow'd, and blest the augury.

This good omen thus from Heaven  
Like a happy signal given,  
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,  
And hand in hand run all the race.  
To poor Septimius (who did now  
Nothing else but Acme grow)  
Acme's bosom was alone  
The whole world's imperial throne;  
And to faithful Acme's mind  
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the gods would please to be  
But advis'd for once by me,

I'd advise them, when they spy  
Any illustrious piety,  
To reward her, if it be she—  
To reward him, if it be he—  
With such a husband, such a wife,  
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

## THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,

Th' uncomfortable shade

Of the black yew's unlucky green,  
Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey  
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,  
The melancholy Cowley lay:

And lo! a Muse appear'd to's closed sight,  
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play.)  
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.  
A golden harp with silver strings she bore;  
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,  
In which all colors and all figures were,  
That Nature or that Fancy can create,

That art can never imitate;  
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.  
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,  
She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,  
Pindar, her Theban favorite, to meet;  
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from  
the ground;

The shaken strings melodiously resound.

"Art thou return'd at last," said she,

"To this forsaken place and me!"

Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste  
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;  
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,  
And gather husks of learning up at last,  
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,

And Winter marches on so fast!

But, when I meant to adopt thee for my son,  
And did as learn'd a portion assign,  
As ever any of the mighty Nine

Had to their dearest children done;  
When I resolv'd to exalt thy anointed name,  
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;  
Thou, changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,

Would'st into courts and cities from me go;  
Would'st see the world abroad, and have a share  
In all the follies and the tumults there:  
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in a state,  
And business thou would'st find, and would'st  
create;

Business! the frivolous pretence  
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;

Business! the grave impertinence;

Business! the thing which I of all things hate;  
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

"Go, renegade! cast up thy account,  
And see to what amount

Thy foolish gains by quitting me:

The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,  
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.  
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were  
past,

All thy remaining life should sunshine be ;  
Behold ! the public storm is spent at last,  
The sovereign's tost at sea no more,  
And thou, with all the noble company,  
Art got at last to shore.

But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see  
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,  
Thou, still alone, alas ! dost gaping stand  
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand !

"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,  
After a tedious stormy night,  
Such was the glorious entry of our king ;  
Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing :  
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light !

But then, alas ! to thee alone,  
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown ;  
For every tree and every herb around  
With pearly dew was crown'd,  
And upon all the quicken'd ground  
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lie,  
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.  
It did all other threats surpass,  
When God to his own people said  
(The men whom through long wanderings he had led)  
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of  
brass :

They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,  
That bounteous Heaven, which God did not re-  
strain  
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more  
Thou didst with faith and labor serve,  
And didst (if faith and labor can) deserve,  
Though she contracted was to thee,  
Given to another thou didst see,  
Given to another, who had store  
Of fairer and of richer wives before,  
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be !  
Go on ; twice seven years more thy fortune try ;  
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may  
Give thee, to fling away  
Into the court's deceitful lottery :  
But think how likely 'tis that thou,  
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plow,  
Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,  
Should'st even able be to live ;  
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,  
In that miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,  
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.  
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,  
The melancholy Cowley said—  
"Ah, wretched foe ! dost thou upbraid  
The ills which thou thyself hast made ?  
When in the cradle innocent I lay,  
Thou, wicked spirit ! stolest me away,  
And my abused soul didst bear  
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,  
Thy golden Indies in the air ;  
And ever since I strive in vain  
My ravish'd freedom to regain ;  
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign ;  
Lo ! still in verse against thee I complain.  
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,  
Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds ;  
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,  
No useful plant can keep alive :

The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,  
Make all my art and labor fruitless now ;  
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever  
grow.

"When my new mind had no infusion known,  
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,  
That ever since I vainly try  
To wash away th' inherent dye :  
Long work perhaps may spoil thy colors quite ;  
But never will reduce the native white :  
To all the ports of honor and of gain,  
I often steer my course in vain ;  
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.  
Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,  
By making them so oft to be  
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy  
Whoever this world's happiness would see,  
Must as entirely cast off thee,  
As they who only Heaven desire  
Do from the world retire.

This was my error, this my gross mistake,  
Myself a demi-votary to make.  
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate,  
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late,)  
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,  
And perish for the part which I retain

"Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse !

The court, and better king, t' accuse :  
The heaven under which I live is fair,  
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :  
Thine, thine is all the barrenness ; if thou  
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plow,  
When I but think how many a tedious year  
Our patient sovereign did attend  
His long misfortunes' fatal end ;  
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,  
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend ;  
I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuse  
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !  
Kings have long hands, they say ; and, though I be  
So distant, they may reach at length to me.  
However, of all the princes, thou  
Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or  
slow ;  
Thou ! who rewardest but with popular breath,  
And that too after death."

#### HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come  
From the old Negro's darksome womb !  
Which, when it saw the lovely child,  
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and  
smil'd ;

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,  
But ever ebb and ever flow !  
Thou golden shower of a true Jove !  
Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth  
make love !

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health  
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth !  
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee !  
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bride-  
groom he !

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky  
Do all thy winged arrows fly!  
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine:  
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word  
Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,  
That so much cost in colors thou,  
And skill in painting, dost bestow  
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,  
Thy race is finish'd when begun;  
Let a post-angel start with thee,  
And thou the goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,  
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey!  
And all the year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal  
spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above  
The Sun's gilt tents for ever move,  
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,  
The shining pageants of the world attend thy  
show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble glow-worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild  
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the  
field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,  
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;  
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,  
They screen their horrid shapes with the black  
hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,  
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:  
At the first opening of thine eye  
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscene beasts,  
Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:  
Nature to thee does reverence pay,  
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said  
To shake his wings, and rouse his head:  
And cloudy Care has often took  
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;  
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.  
Encouraged at the sight of thee,  
To the cheek color comes, and firmness to the  
knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,  
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,  
To Darkness' curtains he retires;  
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,  
Out of the morning's purple bed,  
Thy quire of birds about thee play.  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume  
A body's privilege to assume,  
Vanish again invisibly,  
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,  
Is but thy several liveries;  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as th  
go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;  
The virgin-lilies, in their white,  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked lig

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands  
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands.  
On the fair tulip thou dost doat;  
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-color'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,  
And solid colors in it mix:  
Flora herself envies to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold  
And be less liberal to gold!  
Did'st thou less value to it give,  
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor me  
relieve!

To me the Sun is more delightful far,  
And all fair days much fairer are.  
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,  
Who do not gold prefer, O goddess! ev'n to thee

Through the soft ways of Heaven, and air, and sea  
Which open all their pores to thee,  
Like a clear river thou dost glide,  
And with thy living stream through the close char  
nels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,  
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;  
Takes there possession, and does make  
Of colors mingled light, a thick and standing lake

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,  
In th' empyrean Heaven does stay.  
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,  
From thence took first their rise, thither at las  
must flow.

#### AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is,  
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;  
Whom good or ill does equally confound,  
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:  
Vain shadow! which does vanish quite,  
Both at full noon and perfect night!  
The stars have not a possibility  
Of blessing thee;  
If things then from their end we happy call,  
'Tis hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight, [quite!  
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it

wing'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,  
 gging it with legacies before!  
 he joys which we entire should wed,  
 xme deflower'd virgins to our bed;  
 ortunes without gain imported be,  
 ighty custom's paid to thee.  
 r, like wine, kept close does better taste;  
 ke air before, its spirits waste.

ope! Fortune's cheating lottery!  
 for one prize an hundred blanks there be;  
 rcher, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,  
 till or short or wide thine arrows are!  
 hin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives  
 ith shapes that our own fancy gives!  
 d, which gilt and painted now appears,  
 ut must drop presently in tears!  
 thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,  
 es fatui for north-stars we sail.

rother of Fear, more gayly clad!  
 errier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:  
 f Repentance! child of fond Desire!  
 low'st the chymics', and the lovers', fire,  
 eading them still insensibly on  
 y the strange witchcraft of "anon!"  
 e the one does changing Nature, through  
 ar endless labyrinths, pursue;  
 t' other chases woman, whilst she goes  
 ways and turns not hunted Nature knows.

#### FOR HOPE.

of all ills that men endure,  
 nly cheap and universal cure!  
 xaptive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!  
 loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!  
 hou manna, which from Heaven we eat,  
 o every taste a several meat!  
 strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,  
 ough has power to alienate!  
 pleasant, honest flatterer! for none  
 :unhappy men, but thou alone!

lope! thou first-fruits of happiness!  
 gentle dawning of a bright success!  
 good preparative, without which our joy  
 work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!  
 Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,  
 and art a blessing still in hand!  
 t thee, her earnest-money, we retain,  
 Ve certain are to gain,  
 er she her bargain break or else fulfil;  
 only good, not worse for ending ill!

rother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee  
 oys of Heaven and Earth divided be!  
 h Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,  
 ortion yet in movables is great.  
 appiness itself's all one  
 a thee, or in possession!  
 he future's thine, the present his!  
 hine's the more hard and noble bliss:  
 upprehender of our joys! which hast  
 g a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

lope! thou and lovers' only friend!  
 Way, that may'st dispute it with the End!  
 ve, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight  
 ate itself less than the smell and sight.

Fruition more deceitful is  
 Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;  
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee  
 Some other way again to thee;  
 And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,  
 To which all soon return that travel out.

#### CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM  
 EGRESSUS EST.

FELIX, qui patriis, &c.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound  
 Within th' inclosure of his little ground.  
 Happy the man, whom the same humble place  
 (Th' hereditary cottage of his race)  
 From his first rising infancy has known,  
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,  
 With natural propension, to that earth  
 Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.  
 Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,  
 Could ever into foolish wanderings get.  
 He never dangers either saw or fear'd:  
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.  
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,  
 Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.  
 No change of consuls marks to him the year,  
 The change of seasons is his calendar.  
 The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;  
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows;  
 He measures time by land-marks, and has found  
 For the whole day the dial of his ground.  
 A neighboring wood, born with himself, he sees,  
 And loves his old contemporary trees.  
 He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,  
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.  
 Does with a like concernment notice take  
 Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.  
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,  
 And sees a long posterity of boys.  
 About the spacious world let others roam,  
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

#### THE WISH.

WELL, then; I now do plainly see  
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;  
 The very honey of all earthly joy  
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy;  
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity,  
 Who for it can endure the stings,  
 The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,  
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,  
 May I a small house and large garden have!  
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,  
 Both wise, and both delightful too!  
 And, since love ne'er will from me flee,  
 A mistress moderately fair,  
 And good as guardian-angels are,  
 Only below'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I  
 Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?  
 Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made  
 The happy tenant of your shade!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky  
Do all thy winged arrows fly?  
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine:  
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word  
Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,  
That so much cost in colors thou,  
And skill in painting, dost bestow  
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

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Thy race is finish'd when begun;  
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spring.

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The Sun's gilt tents for ever move,  
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,  
The shining pageants of the world attend thy  
show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble glow-worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild  
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the  
field.

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hemisphere.

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Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:  
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At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;  
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.  
Encouraged at the sight of thee,  
To the cheek color comes, and firmness to the  
knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,  
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,  
To Darkness' curtains he retires;  
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,  
Out of the morning's purple bed,  
Thy quire of birds about thee play,  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume  
A body's privilege to assume,  
Vanish again invisibly,  
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,  
Is but thy several liveries;  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou  
go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;  
The virgin-lilies, in their white,  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands  
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands.  
On the fair tulip thou dost doat;  
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-color'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,  
And solid colors in it mix:  
Flora herself envies to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold  
And be less liberal to gold!  
Did'st thou less value to it give,  
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man  
relieve!

To me the Sun is more delightful far,  
And all fair days much fairer are.  
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,  
Who do not gold prefer, O goddess! ev'n to thee

Through the soft ways of Heaven, and air, and sea,  
Which open all their pores to thee,  
Like a clear river thou dost glide,  
And with thy living stream through the close chan-  
nels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,  
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;  
Takes there possession, and does make  
Of colors mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,  
In th' empyrean Heaven does stay.  
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,  
From thence took first their rise, thither at last  
must flow.

#### AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whose weak being ruin'd is,  
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;  
Whom good or ill does equally confound,  
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:  
Vain shadow! which does vanish quite,  
Both at full noon and perfect night!  
The stars have not a possibility  
Of blessing thee;  
If things then from their end we happy call,  
'Tis hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight, [quite!  
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it

g'at us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,  
 ng it with legacies before!  
 joys which we entire should wed,  
 s deflower'd virgins to our bed;  
 anes without gain imported be,  
 bty custom's paid to thee.  
 ike wine, kept close does better taste;  
 air before, its spirits waste.

! Fortune's cheating lottery!  
 r one prize an hundred blanks there be;  
 er, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,  
 or short or wide thine arrows are!  
 , empty cloud, which th' eye deceives  
 shapes that our own fancy gives!  
 which gills and painted now appears,  
 must drop presently in tears!  
 ' false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,  
 fatui for north-stars we sail.

er of Fear, more gayly clad!  
 ier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:  
 epentance! child of fond Desire!  
 v'st the chymics', and the lovers', fire,  
 ling them still insensibly on  
 e strange witchcraft of "anon!"  
 he one does changing Nature, through  
 endless labyrinth, pursue;  
 ther chases woman, whilst she goes  
 s and turns than hunted Nature knows.

#### FOR HOPE.

' all ills that men endure,  
 cheap and universal cure!  
 tive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!  
 er's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!  
 1 manna, which from Heaven we eat,  
 every taste a several meat!  
 ng retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,  
 ight has power to alienate!  
 want, honest flatterer! for none  
 unhappy men, but thou alone!

s! thou first-fruits of happiness!  
 ile dawning of a bright success!  
 d preparative, without which our joy  
 k too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!  
 out of Fortune's reach dost stand,  
 art a blessing still in hand!  
 ee, her earnest-money, we retain,  
 certain are to gain,  
 she her bargain break or else fulfil;  
 y good, not worse for ending ill!

her of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee  
 of Heaven and Earth divided be!  
 'aith be heir, and have the fixt estate,  
 on yet in movables is great.  
 piness itself's all one  
 ee, or in possession!  
 future's thine, the present his!  
 e's the more hard and noble bliss:  
 ehender of our joys! which hast  
 reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

s! thou and lovers' only friend!  
 y, that may'st dispute it with the End!  
 I fear, 's a fruit that does delight  
 itself less than the smell and sight.

Fruition more deceitful is  
 Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;  
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee  
 Some other way again to thee;  
 And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,  
 To which all soon return that travel out.

#### CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM  
 EGRESSUS EST.

FELIX, qui patriis, &c.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound  
 Within th' inclosure of his little ground.  
 Happy the man, whom the same humble place  
 (Th' hereditary cottage of his race)  
 From his first rising infancy has known,  
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,  
 With natural propension, to that earth  
 Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.  
 Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,  
 Could ever into foolish wanderings get.  
 He never dangers either saw or fear'd:  
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.  
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,  
 Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.  
 No change of consuls marks to him the year,  
 The change of seasons is his calendar.  
 The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;  
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows;  
 He measures time by land-marks, and has found  
 For the whole day the dial of his ground.  
 A neighboring wood, born with himself, he sees,  
 And loves his old contemporary trees.  
 He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,  
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.  
 Does with a like concernment notice take  
 Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.  
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,  
 And sees a long posterity of boys.  
 About the spacious world let others roam,  
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

#### THE WISH.

WELL, then; I now do plainly see  
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;  
 The very honey of all earthly joy  
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy;  
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity,  
 Who for it can endure the stings,  
 The crowd, and buzz, and murmuring,  
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,  
 May I a small house and large garden have!  
 And a few friends, and many books, both true,  
 Both wise, and both delightful too!  
 And, since love ne'er will from me flee,  
 A mistress moderately fair,  
 And good as guardian-angels are,  
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I  
 Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?  
 Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made  
 The happy tenant of your shade?



Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood ;  
Where all the riches lie, that she  
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here  
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;  
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,  
And nought but Echo flatter.  
The gods, when they descended, hither  
From Heaven did always choose their way ;  
And therefore we may boldly say,  
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,  
And one dear she, live, and embracing die !  
She, who is all the world, and can exclude  
In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear—  
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,  
Should hither throng to live like me,  
And so make a city here.

---

FROM THE DAVIDEIS.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre !  
And tell thy silent master's humble tale  
In sounds that may prevail ;  
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :

Though so exalted she,  
And I so lowly be,  
Tell her, such different notes make all thy har-  
mony.

Hark ! how the strings awake :  
And, though the moving hand approach not near,  
Themselves with awful fear,  
A kind of numerous trembling make.  
Now all thy forces try,  
Now all thy charms apply,  
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure  
Is useless here, since thou art only found  
To cure, but not to wound,  
And she to wound, but not to cure.  
Too weak too wilt thou prove  
My passion to remove,  
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !  
For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
In sounds that will prevail ;  
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire :  
All thy vain mirth lay by,  
Bid thy strings silent lie,  
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre ; and let thy master  
die.

## JOHN MILTON.

TON, a poet of the first rank in eminence, led from an ancient family, settled at Oxfordshire. His father, whose descent from a Roman Catholic faith was the cause of his banishment, settled in London as a scrivener, and married a woman of good family, had two daughters. John, the eldest son, was born in Bread-street, on December 9, 1608. He received the rudiments of learning from a domestic tutor, as Young, afterwards chaplain to the Elector of Brandenburg, whose merits are commemorated by his pupil, in a Latin elegy. At a proper age he was sent to St. Paul's school, where he began to distinguish himself by application to study, as well as by his talents. In his sixteenth year he was admitted into Christ's college, Cambridge, where he became a pensioner, under the tuition of Mr.

Dr. James, a man of great industry and application to studies in the university little is known of him; it appears, from several exercises and private works, that he had acquired extraordinary proficiency in writing Latin verses, which are of a more elegant and polished style than any preceding compositions of the English scholars. He took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts; the latter in 1632. He left Cambridge. He renounced his connection with the church, for which he gave as a reason, that, "coming to some years, he had perceived what tyranny it was to be a clergyman; which denotes a man early habituated to act for himself."

He returned to his father, who had retired to a residence at Horton, in Bucks; and he there passed five years in the study of the best Roman and Grecian authors, and the composition of some of his finest miscellanies. This was the period of his *Allegro*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. That his talents had at this time attracted notice, appears from an application made to the Bridgewater family, which procured him a masque of "Comus," performed at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Arundel, then Lord President of Wales; and "Arcades," part of an entertainment given to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at some of her family.

He obtained his father's leave to improve himself by foreign travel, and set out for the continent, passing through France, he proceeded to Italy, where he spent a considerable time in that seat of letters and literature. At Naples he was kindly received by

Manso, Marquis of Villa, who had deserved the gratitude of poets by his *Tasso*; and, in return for a laudatory masque, Milton addressed to him a Latin

poem, of great elegance. He left Italy by the way of Geneva, where he contracted an acquaintance with two learned divines, John Diodati and Frederic Spanheim; and he returned through France, having been absent about a year and three months.

On his arrival, Milton found the nation agitated by civil and religious disputes, which threatened a crisis; and as he had expressed himself impatient to be present on the theatre of contention, it has been thought extraordinary that he did not immediately place himself in some active station. But his turn was not military; his fortune precluded a seat in parliament; the pulpit he had declined; and for the bar he had made no preparation. His taste and habits were altogether literary; for the present, therefore, he fixed himself in the metropolis, and undertook the education of his sister's two sons, of the name of Philips. Soon after, he was applied to by several parents to admit their children to the benefit of his tuition. He therefore took a commodious house in Aldergate-street, and opened an academy. Disapproving the plan of education in the public schools and universities, he deviated from it as widely as possible. He put into the hands of his scholars, instead of the common classics, such Greek and Latin authors as treated on the arts and sciences, and on philosophy; thus expecting to instil the knowledge of things with that of words. We are not informed of the result of his plan; but it will appear singular that one who had himself drunk so deeply at the muse's fount, should withhold the draught from others. We learn, however, that he performed the task of instruction with great assiduity.

Milton did not long suffer himself to lie under the reproach of having neglected the public cause in his private pursuits; and, in 1641, he published four treatises relative to church government, in which he gave the preponderance to the Presbyterian form above the Episcopalian. Resuming the same controversy in the following year, he numbered among his antagonists such men as Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher. His father, who had been disturbed by the king's troops, now came to live with him; and the necessity of a female head of such a house, caused Milton, in 1643, to form a connexion with the daughter of Richard Powell, Esq., a magistrate of Oxfordshire. This was, in several respects, an unhappy marriage; for his father-in-law was a zealous royalist, and his wife had accustomed herself to the jovial hospitality of that party. She had not, therefore, passed above a month in her husband's house, when, having procured an invitation from her father, she went to pass the summer in his mansion. Milton's invitations for her return were treated with contempt; upon which, regarding her conduct as a desertion which broke the nuptial contract, he determined to punish

it by repudiation. In 1644 he published a work on "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;" and, in the next year, it was followed by "Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage." He further reduced his doctrine into practice, by paying his addresses to a young lady of great accomplishments; but, as he was paying a visit to a neighbor and kinsman, he was surprised with the sudden entrance of his wife, who threw herself at his feet, and implored forgiveness. After a short struggle of resentment, he took her to his bosom; and he sealed the reconciliation by opening his house to her father and brothers, when they had been driven from home by the triumph of the republican arms.

In the progress of Milton's prose works, it will be right to mention his "Areopagitica; a Speech of Mr. John Milton, for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,"—a work, published in 1644, written with equal spirit and ability, and which, when reprinted in 1738, was affirmed by the editor to be the best defence that had ever then appeared of that essential article of public liberty. In the following year he took care that his poetical character should not be lost to the world, and published his juvenile poems, Latin and English.

Milton's principles of the origin and end of government carried him to a full approbation of the trial and execution of the king; and, in order to conciliate the minds of the people to that act, he published, early in 1649, a work entitled, "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates; proving that it is lawful, and hath been so held through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a tyrant or wicked king; and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary magistrate have neglected or denied to do it." Certainly, it would not be easy to express, in stronger terms, an author's resolution to leave no doubts concerning his opinion on this important topic. His appointment to the Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State was, probably, the consequence of his decision.

The learned Frenchman, Salmasius, or Saumaise, having been hired by Charles II., while in Holland, to write a work in favor of the royal cause, which he entitled, "Defensio Regia." Milton was employed to answer it; which he did in 1651, by his celebrated "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," in which he exercised all his powers of Latin rhetoric, both to justify the republican party, and to confound and vilify the famous scholar against whom he took up the pen. By this piece he acquired a high reputation, both at home and abroad; and he received a present of a thousand pounds from the English government. His book went through several editions; while, on the other hand, the work of Salmasius was suppressed by the States of Holland, in whose service he lived as a professor at Leyden.

Milton's intense application to study had, for some years preceding, brought on an affection of the eyes, which gradually impaired his sight; and, before he wrote his "Defensio," he was warned by his physicians that the effort would probably end in total blindness. This opinion was soon after justified by a gutta serena, which seized both his eyes, and subjected the remainder of his life to those privations which he has so feelingly described in some passages of his poems. His intellectual powers,

however, suffered no eclipse from this loss of his sensitive faculties; and he pursued, without intermission, both his official and his controversial occupations. Cromwell, about this time, having assumed the supreme power, with the title of Protector, Milton acted with a subservience towards this usurper which is the part of his conduct that it is the most difficult to justify. It might have been expected, that when the wisest and most conscientious of the republicans had become sensible of his arts, and opposed his ambitious projects, the mind of Milton would neither have been blinded by his hypocrisy, nor overawed by his power. Possibly the real cause of his predilection for Cromwell, was that he saw no refuge from the intolerance of the Presbyterians, but in the moderation of the Protector. And, in fact, the very passage in which he addresses him with the loftiest encomium, contains a free and noble exhortation to him to respect that public liberty, of which he appeared to be the guardian.

Cromwell at length died; and so zealous and sanguine was Milton, to the very last, that one of his latest political productions was, "A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth." It was in vain, however, to contend, by pamphlets, with the national inclination; and Charles II. returned in triumph. Milton was discharged from his office, and lay for some time concealed in the house of a friend. The House of Commons desired that his Majesty would issue a proclamation to call in Milton's Defences of the People, and Iconoclastes, together with a book of Goodwyn's. The books were accordingly burnt by the common hangman; but the authors were returned as having absconded; nor, in the act of indemnity, did the name of Milton appear among those of the excepted persons.

He now, in reduced circumstances, and under the discountenance of power, removed to a private habitation near his former residence. He had buried his first wife; and a second, the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, in Hackney, died in childhood. To solace his forlorn condition, he desired his friend, Dr. Paget, to look out a third wife for him, who recommended a relation of his own, named Elizabeth Minshull, of a good family in Cheshire. His powerful mind, now centered in itself, and undisturbed by contentions and temporary topics, opened to those great ideas which were continually filling it, and the result was, *Paradise Lost*. Much discussion has taken place concerning the original conception of this grand performance; but whatever hint may have suggested the rude outline, it is certain that all the creative powers of a strong imagination, and all the accumulated stores of a life devoted to learning, were expended in its completion. Though he appears, at an early age, to have thought of some subject in the heroic times of English history, as peculiarly calculated for English verse, yet his religious turn, and assiduous study of the Hebrew Scriptures, produced a final preference of a story derived from the Sacred Writings, and giving scope to the introduction of his theological system. It would be superfluous, at this time, to weigh the merits of Milton's great work, which stands so much beyond competition; but it may be affirmed, that whatever his other poems can exhibit of beauty in some parts, or of grandeur in others, may all be referred to *Paradise Lost* as the most perfect model of both.

chausted by this great effort, followed by "Paradise Regained," written by the Quaker Elwood's, and added as the theological completion of it. Although, in point of invention is plainly apparent, yet modern nounced that there are passages in unworthy of the genius of Milton, made for the small compass of the purpose in writing it. Together with his tragedy of "Sampson Agonist" upon the model of antiquity, and on the stage.

With this work his poetical account closes; and a few pieces in prose can scarcely claim particular notice. He sunk tranquilly under an exhaustion of the vital powers, in November, 1674, when he had nearly completed his 66th year. His remains were carried from his house in Bunhill-Fields to the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, with a numerous and splendid attendance. No monument marked the tomb of this great man; but his memory was honored with a tomb, in 1737, in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of Auditor Benson. The only family whom he left were daughters.

## L'ALLEGRO.

Melancholy,  
blackest Midnight born,  
forlorn, [holy!  
shakes, and shrieks, and sighs un-  
uncouth cell, [wings,  
ing Darkness spreads his jealous  
aven sings;  
bon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
y locks,  
erian desert ever dwell.  
u goddess fair and free,  
p'd Euphrosyne,  
art-easing Mirth;  
enus, at a birth,  
Graces more,  
Bacchus bore:  
ome sager sing)  
that breathes the spring,  
rora playing,  
nce a-maying;  
of violets blue,  
roses wash'd in dew,  
thee a daughter fair,  
, and debonair.  
ymph, and bring with thee  
al Jollity,  
ks, and wanton Wiles,  
n, and wreathed Smiles,  
Hebe's cheek,  
in dimple sleek;  
iled Care derides,  
olding both his sides.  
t, as you go,  
tastic toe;  
t hand lead with thee  
ymph, sweet Liberty;  
ee honor due,  
e of thy crew,  
, and live with thee,  
leasures free.  
begin his flight,  
rle the dull Night,  
tower in the skies,  
Dawn doth rise;

Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door  
Stoutly struts his dames before;  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
Some time walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern-gate  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
While the plowman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures;  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast,  
The laboring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set,  
Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong day-light fail:  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How faery Mab the junkets eat;  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she sed;  
 And he, by friar's lantern led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin swet,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-laborers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse;  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

#### IL PENNEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly, without father bred!  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!

Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay notes that people the sunbeams;  
 Or likest hovering dreams,

The sickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:  
 Yet thou art higher far descended:

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain:

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.  
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait;

And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;

There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast

Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:  
 And add to these retired Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 The cherub Contemplation;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,

'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak:

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;

And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering Moon,

Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way;

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud,  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,

I hear the far-off Curfew sound,  
 I hear the far-off Curfew sound,

wide-water'd shore,  
 slow with sullen roar:  
 air will not permit,  
 removed place will fit,  
 wing embers through the room  
 ht to counterfeit a gloom;  
 all resort of mirth,  
 cricket on the hearth,  
 lman's drowsy charm,  
 re doors from nightly harm  
 lamp at midnight hour,  
 some high lonely tower,  
 nay oft out-watch the Bear,  
 e-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 of Plato, to unfold  
 lds or what vast regions hold  
 rtal mind, that hath forsook  
 ion in this fleshly nook:  
 one demons that are found  
 flood, or under ground,  
 wer hath a true consent  
 et, or with element.  
 let gorgeous Tragedy  
 'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Thebes' or Pelops' line,  
 e of Troy divine;  
 though rare) of later age  
 hath the buskin'd stage.  
 sad virgin, that thy power  
 e Mæneis from his bower!  
 soul of Orpheus sing  
 s, as, warbled to the string,  
 tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 e Hell grant what love did seek!  
 him that left half-told  
 of Cambuscan bold,  
 ill, and of Algarsife,  
 had Canace to wife,  
 'd the virtuous ring and glass;  
 e wondrous horse of brass,  
 the Tartar king did ride:  
 ight else great bards beside  
 d solemn tunes have sung,  
 ys, and of trophies hung,  
 and enchantments drear,  
 ore is meant than meets the ear.  
 ight, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 suited Morn appear,  
 'd and frown'd as she was wont  
 Attic boy to hunt,  
 left in a comely cloud,  
 king winds are piping loud,  
 d with a shower still  
 gust hath blown his fill,  
 the rustling leaves,  
 ute drops from off the eaves.  
 n the Sun begins to fling  
 g beams, me, goddess, bring  
 i walks of twilight groves,  
 ows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 or monumental oak,  
 e rude are, with heaved stroke,  
 er heard the nymphs to daunt,  
 them from their hallow'd haunt  
 close covert by some brook,  
 o profaner eye may look,  
 from Day's garish eye.  
 e bee with huzzed thigh,  
 er flowery work doth sing,  
 waters murmuring,

With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in aery stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some spirit to mortal good,  
 Or the unseen genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
 And love the high-embower'd roof,  
 With antique pillars inwavy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light:  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voic'd quire below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that Heaven doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

## LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:  
 And, with forc'd fingers rude,  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due;  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. 10  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favor my destin'd urn: 20  
 And, as he passes, turn  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high laws appear'd  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,  
 We drove afield, and both together heard  
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that pres, at evening bright, 30  
 Toward Heaven's descent had stopp'd his westering  
 wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 'Temper'd to the oaten flute;  
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
 And old Dametas lov'd to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn:

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
 Ay me! I fondly dream!  
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal Nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Nemea's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind) 71  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies:  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy mood."  
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea

That came in Neptune's plea; 90  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory:  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades his answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
 "Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest  
 pledge!"

Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.)  
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:  
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young  
 swain,

Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
 Of other care they little reckoning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to  
 hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! 121  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are  
 sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they  
 draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed:  
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alphous, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparesly looks;  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, 142  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
 To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.

For, so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;  
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd.  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus' old, 160  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth

no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
 as your sorrow is not dead,  
 igh he be beneath the watery floor;  
 he day-star in the ocean bed,  
 anon repairs his drooping head, 169  
 s his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 the forehead of the morning sky:  
 is sunk low, but mounted high,  
 the dear might of him that walk'd the  
 waves;  
 ther groves and other streams along,  
 tar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 s the unexpressive nuptial song,  
 at kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 certain him all the saints above,  
 troops, and sweet societies,  
 and, singing in their glory, move,  
 the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 idas, the shepherds weep no more; 180  
 h thou art the genius of the shore,  
 ge recompense, and shalt be good  
 it wander in that perilous flood.  
 ang the uncouth swain to the oaks and  
 rills,  
 still Morn went out with sandals grey;  
 d the tender stops of various quills,  
 or thought warbling his Doric lay;  
 the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 was dropt into the western bay: 191  
 rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
 v to fresh woods, and pastures new.

## COMUS.

## THE PERSONS.

ENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of  
 asis.  
 ith his crew.  
 Y.  
 OTHER.  
 BROTHER.  
 the Nymph.  
  
 chief persons, who presented, were  
 ie lord Brackley;  
 : Thomas Egerton, his brother;  
 ie lady Alice Egerton.

first Scene discovers a wild wood.

ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.

ie starry threshold of Jove's court  
 on is, where those immortal shapes  
 arial spirits live inspir'd  
 mild of calm and serene air.  
 smoke and stir of this dun spot  
 a call earth; and, with low-thoughted care  
 ad pester'd in this pinfold here,  
 eep up a frail and feverish being,  
 of the crown that Virtue gives,  
 mortal change, to her true servants,  
 ne enthron'd gods on mairied seats  
 here be, that by due steps asure

To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
 That opens the palace of Eternity:  
 To such my errand is; and, but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.  
 But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20  
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
 That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
 The unadorn'd bosom of the deep:  
 Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
 By course commits to several government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
 And wield their little tridents: but this isle,  
 The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30  
 A nobler peer of mickle trust and power  
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:  
 Where his fair offspring, nur'd in princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their father's state,  
 And new-intrusted sceptre: but their way  
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40  
 But that by quick command from sovran Jove  
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard:  
 And listen why; for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe, 50  
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)  
 This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks  
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:  
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood;  
 And, in thick shelter of black shades embower'd,  
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drought of Phoebus; which as they  
 taste

For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst;  
 Soon as the poison works, their human countenance,  
 The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70  
 Or ounce, or tiger, lion, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were;  
 And they, so perfect a beast they meet  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But trust themselves more safely than before;  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To rove with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove,  
 10 Chances to pass through this all-entrancing shade,  
 He is the victim of a ghastly crew  
 That from Hecate's hell, to this wild country,



As now I do: but first I must put off  
 These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

## COMUS

The Star, that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of Heaven doth hold;  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream;  
 And the elope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing towards the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,  
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,  
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
 Rigor now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head.  
 Strict Age and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.  
 We, that are of purer fire,  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the Moon in wavering morrice move;  
 And, on the tawny sands and shelves,  
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves,  
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come, let us our rites begin;  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report:—  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon woom  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air;  
 Stay the cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;  
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale Sun decry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.—

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

## THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;  
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains: I shall ere long  
 Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with bleat illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course:  
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy  
 Baited with reasons not unpleasable,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear  
 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

## THE LADY enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth  
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,  
 Of such late wassailers; yet, O! where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
 Slept, as they said, to the next thicket side,  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
 They had engag'd their wandering steps too far;  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,  
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their  
 lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was ris'd, and perfect in my listening ear;  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What this might be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,

g shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 tongues, that syllable men's names 208  
 at shores, and desert wildernesses.  
 oughts may startle well, but not astound,  
 ous mind, that ever walks attended  
 ng siding champion, Conscience.—  
 ne pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 vering angel, girt with golden wings,  
 , unblemish'd form of Chastity!  
 visibly, and now believe  
 the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 and a glistening guardian, if need were,  
 my life and honor unassail'd. 220  
 ceiv'd, or did a sable cloud  
 th her silver lining on the night?  
 err, there does a sable cloud  
 th her silver lining on the night,  
 s a gleam over this tufted grove:  
 halloo to my brothers, but  
 se as I can make to be heard farthest  
 are; for my new-enliven'd spirits  
 me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy airy shell, 231  
 slow Meander's margent green,  
 the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the lovelorn nightingale  
 to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 ou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 'hat liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 ), if thou have  
 them in some flowery cave,  
 'ell me but where, 240  
 queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
 y'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 e resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

## Enter COMUS.

1. Can any mortal mixture of earth's  
 mould  
 such divine enchanting ravishment? 245  
 ething holy lodges in that breast,  
 h these raptures moves the vocal air  
 y his hidden residence.  
 eely did they float upon the wings  
 ce, through the empty vaulted night, 250  
 / fall smoothing the raven-down  
 eam, till it smil'd! I have oft heard  
 er Circe with the Syrens three,  
 the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 their potent herbs and baleful drugs:  
 they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
 d her barking waves into attention.  
 Chariclo's murmur'd soft applause:  
 in pleasing slumber fill'd the senses, 255  
 sweet madness stob'd it of itself;  
 a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 ber certainty of waking bliss,  
 heard all now—I'll speak to her.  
 shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!  
 ertain these rough shades did never breed  
 he goddess that in rural shrine  
 here with Pan, or Sylvan: by blest song,

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fag  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.  
*Lad.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears:  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Com.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you  
 thus?

*Lad.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Com.* Could that divide you from near-usher  
 guides?

*Lad.* They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

*Com.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lad.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendly  
 spring.

*Com.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

*Lad.* They were but twain, and purpos'd quick  
 return.

*Com.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lad.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Com.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*Lad.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Com.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful  
 bloom? 289

*Lad.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

*Com.* Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood:

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300

And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,

And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to Heaven,

To help you find them.

*Lad.* Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Com.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point

*Lad.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would overtake the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guide of well-practic'd foot. 310

*Com.* I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,

And every braky bourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;

And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd, 315

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-voiced lark

From her thatch'd pallet rouse: if otherwise,

I can conduct you, lady, to a bow

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe

Till further quest.

*Lad.* Shepherd, I take thy word

And trust thy honest offer'd convey,

Which oft a wanderer found in lonely shade

With stony rafters, than in tap-stey halls

In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd. 325

And yet a roof provided in a place

Less warranted than this or less secure,

I cannot see that I should fear to charge it on

Ere we have pass'd the door, and equipp'd my trial

To my present strength. — Shepherd, lead on

(Exeunt)

As now I do: but first I must put off  
 These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*COMUS enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

## COMUS

The Star, that bids the shephord fold,  
 Now the top of Heaven doth hold;  
 And the gilded ear of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream;  
 And the slope Sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing towards the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 100 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,  
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,  
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
 Rigor now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head.  
 Strict Age and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.  
 110 We, that are of purer fire,  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the Moon in wavering morrice move;  
 And, on the tawny sands and shelves,  
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves,  
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim, 120  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come, let us our rites begin;  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades by ne'er report:—  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, 130  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon woom  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air;  
 Stay the cloudy ebony chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate, and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;  
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale Sun decry  
 140 Our conceal'd solemnity.—

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

## THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;  
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art) 149  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains: I shall ere long  
 Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spungy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with bleat illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course:  
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy  
 Baited with reasons not unpalatable,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear  
 100 But here she comes; I fairly step aside,  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

## THE LADY enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170  
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth  
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,  
 Of such late wassailers; yet, O! where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
 Slept, as they said, to the next thicket side,  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
 They had engag'd their wandering steps too far;  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,  
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their  
 lamps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller? 200  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What this might be! A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,

ng shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 y tongues, that syllable men's names 208  
 s, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
 oughs may startle well, but not astound,  
 uous mind, that ever walks attended  
 ong siding champion, Conscience.—  
 me pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 overing angel, girt with golden wings,  
 u, unblemish'd form of Chastity!  
 s visibly, and now believe  
 , the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
 o my life and honor unassail'd. 220  
 leceiv'd, or did a sable cloud  
 rth her silver lining on the night?  
 t err, there does a sable cloud  
 rth her silver lining on the night,  
 sts a gleam over this tufted grove:  
 t halloo to my brothers, but  
 ise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 ture; for my new-enliven'd spirits  
 me; and they perhaps are not far off

## SONG.

Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy airy shell, 231  
 slow Meander's margent green,  
 the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the lovelorn nightingale  
 to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 you not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have  
 d them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where, 240  
 t queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!  
 ay'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 re recounting grace to all Heaven's harmo-  
 nies.

## Enter COMUS.

as. Can any mortal mixture of earth's  
 mould  
 such divine enchanting ravishment? 245  
 mething holy lodges in that breast,  
 th these raptures moves the vocal air  
 fy his hidden residence.  
 veetly did they float upon the wings  
 ice, through the empty vaulted night, 250  
 y fall smoothing the raven-down  
 iness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard  
 ther Circe with the Syrens three,  
 the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 their potent herbs and baleful drugs;  
 s they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 o it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
 id her barking waves into attention,  
 l Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 y in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260  
 sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
 h a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 ber certainty of waking bliss,  
 heard till now.—I'll speak to her,  
 e shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!  
 certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 the goddess that in rural shrine  
 t here with Pan, or Sylvan; by blest song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

*Lad.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears:  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Com.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you  
 thus?

*Lad.* Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

*Com.* Could that divide you from near-ushering  
 guides?

*Lad.* They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

*Com.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lad.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendly  
 spring.

*Com.* And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

*Lad.* They were but twain, and purpos'd quick  
 return.

*Com.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lad.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Com.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*Lad.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Com.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful  
 bloom? 289

*Lad.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

*Com.* Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swink'd hodger at his supper sat;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:  
 I took it for a fairy vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element,  
 That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300  
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,  
 And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven,  
 To help you find them.

*Lad.* Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Com.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point

*Lad.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would overtake the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310

*Com.* I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;

And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd, 315

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,

I can conduct you, lady, to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe

Till further quest.

*Lad.* Shepherd, I take thy word

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds

With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls

In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd 325

And yet is most pretended: in a place

Less warranted than this, or less secure,

I cannot be, that I should fear to change it—

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial

To my proportion'd strength—Shepherd, lead on.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter The Two BROTHERS.*

*EL. Br.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair Moon,

That won't'st to love the traveller's benison,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades; 335  
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light;  
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Sec. Br.* Or, if our eyes  
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,  
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister!  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad  
fears. 355

What, if in wild amazement and affright?  
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

*EL. Br.* Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion! 365  
I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not.)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude; 376  
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
He that has light within his own clear breast,  
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:  
But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon. 385

*Sec. Br.* 'Tis most true,  
That musing Meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple diab,  
Or do his grey hairs any violence?  
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
seen with blooming gold, had need the guard

Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye, 395  
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,  
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.  
Of night, or loneliness, it rocks me not;  
I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405  
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
Of our unowned sister.

*EL. Br.* I do not, brother,  
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
Secure, without all doubt or controversy;  
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left  
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength, 415  
Which you remember not.

*Sec. Br.* What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean  
that?

*EL. Br.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her  
own;

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:  
She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;  
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,  
May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,  
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;  
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity, 425  
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells,  
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magic chains at Cerfeu time, 435  
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of Chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the  
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450  
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence  
With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants

Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence, 460  
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres 471  
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,  
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Sec. Br.* How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*El. Br.* List, list; I hear  
Some far-off halloo break the silent air. 481

*Sec. Br.* Methought so too; what should it be?

*El. Br.* For certain  
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at worst,  
Some roving robber, calling to his fellows.

*Sec. Br.* Heaven keep my sister. Again, again,  
and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

*El. Br.* I'll halloo:  
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

[*Enter the Attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.*]

That halloo I should know; what are you? speak;  
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spir.* What voice is that? my young lord? speak  
again. 492

*Sec. Br.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

*El. Br.* Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft  
delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale?  
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram  
Sipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?  
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

*Spir.* O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy 502

As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf: not all the fleecy wealth,  
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But, O my virgin lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

*El. Br.* To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without  
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

*Spir.* Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*El. Br.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee  
briefly show.

*Spir.* I'll tell ye: 'tis not vain or fabulous.  
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance.)  
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,  
Storied of old in high immortal verse,  
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;  
For such there be, but *unbelief is blind.*

5

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520  
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Character'd in the face: this have I learnt 530  
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by  
night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb 541

Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank

With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy.

Till fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550  
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,

And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might

Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560

And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death; but O! ere long,

Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honor'd lady, your dear sister.

Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,

How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly  
snare!

Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,

Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place, 570  
Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,  
(For so by certain signs I knew,) had met

Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;

Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him some neighbor villager.

Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung

Into swift flight, till I had found you here;  
But further know I not.

*Sec. Br.* O night, and shades! 580

How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot  
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,

Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence  
You gave me, brother?

*El. Br.* Yes, and keep it still:  
Lean on it safely; not a period

Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,—  
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd: 590  
Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness; when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consum'd: if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And Earth's base built on stubble.—But come,  
let's on.

Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven 600  
May never this just sword be lifted up;  
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
And force him to return his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Cur'd as his life.

*Spir.* Alas! good venturous youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
Far other arms and other weapons must  
Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms:  
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

*El. Br.* Why pr'ythee, shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
As to make this relation?

*Spir.* Care, and utmost shifts,  
How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620  
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,  
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:  
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And show me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
Unknown, and light esteem'd, and the dull swain  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:  
And yet more medicinal is it than that moly,  
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;  
He call'd it hemony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovran use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
Or ghastly furies' apparition. 641

I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,  
I'll now that this extremity compell'd:  
But now I find it true: for by this means  
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,  
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off: if you have this about you,  
As I will give you when we go you may  
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650  
And brandish'd blade, rush on him; break his glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
But seize his wand; though he and his cun'd  
crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*El. Br.* Thyreis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee  
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

## COMUS.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660  
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*Lad.* Fool, do not boast;  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

*Com.* Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures,  
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season. 671  
And first, behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd;  
Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent 680  
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?  
But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;  
Scorning the unexempt condition,  
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,  
This will restore all soon.

*Lad.* 'Twill not, false traitor! 690  
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,  
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies  
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,  
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,  
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul de-  
ceiver!

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?  
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute? 700  
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
But such as are good men can give good things;  
And that which is not good, is not delicious  
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

*Com.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears

budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 h their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
 re did Nature pour her bounties forth 710  
 h a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,  
 ig the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 o please and sate the curious taste?  
 to work millions of spinning worms,  
 their green-shops weave the smooth-hair'd  
 silk,  
 her sons; and that no corner might  
 it of her plenty, in her own loins  
 ch'd the all-worshipt ore, and precious  
 gems,  
 her children with: if all the world 720  
 n a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
 ie clear stream, and nothing wear but  
 frieze,  
 giver would be unthank'd, would be un-  
 prais'd.  
 his riches known, and yet despis'd:  
 should serve him as a grudging master,  
 urious niggard of his wealth;  
 like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 ould be quite surcharg'd with her own  
 weight.  
 ngled with her waste fertility;  
 th cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd  
 with plumes, 730  
 ls would over-multitude their lords,  
 o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought  
 diamonds  
 o emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 bestud with stars, that they below  
 row inur'd to light, and come at last  
 upon the Sun with shameless brows.  
 r: be not coy, and be not cosen'd  
 t same vaunted name, Virginity.  
 i Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 e be current; and the good thereof 740  
 in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 r in the enjoyment of itself;  
 t slip time, like a neglected rose  
 s on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 i nature's brag, and must be shown  
 , at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 oost may wonder at the workmanship;  
 omely features to keep home,  
 l their name thence; coarse complexions,  
 ks of sorry grain, will serve to ply. 750  
 pler, and to tease the huswife's wool.  
 ed a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,  
 ting eyes, or tresses like the Morn!  
 as another meaning in these gifts;  
 hat, and be advis'd; you are but young  
 yet.  
 had not thought to have unlock'd my lips  
 shallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 ink to charm my judgment, as mine eyes.  
 g false rules prank'd in reason's garb.  
 zen Vice can bolt her arguments, 760  
 tue has no tongue to check her pride.—  
 ! do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 would her children should be riotous  
 abundance; she, good caterers,  
 er provision only to the good,  
 according to her sober laws,  
 dictate of spare Temperance:

If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeching share  
 Of that which lewdly pamper'd Luxury 770  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd,  
 His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Craves, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity;  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd:  
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled wrath  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and  
 shake.  
 Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.  
*Com.* She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more;  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct,  
 Against the canon-laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810  
 But this will cure all straight: one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his  
 glass out of his hand, and break it against the  
 ground; his rout make sign of resistance; but are  
 all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes in.*

## SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,  
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,  
 And backward mutter'd of disempering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless: 819  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,  
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that o'er pip'd on plains.  
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
 stream,  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;



Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father brute.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,  
Held up their pearlyd wrists, and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;  
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbatho  
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel;  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd, 840  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made goddess of the river: still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,  
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;  
For which the shepherds at their festivals  
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils. 851  
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,  
If she be right invok'd in warbled song;  
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,  
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## SONG

Sabrina fair,  
Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
Listen for dear honor's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake,  
Listen, and save.  
Listen, and appear to us,  
In name of great Oceanus;  
By the Earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethy's grave majestic pace,  
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,  
By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands,  
By Thetis' tinsel-elipper'd feet,  
And the songs of Syrens sweet,  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;  
By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,  
From thy coral-paven bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen, and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890  
Where grows the willow, and the ozier dank,

My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen  
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays;  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread;  
Gentle swain, at thy request, 900

I am here  
Sp. Goddess dear,  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true virgin here distressed,  
Through the force, and through the wile,  
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
To help enamored chastity:  
Brightest lady, look on me: 910  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops, that from my fountain pure  
I have kept, of precious cure;  
Thrice upon thy finger's tip  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:  
Next this marble venom'd seat,  
Smeor'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:—  
Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
And I must haste, ere morning hour, 920  
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat

Sp. Virgin, daughter of Lochrine,  
Sprung of old Anchises' line, 860  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills:  
Summer drought, or singed air,  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl and the golden ore;  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.  
Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the sorcerer us entice 940  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste or needless sound,  
Till we come to holier ground;  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your father's residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wish'd presence; and beside 950  
All the swains, that there abide,  
With jigs and rural dance resort;  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there  
Will double all their mirth and cheer:  
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*changes, presenting Ludlow town and the  
it's castle; then come in country dancers,  
em the Attendant Spirit, with the two  
s, and the Lady.*

SONG.

ack, shepherds, back; enough your play,  
sun-shine holiday:  
without duck or nod, 960  
pings to be trod  
toes, and such court guise  
ry did first devise,  
mincing Dryades,  
vns and on the leas.

*nd Song presents them to their Father and  
Mother.*

ord, and lady bright,  
ought ye new delight;  
old so goodly grown  
branches of your own;  
ath timely tried their youth, 970  
n, their patience, and their truth,  
them here through hard amays  
own of deathless praise,  
h in victorious dance  
ual Folly and Intemperance.

*nces [being] ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.*

to the ocean now I fly,  
happy climes that lie  
y never shuts his eye,  
broad fields of the sky:  
ack the liquid air 980  
t the gardens fair  
us, and his daughters three  
about the golden tree:  
crisp'd shades and bowers  
spruce and jocund Spring;  
s, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
ll their bounties bring;  
rual Summer dwells, 990  
winds, with musky wing,  
cedar'd alleys fling  
cassia's balmy smells.  
with humid bow  
e odorous banks, that blow  
f more mingled hue  
purpled scarf can show;  
ches with Elysian dew  
tals, if your ears be true)  
yacinth and roses,  
ung Adonis oft reposes,  
ell of his deep wound  
r soft, and on the ground  
the Assyrian queen:  
ove in spangled sheen  
Lupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,  
dear Psyche sweet entranc'd.  
wandering labors long,  
onsent the Gods among  
his eternal bride,  
her fair unpotted side  
ful twins are to be born,  
Joy: so Jove hath sworn.  
w my task is smoothly done,  
or I can run,  
the green earth's end,  
bow'd welkin slow doth bend;

And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love Virtue; she alone is free:  
She can teach ye how to climb 1020  
Higher than the sphyry chime;  
Or if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole  
subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss there-  
upon of Paradise wherein he was placed: then  
touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent,  
or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting  
from God, and drawing to his side many legions  
of angels, was, by the command of God, driven  
out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great  
deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens  
into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his  
angels now falling into Hell described here, not  
in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be sup-  
posed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed)  
but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called  
Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the  
burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after  
a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls  
up him who next in order and dignity lay by him:  
they confer of their miserable fall; Satan awakens  
all his legions, who lay till then in the same man-  
ner confounded. They rise; their numbers;  
array of battle; their chief leaders named, accord-  
ing to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and  
the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs  
his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regain-  
ing Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world  
and new kind of creature to be created, according  
to an ancient prophecy, or report in Heaven; for,  
that angels were long before this visible creation,  
was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To  
find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to  
determine thereon, he refers to a full council.  
What his associates thence attempt. Pandemo-  
nium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built  
out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in  
council.

1000 Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth  
Rose out of Chaos: Or, if Sion hill  
1010 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure.  
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause  
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favor'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,  
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Rais'd impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty power,  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.  
Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath! for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Tortures him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate;  
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views  
The dismal situation, waste and wild;  
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames  
No light; but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,  
That comes to all: but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd  
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heaven,  
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.  
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd  
Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,  
And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

"If thou beest he; but O, how fall'n! how  
chang'd  
From him, who in the happy realms of light,

Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest  
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward luster, that fix'd mind,  
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be  
lost?

All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
Who from the terror of this arm so late  
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed.  
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath  
This downfall: since by fate the strength of gods  
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy  
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:  
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.  
"O prince, O chief of many thrond powers,  
That led the embattled seraphim to war  
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual king,  
And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;  
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,  
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as gods and heavenly essences  
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigor soon returns.  
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our conqueror (whom I now  
Of force believe almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of war, what'er his business be,  
Hero in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;  
What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being

o eternal punishment?"  
 With speedy words the arch-fiend replied,  
 cherub, to be weak is miserable  
 offering; but of this be sure,  
 no good never will be our task,  
 to do ill our sole delight,  
 the contrary to his high will  
 resist. If then his providence  
 evil seek to bring forth good,  
 must be to pervert that end,  
 good still to find means of evil;  
 times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 re him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 counsels from their destin'd aim.  
 he angry victor hath recall'd  
 ers of vengeance and pursuit  
 e gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,  
 us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
 surge, that from the precipice  
 receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,  
 th red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 th spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 through the vast and boundless deep.  
 slip the occasion, whether scorn,  
 fury, yield it from our foe.  
 yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
 of desolation, void of light,  
 the glimmering of these livid flames  
 and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 he tossing of these fiery waves;  
 if any rest can harbor there;  
 embling our afflicted powers,  
 ow we may henceforth most offend  
 r; our own loss how repair;  
 come this dire calamity;  
 forcement we may gain from hope;  
 ut resolution from despair."  
 atan, talking to his nearest mate,  
 I uplift above the wave, and eyes  
 ding blaz'd; his other parts besides,  
 he flood, extended long and large,  
 g many a rood; in bulk as huge  
 the fables name of monstrous size,  
 or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;  
 r Typhon, whom the den  
 t Tarsus held; or that sea-beast  
 , which God of all his works  
 igest that swim the ocean stream:  
 slumbering on the Norway foam  
 of some small night-founder'd skiff  
 some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 anchor in his scaly rind  
 his side under the leo, while night  
 : sea, and wished morn delays:  
 d out huge in length the arch-fiend lay  
 the burning lake: nor ever thence  
 or heav'd his head; but that the will  
 permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 at large to his own dark designs;  
 reiterated crimes he might  
 himself damnation, while he sought  
 vers; and, enrag'd, might see  
 is malice serv'd but to bring forth  
 odness, grace and mercy, shown  
 y him seduc'd; but on himself  
 nfusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
 upright he rears from off the pool  
 y stature; on each hand the flames,  
 ckward, slope their pointing spires, and  
 roll'd

In billows, leave it the midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in huc, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible  
 And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the  
 sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate:  
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.  
 "Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"  
 Said then the lost arch-angel, "this the seat  
 That we must change for Heaven: this mournful  
 gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,  
 Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made su-  
 preme  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells. Hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world, and thou, profoundest Hell,  
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time:  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:  
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.  
 But wherefore let us then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"  
 So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
 Thus answer'd; "Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive; though now they lie  
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd;  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth."  
 He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous  
 shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of *Fesolè*

Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'er-  
threw

Busiris, and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now  
lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
After the toil of battle to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern  
Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf,  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n." [sprung

They heard, and were abas'd, and up they  
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake;  
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey  
Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a piteous cloud  
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
So numberless were those bad angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,  
Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires,  
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain.  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.  
Forthwith from every squadron and each band  
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood

Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms  
Excelling human, princely dignities,  
And powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones,  
Though of their names in heavenly records now  
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd  
By their rebellion from the books of life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the  
Earth,

Through God's high sufferance for the trial of  
man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and th' invisible  
Glory of him that made them to transform  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities:  
Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various idols through the Heathen world.  
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first,  
who last,

Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous cloud stood yet aloof.  
The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix  
Their seats long after next the seat of God.  
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd  
Among the nations round, and durst abido  
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd  
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;  
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through  
fire

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,  
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart  
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right against the temple of God,  
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove  
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.  
Next, Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild  
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
And Eleale to th' Asphaltic pool.  
Peor his other name, when he entic'd  
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile.  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd  
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring  
flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male,

eminine: for spirits, when they please,  
 er sex assume, or both; so soft  
 compounded is their essence pure;  
 i or manacled with joint or limb,  
 nded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 ambrous flesh; but, in what shape they  
 choose,  
 or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
 cute their aery purposes,  
 orks of love or enmity fulfil.  
 e the race of Israel oft forsook  
 ving strength, and unfrequented left  
 treous altar, bowing lowly down  
 ial gods; for which their heads as low  
 down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 icable foes. With these in troop  
 storeth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
 queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;  
 ee bright image nightly by the Moon  
 a virgins paid their vows and songs;  
 also not unsung, where stood  
 ple on the offensive mountain, built  
 uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
 l by fair idolatresses, fell  
 foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
 annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
 rian damsels to lament his fate  
 ous ditties all a summer's day;  
 mouth Adonis from his native rock  
 rple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
 mmuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
 l Zion's daughters with like heat;  
 wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 saw, when, by the vision led,  
 survey'd the dark idolatries  
 ated Judah. Next came one  
 urn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
 his brute image, head and hands loft off  
 wn temple, on the grunsel edge,  
 he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:  
 is name, sea-monster, upward man  
 wnward fish: yet had his temple high  
 in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 stine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 'aron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 llow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
 r Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 ana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
 o against the house of God was bold!  
 once he lost, and gain'd a king;  
 is sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
 dlar to disparage and displace  
 of Syriann mode, whereon to burn  
 ous offerings, and adore the gods  
 he had vanquished. After these appear'd  
 , who, under names of old renown,  
 isis, Orus, and their train,  
 onstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
 Egypt and her priests, to seek  
 andering gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
 than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
 ection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
 lf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
 l that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 g his Maker to the grazed ox;  
 i, who in one night, when he pass'd  
 'gypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 r first-born and all her bleating gods.  
 ame last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
 from Heaven, or more gross to love

Vice for itself: to him no temple stood  
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God?  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury and outrage: and when night  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape.  
 These were the prime in order and in might:  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue; held  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents: Titan, Heaven's first-born,  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of bold Olympus, rul'd the middle air,  
 Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land: or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.  
 All these and more came flocking; but with  
 looks  
 Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their  
 chief  
 Not in despair, to 'ave found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd  
 His mighty standard; that proud honor claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
 The imperial ensign; which, full high advanc'd,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
 At which the universal host up-start  
 A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
 With orient colors waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable; anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd  
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle; and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:  
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and awage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and  
 pain,

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,  
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now  
Advanc'd in view they stand; a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield;  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose: he through the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods;  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength  
Glories: for never, since created man,  
Met such imbolded force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness; nor appear'd  
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess  
Of glory obscur'd: as when the Sun, new risen,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the Moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and cars  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain:  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd  
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.  
"O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers  
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife  
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,  
Foresseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd

How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend  
Self-raisd, and repossess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,  
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom; and his regal state  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know and know our own:  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provok'd; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife  
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven:  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere;  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;  
For who can think submission? War, then, war,  
Open or understood, must be resolv'd."

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke: the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,  
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands  
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-ax arm'd,  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:  
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and  
thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
And ligg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,  
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
And strength and art, are easily outdone  
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour

What in an age they with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Stuic'd from the lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scum'd the bullion dross:  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,  
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook;  
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
Awn, out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcázar, such magnificence  
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine  
Belus or Scápis their gods, or seat  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile  
Stood fix'd her stately height: and straight the  
doors.

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide  
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
Aul level pavement; from the arched roof  
Pendent by subtle magic many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,  
And some the architect; his hand was known  
In Heaven by many a tower'd structure high,  
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,  
And sat as princes; whom the supreme king  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,  
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell  
From Heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting Sun  
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,  
On Lemnos the Ægean isle: thus they relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he  
'scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent  
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command  
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony  
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
A solemn council, forthwith to be held  
At Pandemonium; the high capital  
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd  
From every band and squared regiment  
By place or choir the worthiest; they anon,  
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,  
Attended: all access was throng'd: the gates  
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
Wont rule in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair  
Defied the best of Panim chivalry

To mortal combat, or career with lance)  
Thick swarin'd, both on the ground and in the air  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,  
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd  
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal given,  
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race  
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and  
dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear:  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduce their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still, amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,  
The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat;  
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
And summons read, the great consult began.

## BOOK II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether  
another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery  
of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: a  
third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by  
Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or  
tradition in Heaven concerning another world,  
and another kind of creature equal or not much  
inferior to themselves, about this time to be  
created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this  
difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes  
alone the voyage, is honored and applauded.  
The council thus ended, the rest betake them  
several ways, and to several employments, as  
their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time  
till Satan return. He passes on his journey to  
Hell gates; finds them shut, and who sat there  
to guard them; by whom at length they are  
opened, and discover to him the great gulf be-  
tween Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he  
passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of  
that place, to the sight of this new world which  
he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence: and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires



Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

"Powers and dominions, deities of Heaven;  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,  
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,  
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,  
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,  
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
Precedence, none whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heaven, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and, by what best way,  
Whether of open war, or covert guile,  
We now debate; who can advise, may speak."

He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair:  
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength; and rather than be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,  
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake.

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here  
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once,  
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels; and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
'That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat; descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,

When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;  
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction; if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end,  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,  
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential; happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being:  
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
To less than gods. On th' other side uprose  
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:  
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd  
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:  
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Mature counsels: for his thoughts were low,  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began.

"I should be much for open war, O peers,  
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are  
fill'd

With arm'd watch, that render all access  
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep  
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,  
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heaven's purest light: yet our great enemy  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolled; and the ethereal mould,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
The almighty victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us; that must be our cure,

no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
 full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 sh rather, swallow'd up and lost  
 wide womb of uncreated night,  
 of sense and motion? And who knows,  
 be good, whether our angry foe  
 e it, or will ever? how he can,  
 tful; that he never will, is sure.  
 so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 through impotence, or unaware,  
 his enemies their wish, and end  
 n his anger, whom his anger saves  
 ish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
 y who counsel war, we are decreed,  
 d, and destin'd to eternal woe;  
 er doing, what can we suffer more,  
 an we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
 tting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 when we fled amain, pursued, and struck  
 caven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 p to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
 e from those wounds; or when we lay  
 on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
 the breath, that kindled those grim fires,  
 , should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
 nge us in the flames! or, from above,  
 intermitted vengeance arm again  
 right hand to plague us? What if all  
 es were opened, and this firmament  
 should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 ent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
 r upon our heads; while we perhaps,  
 ng or exhorting glorious war,  
 in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd  
 his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 king whirlwinds; or for ever sunk  
 on boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 o converse with everlasting groans,  
 ted, unpitied, unrepriev'd,  
 ' hopeless end? This would be worse.  
 erefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 e dissuades; for what can force or guile  
 im, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
 all things at one view? He from Heaven's  
 highth  
 e our motions vain sees, and derides;  
 re almighty to resist our might  
 ise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
 e then live thus vile, the race of Heaven  
 ampled, thus expell'd to suffer here  
 and these torments? better these than  
 worse,  
 advice; since fate inevitable  
 s us, and omnipotent decree,  
 tor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
 mgh is equal, nor the law unjust  
 ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
 ere wise, against so great a foe  
 ling, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 when those who at the spear are bold  
 nturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
 et they know must follow, to endure  
 n ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 stence of their conqueror: this is now  
 en; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 erme foe in time may much remit  
 er; and perhaps, thus far remov'd,  
 ad us not offending, satisfied  
 hat is punish'd; whence these raging fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapor; or, inur'd, not feel;  
 Or, chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what  
 change

Worth waiting; since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's garb,  
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

"Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:  
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
 The latter: for what place can be for us  
 Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord  
 supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent,  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
 Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne  
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forc'd Halleluiahs; while he lordly sits  
 Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes  
 Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers.  
 Our servile offerings! This must be our task  
 In Heaven, this our delight! how wearisome  
 Eternity so spent, in worship paid  
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
 Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of  
 small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
 We can create; and in what place we'er  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,  
 Through labor and endurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling  
 Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders  
 roar

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell?  
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements; these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
 Into their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite

To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are, and were; dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur  
fill'd

The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
The sound of blustering winds, which all night  
long

Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance  
Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay  
After the tempest: such applause was heard  
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace: for such another field  
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear  
Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
Wrought still within them, and no less desire  
To found this nether empire, which might rise  
By policy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to Heaven,  
Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood  
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake.

"Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of  
Heaven,

Ethereal virtues: or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines here to continue, and build up here  
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,  
And know not that the king of Heaven hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league  
Banded against his throne, but to remain  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd  
Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,  
In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
By our revolt; but over Hell extend  
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.  
What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
Irreparable: terms of peace yet none  
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be  
given

To us enslav'd, but custody severe  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return  
But to our power hostility and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find

Some easier enterprise? There is a place,  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not) another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favor'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,  
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, con-  
firm'd.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,  
And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,  
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset; either with Hell fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
The puny habitants, or, if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beelzebub  
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy  
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renew'd.

"Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate  
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,  
Great things resolv'd, which, from the lowest deep,  
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbor-  
ing arms

And opportune excursion, we may chance  
Re-enter Heaven: or else in some mild zone  
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,  
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam  
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,  
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we  
send

In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight  
Upborne with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy isle? What strength, what art can  
then

or what evasion bear him safe  
 the strict sentries and stations thick  
 a watching round? Here he had need  
 inspection, and we now no less  
 our suffrage; for, on whom we send,  
 ght of all and our last hope relies." *He*  
 aid, he sat; and expectation held  
 suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 d, or oppose, or undertake  
 lous attempt: but all sat mute,  
 g the danger with deep thoughts; and  
 each  
 countenance read his own dismay  
 d: none among the choice and prime  
 Heaven-warring champions could be  
 found  
 as to proffer or accept,  
 e dreadful voyage; till at last  
 hom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 s fellows, with monarchical pride,  
 of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.  
 geny of Heaven, empyreal thrones,  
 son hath deep silence and demur  
 though undimay'd. Long is the way  
 l, that out of Hell leads up to light:  
 n strong; this huge convex of fire,  
 as to devour, immures us round  
 ; and gates of burning adamant,  
 er us, prohibit all egress.  
 as'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 ential Night receives him next  
 ing, and with utter loss of being  
 him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
 he 'scape into whatever world,  
 wn region, what remains him less  
 known dangers, and as hard escape?  
 uld ill become this throne, O peers,  
 imperial sovereignty, adorn'd  
 ndor, arm'd with power, if aught pro-  
 pos'd  
 d of public moment, in the shape  
 lty, or danger, could deter  
 attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
 yalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 to accept as great a share  
 l as of honor, due alike  
 ho reigns, and so much to him due  
 l more, as he above the rest  
 or'd sits? Go therefore, mighty powers,  
 f Heaven, though fall'n; intend at  
 home,  
 re shall be our home, what best may ease  
 ent misery, and render Hell  
 rable; if there be cure or charm  
 e, or deceive, or slack the pain  
 mansion: intermit no watch  
 wakeful foe, while I abroad  
 all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 ce for us all: this enterprise  
 d partake with me." Thus saying rose  
 arch, and prevented all reply;  
 ent, from his resolution rais'd.  
 ong the chief might offer now  
 o be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;  
 fus'd, might in opinion stand  
 ; winning cheap the high repute,  
 through hazard huge must earn. But  
 they  
 ot more the adventure, than his voice  
 ; and at once with him they rose:

Their rising all at once, was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone; and as a god  
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven:  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
 That for the general safety he despis'd  
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd  
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:  
 As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;  
 If chance the radiant Sun with farwell sweet  
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers;  
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,  
 And godlike imitated state: him round  
 A globe of fiery seraphim enclos'd,  
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result:  
 Towards the four winds four speedy cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,  
 By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.  
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat  
 rais'd

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and, wandering, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.  
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
 From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhorean rage more fell,  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar;  
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt the encumber'd robe, and won  
 Through pain up by the roots Thracian pine a.

And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw  
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle; and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial; but the harmony  
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:  
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm  
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.  
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams:  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;  
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice.  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
 Burns sore, and cold performs the effect of fire.  
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd  
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more  
 fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethean sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
*All taste of living wight, as once it fled*

The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, the adventurous band  
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary val  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of  
 death,  
 A universe of death; which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.  
 Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd  
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear  
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice three-fold the gates; three-folds were  
 brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamant rock  
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting: About her middle round  
 A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd  
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep  
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within unseem. Far less abhor'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the laboring Moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd  
 For each seem'd either: black it stood as night;  
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.  
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd  
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing nought valued he, nor shunn'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began.  
 "Whence and what art thou, execrable shape

t, though grim and terrible, advance  
 eated front athwart my way  
 gates! through them I mean to pass,  
 sur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:  
 taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 not to contend with spirits of Heaven."  
 m the goblin full of wrath replied,  
 that traitor-angel, art thou he,  
 roke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then  
 ; and in proud rebellious arms  
 : him the third part of Heaven's sons  
 gainst the Highest; for which both thou  
 outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 eternal days in woe and pain!  
 n'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,  
 'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 sign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 and lord! Back to thy punishment,  
 ive, and to thy speed add wings,  
 a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 ing, or with one stroke of this dart  
 eror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."  
 the grisly terror, and in shape,  
 g and so threatening, grew ten-fold  
 dful and deform. On the other side,  
 ith indignation, Satan stood  
 l, and like a comet burn'd,  
 the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 ic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 silence and war. Each at the head  
 is deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 stroke intend; and such a frown  
 at the other, as when two black clouds,  
 ven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 aspian, then stand front to front,  
 a space, till winds the signal blow  
 ir dark encounter in mid air:  
 l the mighty combatants, that Hell  
 er at their frown; so match'd they stood;  
 but once more was either like  
 great a foe: and now great deeds  
 achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
 he snaky sorceress, that sat  
 ill-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 with hideous outcry rush'd between.  
 r, what intends thy hand," she cried,  
 thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 hee to bend that mortal dart  
 y father's head! and know'st for whom?  
 ho sits above and laughs the while  
 'dain'd his drudge, to execute  
 is wrath, which he calls justice, bids  
 which one day will destroy ye both."  
 ke, and at her words the hellish pest  
 hen these to her Satan return'd.  
 age thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 posest, that my sudden hand,  
 spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 tends; till first I know of thee,  
 ; thou art, thus double-form'd; and why  
 rnal vale first met, thou call'st  
 and that phantasm call'st my son:  
 e not, nor ever saw till now  
 detestable than him and thee."  
 n thus the portress of Hell-gate replied,  
 forgot me then, and do I seem  
 ne eye so foul? once deem'd so fair  
 , when at the assembly, and in sight  
 seraphim with thee combin'd  
 conspiracy 'gainst Heaven's King,

All on a sudden, miserable pain  
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth: till, on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright  
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,  
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd  
 All the host of Heaven; back they recoil'd afraid  
 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becam'st enamor'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,  
 And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein re-  
 main'd  
 (For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe  
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout,  
 Through all the empyrean; down they fell  
 Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
 Into this deep; and in the general fall  
 I also; at which time, this powerful key  
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep  
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
 Made to destroy! I fled, and cried out *Death!*  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
 From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*  
 I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems,  
 Inflam'd with lust than rage,) and, swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
 And in embraces forcible and foul  
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist."  
 She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
 "Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy  
 sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of; know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host  
 Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 The unsounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wondering quest a place foretold  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the purlieus of Heaven, and therein plac'd  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,  
 Lest Heaven, surcharg'd with potent multitude,  
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this or aught  
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
 To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
 With odors: there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
 Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and  
 Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
 His famine should be fill'd; and blest his maw  
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.

"The key of this infernal pit by due,  
 And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamant gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.  
 But what owe I to his commands above  
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
 Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,  
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as be seems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
 And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,  
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers  
 Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole  
 turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens. On a sudden open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,  
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;

So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and  
 height,

And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions  
 fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag  
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow  
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,

Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere  
 He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more embroils the fray  
 By which he reigns: next him high arbiter  
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,  
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,

Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain  
 His dark materials to create more worlds;  
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend

Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,  
 Pondering his voyage: for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd  
 With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare  
 Great things with small,) that when Bellona storms,  
 With all her battering engines bent to rase  
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
 Of Heaven were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn

The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
 Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacuity: all unawares

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathoms deep; and to this hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him

As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,  
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land: nigh founderd on he fares,  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.

As when a gryphon, through the wilderness  
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
 Pursues the Arimasian, who by stealth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend  
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or  
 rare,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies;  
 At length a universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,  
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,

sted to meet there whatever power  
t of the nethermost abyss  
n that noise reside, of whom to ask  
way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
ng on light; when straight behold the  
throne

as, and his dark pavilion spread  
n the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd  
le-vested Night, eldest of things,  
nsort of his reign; and by them stood  
nd Ades, and the dreaded name  
ogorgon! Rumor next and Chance,  
mult and Confusion all embroil'd,  
sord with a thousand various mouths.  
an Satan turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers  
irits of this nethermost abyss,  
and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
urpose to explore or to disturb  
rets of your realm; but, by constraint  
ring this darksome desert, as my way  
ough your spacious empire up to light,  
and without guide, half lost, I seek  
adiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
with Heaven; or if some other place,  
our dominion won, the ethereal King  
as lately, thither to arrive  
this profound: direct my course;  
d, no mean recompense it brings  
r behoof, if I that region lost,  
raption thence expell'd, reduce  
original darkness, and your sway,  
is my present journey) and once more  
be standard there of ancient Night:  
e the advantage all, mine the revenge."  
Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
altering speech and visage incompas'd,  
d. "I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
mighty leading angel, who of late  
lead against Heaven's King, though over-  
thrown.

nd heard: for such a numerous host  
t in silence through the frightened deep,  
sin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
on worse confounded; and Heaven-gates  
out by millions her victorious bands  
g. I upon my frontiers here  
vidence: if all I can will serve  
tle which is left so to defend,  
ch'd on still through your intestine broils  
ning the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,  
uncheon, stretching far and wide beneath;  
tely Heaven and Earth, another world,  
er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
t side Heaven from whence your legions  
fell:

way be your walk, you have not far;  
th the nearer danger; go, and speed;  
and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."  
eas'd; and Satan staid not to reply,  
ad that now his sea should find a shore,  
reah alacrity, and force renew'd,  
upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
wild expanse, and, through the shock-  
ing elements, on all sides round  
d, wins his way; harder beset  
re endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
h Bosphorus, betwixt the jostling rocks!  
n Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
dis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.  
rith difficulty and labor hard

Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he;  
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,  
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,  
From Hell continued reaching the utmost orb  
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God, and good angels, guard by special grace.  
But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
As from her outmost works a broken foe  
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the Moon.  
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

## BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying to-  
wards this world, then newly created; shows  
him to the Son, who sat at his right hand;  
foretells the success of Satan in perverting  
mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom  
from all imputation, having created Man free,  
and able enough to have withstood his tempter;  
yet declares his purpose of grace towards him,  
in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did  
Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God  
renders praises to his Father for the manifest-  
ation of his gracious purpose towards Man:  
but God again declares, that grace cannot be  
extended towards Man without the satisfaction  
of divine justice: Man hath offended the ma-  
jesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and there-  
fore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must  
die, unless some one can be found sufficient to  
answer for his offence, and undergo his punish-  
ment. The Son of God freely offers himself a  
ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, or-  
dains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation  
above all names in Heaven and Earth; com-  
mands all the angels to adore him: They obey,  
and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate  
the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan  
alights upon the bare convex of this world's  
outermost orb: where wandering, he first finds a  
place, since called the Famine of Vanity: where  
persons and things fly up thither: there a common



to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,  
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old:  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
Sings dorkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
Seasons return; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure empyrean where he sits  
High thrond' above all height, bent down his eye  
His own works and their works at once to view:

About him all the sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son; on earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,  
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night  
In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

"Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new-created world,  
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to essay  
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall  
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all the ethereal powers  
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who  
fail'd;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
Where only what they needs must do appear'd.  
Not what they would? what praise could they re-  
ceive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,  
Not me! They therefore, as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge, and what they choose;  
for so

I form'd them free: and free they must remain,  
Till they enthral themselves; I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree

geable, eternal, which ordain'd  
 freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
 at sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 apted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd  
 other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
 er none: in mercy and justice both,  
 h Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory  
 excel:

cy, first and last, shall brightest shine."  
 while God spake, ambrosial fragrance  
 fill'd

aven, and in the blessed spirits elect  
 of new joy ineffable diffus'd.

compare the Son of God was seen  
 glorious: in him all his Father shone  
 tially express'd; and in his face  
 compassion visibly appear'd,  
 ithout end, and without measure grace,  
 uttering, thus he to his Father spake:  
 'ather, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 ran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
 ich both Heaven and Earth shall high extol  
 uses, with the innumerable sound  
 ns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 as'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
 old Man finally be lost, should Man,  
 nature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
 cumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
 is own folly! That be from thee far,  
 r be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 things made, and judgest only right.  
 l the adversary thus obtain

l, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
 lice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
 id return, though to his heavier doom,  
 th revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell  
 ster him the whole race of mankind,  
 corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
 thy creation, and unmake

n, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 old thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 stion'd and blasphem'd without defence."  
 whom the great Creator thus replied.

u, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 my bosom, Son who art alone  
 rd, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 at thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 eternal purpose hath decreed:  
 ball not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;  
 t of will in him, but grace in me  
 vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew  
 med powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd  
 to soul exorbitant desires;

l by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 en ground against his mortal foe;  
 upheld, that he may know how frail  
 ll'n condition is, and to me owe  
 s deliverance, and to none but me.

l have chosen of peculiar grace,  
 above the rest; so is my will:

at shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
 sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 scensed Deity, while offer'd grace  
 ; for I will clear their senses dark,  
 may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 y, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 yer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 h but endeavor'd with sincere intent,  
 ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 will place within them as a guide,

My umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,  
 Light after light, well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.

This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be-blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.

But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins

Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
 Affecting godhead, and, so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He, with his whole posterity, must die,  
 Die he, or justice must; unless for him  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such  
 love?

Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"

He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf

Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.

And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

"Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,

The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented, unimplo'd, unsought?

Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;  
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,

Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:  
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life  
 I offer; on me let thine anger fall;

Account me Man; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off; and for him lastly die

Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage;  
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess

Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due  
 All that of me can die: yet, that debt paid,

Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;

But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and

stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show  
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the

sight  
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,

While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave.  
 Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,

Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return.

Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd  
And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shone  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd  
All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither  
tend,

Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied.

"O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,  
Though last created; that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.  
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
Their nature also to thy nature join;  
And be thyself man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
By wonderful birth: be thou in Adam's room  
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
As from a second root, shall be restor'd  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,  
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new light. So man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
Far more than great or high; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King: all power  
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,  
Thrones, principdoms, powers, dominions, I reduce:  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.  
When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,  
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
Thy summoning arch-angels to proclaim  
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past ages, to the general doom  
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge

Bad men and angels; they, arraign'd, shall sink  
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall  
dwell,

And after all their tribulations long,  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.  
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies:  
Adore the Son, and honor him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
The eternal regions: lowly reverent  
Towards either throne they bow, and to the grooms  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;  
Immortal amaranth, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
To Heaven remov'd where first it grew, there grows  
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss through midst of  
Heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:  
With these that never fade the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurled with celestial roses smil'd.  
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

These, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,  
Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a clout  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes  
Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee  
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
He Heaven of Heavens and all the powers therein  
By thee created; and by thee threw down  
The aspiring dominations: thou that day  
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.  
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim  
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,

rate fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 n man: him, through their malice fall'n,  
 f mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
 ly, but much more to pity incline:  
 er did thy dear and only Son  
 ; thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 ly, but much more to pity inclin'd,  
 please thy wrath, and end the strife  
 y and justice in thy face discern'd,  
 as of the bliss wherein he sat  
 to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 i's offence. O unexampled love,  
 where to be found less than divine!  
 n of God, Savior of Men! Thy name  
 : the copious matter of my song  
 rth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.  
 they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,  
 ppy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 ile upon the firm opacous globe  
 round world, whose first convex divides  
 sinous inferior orbs, inclos'd  
 mos, and the inroad of Darkness old,  
 lighted walks: a globe far off  
 d, now seems a boundless continent  
 aste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 expos'd, and ever-threatening storms  
 e blustering round, inclement sky;  
 that side which from the wall of Heaven,  
 distant far, some small reflection gains  
 nering air, less ver'd with tempest loud:  
 ilk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.  
 a a vulture on Imaus bred,  
 mowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 ng from a region scarce of prey,  
 : the flesh of lambs or yearning kids,  
 : where flocks are fed, flies toward the  
 springs  
 es or Hydaspes, Indian streams;  
 is way lights on the barren plains  
 ana, where Chinese drive  
 ils and wind their cany wagons light:  
 his windy sea of land, the fiend up  
 and down alone, bent on his prey;  
 or other creature in this place,  
 r lifeless, to be found was none,  
 t, but store hereafter from the Earth  
 r like aëreal vapors flew  
 ings transitory and vain, when sin  
 nity had fill'd the works of men;  
 things vain, and all who in vain things  
 ir fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
 iness in this or the other life;  
 ave their reward on Earth, the fruits  
 'ul superstition and blind zeal,  
 seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 bution, empty as their deeds;  
 unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,  
 , monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
 l on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 d dissolution, wander here;  
 the neighboring Moon, as some have  
 dream'd;  
 gent fields more likely habitants,  
 ed saints, or middle spirits hold  
 the angelical and human kind.  
 f ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
 in the ancient world those giants came  
 ny a vain exploit, though then renown'd:  
 iders next of Babel on the plain

Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babel, had they wherewithal, would build.  
 Others came single; he, who to be deem'd  
 A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedocles; and he, who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus; and many more too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;  
 And they, who to be sure of Paradise,  
 Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd:  
 And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air: then might ye see  
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost  
 And flutter'd into rage; then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,  
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,  
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.  
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste  
 His travell'd steps: far distant he descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heaven a structure high;  
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd  
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on Earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven."  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes  
 Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from Earth, sailing arriv'd,  
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to the Earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after-times  
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
 Over the Promis'd Land, to God so dear;  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Parnassus, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
 To Beersaba, where the holy Land

Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;  
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,  
 That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout,  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
 With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
 Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams:  
 Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,  
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point  
 Of Libya to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
 Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the world's first region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,  
 Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there  
 He staid not to inquire: above them all  
 The golden Sun, in splendor likest Heaven,  
 Allur'd his eye; thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,  
 By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far; they, as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
 Days, months and years, towards his all-cheering  
 lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;  
 So wondrously was set his station bright.  
 There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb  
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, metal or stone;  
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;  
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that, which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form.

What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 The arch-chymic Sun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd,  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of color glorious, and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from the equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall: and the air,  
 Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the Sun:  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tier  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,  
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employ  
 He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wandering flight  
 To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,  
 His journey's end and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay:  
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore,  
 Of many a color'd plume, sprinkled with gold;  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known  
 The arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven  
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
 That run through all the Heavens, or down to th  
 Earth

Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

"Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand  
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first art wont his great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,  
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend;  
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
 Like honor to obtain, and as his eye  
 To visit oft this new creation round;  
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wonderful works, but chiefly Man,  
 His chief delight and favor, him for whom  
 All these his works so wonderous he ordain'd,  
 Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim  
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell  
 In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
 Or open admiration him behold,  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd

in him and all things, as is meet,  
 great Maker we may praise;  
 hath driven out his rebel foes  
 from Hell, and, to repair that loss,  
 his new happy race of Men  
 him better: wise are all his ways."  
 So the false dissembler unperceiv'd;  
 nor man nor angel can discern  
 , the only evil that walks  
 except to God alone,  
 massive will, through Heaven and Earth:  
 though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 at his gate, and to simplicity  
 is charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 will seems: which now for once beguil'd  
 the regent of the Sun, and held  
 the sighted spirit of all in Heaven;  
 the fraudulent impostor foul,  
 in lightness, answer thus return'd.  
 Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
 the will of God, thereby to glorify  
 : Work-master, leads to no excess  
 but blames, but rather merits praise  
 it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 to thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 with thine eyes what some perhaps,  
 with report, hear only in Heaven:  
 the will indeed are all his works,  
 to know, and worthiest to be all  
 remembrance always with delight;  
 created mind can comprehend  
 number, or the wisdom infinite  
 might them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
 In at his word the formless mass,  
 the material mould, came to a heap:  
 he heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;  
 at second bidding Darkness fled,  
 light, and order from disorder sprung:  
 their several quarters hasted then  
 the four elements, earth, flood, air, fire;  
 ethereal quintessence of Heaven  
 forthward, spirited with various forms,  
 'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
 vast, as thou seest, and how they move;  
 his place appointed, each his course;  
 in circuit walls this universe.  
 outward on that globe, whose hither side  
 is from hence, though but reflected, shines:  
 this is Earth, the seat of Man; that light  
 which else, as the other hemisphere,  
 would invade; but there the neighboring  
 Moon  
 (that opposite fair star) her aid  
 interposes, and her monthly round  
 goes, still renewing, through mid Heaven,  
 row'd light her countenance transform  
 is and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
 her pale dominion checks the night.  
 But, to which I point, is Paradise,  
 the shade; those lofty shades, his bower.  
 thou canst not miss, me mine requires."  
 said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,  
 the evil spirit is wont in Heaven,  
 nor due and reverence none neglects,  
 and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
 in the ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
 his steep flight in many a sery wheel;  
 , till on Niphates' top he lights.

8

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve, sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he, who saw  
 Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
 Woe to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,  
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
 The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,  
 Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now  
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
 The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,  
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth  
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engine back recoils  
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The Hell within him; for within him Hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
 By change of place: now conscience wakes despair,  
 That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view

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Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fix'd sad;  
Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing  
Sun,

Which now sat high in his meridian tower:  
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless  
King:

Ah, wherefore! he deserv'd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Unbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I 'dain'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd; what burthen then?  
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
Ambition. Yet why not! some other power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,  
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
Hast thou the same free will and power to stand?  
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to ac-  
cuse,

But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his love accus'd, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
O, then, at last relent: is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
Diadain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;  
Under what torments inwardly I groan.  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery: such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
*By act of grace, my former state; how soon*

Would height recall high thoughts, how soon uneasy  
What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow,  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this world.  
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;  
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least  
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his  
face,

Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair;  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.

For heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down  
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd and mad demeanor, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise  
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
Access denied; and over-head up-grew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:  
Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighboring round.  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mix'd:  
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely  
seem'd

That landscape: and of pure, now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore

aby the blest; with such delay (league  
pleas'd they slack their course, and many a  
d with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:  
ertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,  
ame their bane: though with them better  
pleas'd

Asmodæus with the fishy fume  
rove him, though enamor'd, from the spouse  
bit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.  
r to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
had journey'd on, pensive and slow;  
rther way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
s continued brake, the undergrowth  
ubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
th of man or beast that pass'd that way.  
te there only was, and that look'd east  
other side: which when the arch-felon saw,  
ntance he disdain'd; and, in contempt,  
s slight bound high over-leap'd all bound  
or highest wall, and sheer within  
on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
ing where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
dled cotes amid the field secure,  
o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
s thief, bent to unhoard the cash  
e rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
arr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
he window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
nb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
e into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
s up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
iddle tree and highest there that grew,  
e a cormorant; yet not true life  
y regain'd, but sat devising death  
m who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought  
t life-giving plant, but only us'd  
spect, what well us'd had been the pledge  
mortality. So little knows  
ut God alone, to value right  
od before him, but perverts best things  
ret abuse, or to their meanest use.  
h him with new wonder now he views,  
delight of human sense expos'd,  
ow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
iven on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
d the garden was, by him in the east  
en planted: Eden stretch'd her line  
Auran eastward to the royal towers  
at Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
ere the sons of Eden long before  
in Telassar: in this pleasant soil  
r more pleasant garden God ordain'd;  
the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
es of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
l amid them stood the tree of life,  
ninent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
etable gold; and next to life,  
ath, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
edge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.  
ard through Eden went a river large,  
ang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill  
underneath engulf'd; for God had thrown  
ountain as his garden-mould high rais'd  
he rapid current, which through veins  
us earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
d the garden; thence united fell  
the steep glade, and met the nether flood,

Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendent shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unperc'd shade  
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers: thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view;  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and  
balm,

Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove  
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspir'd  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle  
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,  
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,  
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;  
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd  
True Paradise under the Ethiop line  
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend  
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.  
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honor clad  
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:  
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)  
Whence true authority in men; though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;  
For contemplation he and valor form'd;  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him:  
His fair large front and eye sublim'd declar'd



Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;  
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;  
 Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame  
 Of Nature's works, honor dishonorable,  
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
 With shows instead, more shows of seeming pure,  
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
 Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair,  
 That ever since in love's embraces met:  
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side  
 They sat them down: and, after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gardening labor than suffic'd  
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:  
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd  
 All beasts of the Earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,  
 To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and  
 wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,  
 Declin'd, was hastening now with prone career  
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale  
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.  
 "O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mould, Earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath  
 pour'd.  
 Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;

More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven,  
 Ill fenc'd for Heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn  
 Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense: yet such  
 Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,  
 Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings; there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
 By conquering this new world, compels me now  
 To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."  
 So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one.  
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn.  
 By word or action mark'd: about them round  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,  
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men  
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.  
 "Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite;  
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou  
 know'st  
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left,  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Confer'd upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights:  
 But let us ever praise him and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,

ne these growing plants, and tend these  
 flowers,  
 were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

hom thus Eve replied. "O thou for whom  
 m whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
 thou whom am to no end, my guide  
 ad! what thou hast said is just and right.  
 to Him indeed all praises owe,  
 ily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy  
 re happier lot, enjoying thee  
 ent by so much odds, while thou  
 sort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
 y I oft remember, when from sleep  
 wak'd, and found myself repos'd  
 shade on flowers, much wondering where  
 at I was, whence thither brought, and how,  
 ant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 rs issued from a cave, and spread  
 quid plain, then stood unmov'd  
 the expanse of Heaven; I thither went  
 xperienced thought, and laid me down  
 green bank, to look into the clear  
 lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
 nt down to look, just opposite  
 within the watery gleam appear'd,  
 to look on me: I started back,  
 d back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,  
 it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 athy and love: there I had fix'd  
 yes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
 t a voice thus warn'd me; 'What thou seest,  
 here thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
 ee it came and goes: but follow me,  
 vill bring thee where no shadow stays  
 ming, and thy soft embraces, he  
 image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
 ably thine, to him shalt bear  
 des like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 of human race.' What could I do,  
 low straight, invisibly thus led?  
 spied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 a platane; yet methought less fair,  
 inning soft, less amiably mild,  
 hat smooth watery image: back I turn'd;  
 ollowing cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,  
 fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou  
 art,  
 sh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
 my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 tual life, to have thee by my side  
 orth an individual soul dear;  
 my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
 er half.' With that thy gentle hand  
 mine: I yielded; and from that time see  
 eauty is excell'd by manly grace,  
 idom, which alone is truly fair."  
 pake our general mother, and with eyes  
 jugal attraction unprov'd,  
 eek surrender, half-embracing lean'd  
 first father; half her swelling breast  
 met his, under the flowing gold  
 loose tresses hid: he in delight  
 f her beauty, and submissive charms,  
 with superior love, as Jupiter  
 so smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
 hed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip  
 kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd  
 ivy; yet with jealous leer malign  
 hem advance, and to himself thus 'plain'd.

"Sight hateful, sight tormenting; thus these two,  
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;  
 One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
 Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? And do they only stand  
 By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wandering spirit of Heaven by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."  
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale,  
 his roam.  
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;  
 About him exercis'd heroic games  
 The unarm'd youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
 On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.  
 "Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in.  
 This day at height of noon came to my sphere  
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
 More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,  
 God's latest image: I describ'd his way  
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait;  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscur'd:  
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade

Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,  
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raise  
New troubles; him thy care must be to find."

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.  
"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,  
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass  
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come  
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour  
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds  
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge  
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd  
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n  
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth,  
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. "Fair consort, the hour  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set  
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines  
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen.  
And at our pleasant labor to reform  
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.  
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst  
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile Earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied.  
"Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,  
These have their course to finish round the Earth,  
By morrow evening, and from land to land  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
Least total Darkness should by night regain  
Her old possession, and extinguish life,  
In Nature, and all things; which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
Of various influence foment and warm,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
That Heaven would want spectators, God want  
praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful bower: it was a place  
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin, [wrought  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and  
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone  
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,  
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
Espous'd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;  
And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,

y the genial angel to our sire  
 her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 ely, than Pandora, whom the gods  
 with all their gifts, and O too like  
 ent, when to the unwiser son  
 t brought by Hermes, she emanar'd  
 with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
 who had stole Jove's authentic fire.  
 at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
 r'd, and under open sky ador'd  
 l that made both sky, air, Earth, and  
 Heaven,  
 ey beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,  
 y pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,  
 nnpotent, and thou the day,  
 e, in our appointed work employ'd,  
 ish'd, happy in our mutual help  
 ual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 by thee; and this delicious place  
 so large, where thy abundance wants  
 , and uncropt falls to the ground.  
 hast promis'd from us two a race  
 e Earth, who shall with us extol  
 lness infinite, both when we wake,  
 n we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."  
 uid unanimous, and other rites  
 g none, but adoration pure  
 od likes best, into their inmost bower  
 hey went; and, eas'd the putting off  
 ouble some disguises which we wear,  
 ide by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,  
 m his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
 us of connubial love refus'd:  
 r hypocrites austere talk  
 , and place, and innocence,  
 g as impure what God declares  
 d commands to some, leaves free to all.  
 er bids increase; who bids abstain  
 estroyer, foe to God and Man?  
 dded love, mysterious law, true source  
 n offspring, sole propriety  
 ie of all things common else.  
 adulterous Lust was driven from men  
 he bestial herds to range; by thee  
 in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
 , dear, and all the charities  
 r, son, and brother, first were known.  
 , that I should write thee sin or blame,  
 thee unbecoming holiest place,  
 l fountain of domestic sweets,  
 ed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
 or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.  
 ve his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 ant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 ere and rejoys; not in the bought smile  
 a, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
 uition; nor in court-amours,  
 nce, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 ade, which the starv'd lover sings  
 ould fair, best quitted with diadain.  
 ill'd by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 heir naked limbs the flowery roof  
 l roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
 r; and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
 ier state, and know to know no more.  
 ad Night measur'd with her shadowy cone  
 , up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 n their ivory port the cherubim,  
 wing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd

To their night watches in warlike parade;  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.  
 "Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
 Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
 From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.  
 "Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no  
 nook;  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.  
 This evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."  
 So saying, on he led his radiant fires,  
 Dazzling the Moon; these to the bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought: him there they  
 found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
 Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain,  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:  
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair angels, half amaz'd  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.  
 "Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and, transform'd,  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"  
 "Know ye not then," said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
 "Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain."  
 To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with  
 scorn.  
 "Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,  
 As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and pure;  
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
 But come, for thou, be sure, shall give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm."  
 So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke  
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace

Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd  
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd  
Undaunted. "If I must contend," said he,  
"Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
Or all at once; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,  
"Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against the wicked, and thence weak."

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;  
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly  
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd  
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud.

"O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpses discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanor seems the prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours."

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.  
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.  
"Gabriel! thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no  
doubt,

And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to  
change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.  
The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
But that implies not violence or harm."

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,  
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied.  
"O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison scap'd,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain.  
However, and to 'scape his punishment!  
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,  
Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight

Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief!  
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.  
"Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,  
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past  
A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untried.  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
This new-created world, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted powers  
To settle here on Earth, or in mid air;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the warrior-angel soon replied,  
"To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,  
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.  
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?  
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd  
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope  
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
But mark what I aread thee now: Avaunt!  
Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour  
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,  
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd."

So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.

"Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
Proud liminary chorus! but ere then  
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King  
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress through the road of Heaven star-pav'd."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With pointed spears, as thick as when a field  
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands.

the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
 chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,  
 ng all his might, dilated stood,  
 eneriffe or Atlas, unremov'd :  
 ure reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 ror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
 sem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful  
 deeds

ave ensued, nor only Paradise  
 commotion, but the starry cope  
 ven perhaps, or all the elements  
 had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 olence of this conflict, had not soon  
 rnal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 rth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen

Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 n all things created first he weigh'd,  
 idulous round Earth with balanc'd air  
 terpoise, now ponders all events,  
 and realms: in these he put two weights,  
 uel each of parting and of fight:

er quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam;  
 Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.  
 n, I know thy strength, and thou know'st  
 mine;

our own, but given: what folly then  
 t what arms can do! since thine no more  
 leaven permits, nor mine, though doubled  
 now

ple thee as mire: for proof look up,  
 d thy lot in yon celestial sign;  
 thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how  
 weak

resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew  
 nted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 ing, and with him fled the shades of night.

## BOOK V.

### THE ARGUMENT.

; approached, Eve relates to Adam her  
 ecome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts  
 they come forth to their day-labors: their  
 ng hymn at the door of their bower. God,  
 rder man inexcusable, sends Raphael to  
 ish him of his obedience, of his free estate,

enemy near at hand, who he is, and why  
 emy, and whatever else may avail Adam to  
 Raphael comes down to Paradise; his  
 rance described; his coming discerned by  
 afar off sitting at the door of his bower;

out to meet him, brings him to his lodge,  
 ains him with the choicest fruits of Para-  
 got together by Eve; their discourse at  
 Raphael performs his message, minds  
 of his state and of his enemy; relates, at  
 's request, who that enemy is, and how he  
 to be so, beginning from his first revolt in  
 n, and the occasion thereof; how he drew  
 yons after him to the parts of the north,  
 ere incited them to rebel with him, per-  
 g all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in-  
 ent dissuades and opposes him, then for-  
 him.

wn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
 ag, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 dam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep  
 -light, from pure digestion bred,

9

And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on every bough; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwak'd Eve  
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest: he, on his side,  
 Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: "Awake,  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight!  
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How Nature paints her colors, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night  
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night: methought  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,  
 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song: now reigns  
 Full-orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard: Heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?

In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk;  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
 And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood  
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from  
 Heaven

By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;  
 And 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharg'd,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge so despis'd?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good; why else art here?'  
 This said, he pau'd not, but with venturous arm  
 He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd  
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:  
 But he thus, overjoy'd; 'O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit

For gods, yet able to make gods of men:  
 And why not gods of men; since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impair'd, but honor'd more!

F 2

Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!  
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,  
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods  
Thyself a goddess, not to Earth confin'd,  
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see  
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savory smell  
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flow, and underneath beheld  
The Earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
And various: wondering at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation: suddenly  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep; but O, how glad I wak'd  
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

"Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear;  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbor none,  
Created pure. But know, that in the soul  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief, among these Fancy next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,  
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private cell, when nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange: yet be not sad.  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unprov'd, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers  
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell  
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
But first, from under shady arborous roof  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who, scarce up-risen,  
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,  
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,  
Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
In various style; for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung  
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous  
More tunable than needed lute or harp  
To add more sweetness; and they thus began

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous  
Unspeakable, who sittest above these Heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of high  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.

On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without  
Fairer of stars, last in the train of night,

If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy song  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and  
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou clim'st  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou  
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that  
And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
In mystic dance not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light  
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions run  
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
From hill or streaming lake, dusky, or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold  
In honor to the World's great Author rise;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd  
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling show'rs

Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye  
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise  
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,

That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even.

To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise  
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night

Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thou  
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm  
On to their morning's rural work they haste  
Among sweet dews and flowers; where any

-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
 amper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
 embraces: or they led the vine  
 her elm; she, spous'd, about him twines  
 marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 ser, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
 ren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
 ty Heaven's high King, and to him call'd  
 l, the sociable spirit, that deign'd  
 'el with Tobias, and secur'd  
 ringe with the seventimes-wedded maid.  
 baël," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on  
 Earth

from Hell 'scap'd through the darksome gulf,  
 is'd in Paradise; and how disturb'd  
 ght the human pair; how he designs  
 t at once to ruin all mankind.  
 efore, half this day as friend with friend  
 e with Adam, in what bower or shade  
 nd'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,  
 ite his day-labor with repast,  
 e repose: and such discourse bring on,  
 advise him of his happy state,  
 as in his power left free to will,  
 his own free will, his will though free,  
 table; whence warn him to beware  
 rve not, too secure: tell him withal  
 ger, and from whom; what enemy,  
 l'n himself from Heaven, is plotting now  
 l of others from like state of bliss;  
 nce? no, for that shall be withstood;  
 deceit and lies: this let him know,  
 ilfully transgressing, he pretend  
 l, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd."  
 ake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
 ce: nor delay'd the winged saint  
 a charge receiv'd; but from among  
 id celestial ardors, where he stood  
 uth his gorgeous wings up springing light  
 ough the midst of Heaven; the angelic  
 quires,

hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 all the empyreal road; till, at the gate  
 ven arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
 len hinges turning, as by work  
 the sovran Architect had fram'd.  
 nce, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 erpos'd, however small, he sees,  
 onform to other shining globes,  
 nd the garden of God, with cedars crown'd  
 ll hills. As when by night the glass  
 leo, less assur'd, observes  
 d lands and regions in the Moon:  
 , from amidst the Cyclades  
 Samos first appearing, kens  
 y spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 ds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 tween worlds and worlds, with steady wing,  
 the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 s the buxom air; till, within soar  
 ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 ix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
 o enshrine his relics in the Sun's  
 emple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
 on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
 z, and to his proper shape returns  
 a wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade  
 aments divine; the pair that clad  
 oulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 pal ornament; the middle pair

Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colors dipt in Heaven; the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high, in honor rise;  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
 Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flowering odors, cassia, nard, and balm;  
 A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted Sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warn  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam  
 needs:

And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
 Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

"Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn  
 Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
 And, what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour  
 Abundance, fit to honor and receive  
 Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows  
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare."

To whom thus Eve. "Adam, Earth's hallow'd  
 mould,

Of God inspir'd! small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such  
 choice

To entertain our angel-guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth  
 God bath dispens'd his bounties as in Heaven."

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
 What order so contriv'd as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
 In India East or West, or middle shore  
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell  
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape  
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd  
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold



Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strows the ground  
With rose and odors from the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet  
His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train  
Accompanied than with his own complete  
Perfections ; in himself was all his state,  
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
On princes, when their rich retinue long  
Of horses led, and grooms beam'd with gold,  
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,  
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,  
As to a superior nature, bowing low,  
Thus said. "Native of Heaven, for other place  
None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain ;  
Since, by descending from the thrones above,  
Those happy places thou hast design'd awhile  
To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us  
Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline."

Whom thus the angelic virtue answer'd mild.  
"Adam, I therefore came ; nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heaven,  
To visit thee ; lead on then where thy bower  
O'er shades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge  
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd,  
With flowerets deck'd, and fragrant smells ; but  
Eve,

Undeck'd save with herself more lovely fair  
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd  
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven ; no veil  
She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm  
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail  
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

"Hail, Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heap'd this table."—Rais'd of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
And on her ample square from side to side  
All autumn, pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here  
Danc'd hand in hand. Awhile discourse they hold ;  
No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began  
Our author. "Heavenly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The Earth to yield ; unsavory food perhaps  
To spiritual natures ; only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the angel. "Therefore what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found  
No ingrateful food ; and food alike those pure  
Intellectual substances require,  
As doth your rational ; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustain'd and fed : of elements  
*The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,*

Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon ;  
Whence in her visago round those spots, unpurg'd  
Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.  
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimantal recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Supps with the Ocean. Though in Heaven the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn  
We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here  
Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
As may compare with Heaven ; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,  
And to their viands fell ; nor seemingly  
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
Of theologians ; but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires  
Through spirits with ease ; nor wonder ; if by fire  
Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve  
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
With pleasant liquors crown'd : O innocence  
Deserving Paradise ! if ever, then,  
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been  
Enamor'd at that sight ; but in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
Not burthen'd nature, sudden mind arose  
In Adam, not to let the occasion pass  
Given him by this great conference to know  
Of things above his world, and of their being  
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so far ; whose radiant forms,  
Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far  
Exceeded human : and his wary speech  
Thus to the empyreal minister he fram'd.

"Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favor, in this honor done to man ;  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed : yet what  
compare !"

To whom the winged hierarch replied.  
"O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return,  
If not deprav'd from good, created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
Endued with various forms, various degree  
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life ;  
But more refin'd, more spirituous, and pure,  
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending  
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the  
leaves

More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
Spirits odorous breathes : flowers and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,

lectual; give both life and sense,  
 and understanding; whence the soul  
 receives, and reason is her being,  
 ve, or intuitive; discourse  
 yours, the latter most is ours,  
 g but in degree, of kind the same.  
 not then, what God for you saw good  
 use not, but convert, as you,  
 er substance. Time may come, when men  
 gels may participate, and find  
 convenient diet, nor too light fare;  
 m these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 dies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 d by tract of time, and, wing'd, ascend  
 l, as we: or may, at choice,  
 in heavenly Paradises dwell;  
 found obedient, and retain  
 ably firm his love entire,  
 progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy  
 l what happiness this happy state  
 apprehend, incapable of more."  
 hom the patriarch of mankind replied.  
 rable spirit, propitious guest,  
 at thou taught the way that might direct  
 wledge, and the scale of nature set  
 entre to circumference; whereon,  
 mplantation of created things,  
 we may ascend to God. But say,  
 want that caution join'd, If ye be found  
 it? Can we want obedience then  
 or possibly his love desert,  
 rm'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 the utmost measure of what bliss  
 desires can seek or apprehend?"  
 hom the angel. "Son of Heaven and Earth,  
 that thou art happy, owe to God;  
 on continuest such, owe to thyself,  
 to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 as that caution given thee, be advis'd.  
 de thee perfect, not immutable;  
 od he made thee; but to persevere  
 it in thy power; ordain'd thy will  
 re free, not over-ru'd by fate  
 able, or strict necessity:  
 untary service he requires,  
 necessitated; such with him  
 o acceptance, nor can find; for how  
 arts, not free, be tried whether they serve  
 or no, who will but what they must  
 iny, and can no other choose?  
 and all the angelic host, that stand  
 of God enthron'd, our happy state  
 s you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 r surety none: freely we serve,  
 s we freely love, as in our will  
 or not; in this we stand or fall:  
 me are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall  
 that high state of bliss, into what woe!"  
 hom our great progenitor. "Thy words  
 re, and with more delighted ear,  
 instructor, I have heard, than when  
 ic songs by night from neighboring hills  
 music send: nor knew I not  
 oth will and deed created free;  
 t we never shall forget to love  
 ker, and obey him whose command  
 s yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 me, and still assure: though what thou  
 tell'st

Hath pass'd in Heaven, some doubts within me  
 move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun  
 Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of Heaven."

Thus Adam made request: and Raphael,  
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,  
 Sad task and hard: for how shall I relate  
 To human sense the invisible exploits  
 Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,  
 The ruin of so many glorious once  
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good  
 This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
 As may express them best; though what if Earth  
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein  
 Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?"

"As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where Earth  
 now rests

Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day  
 (For time, though in eternity, applied  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future,) on such day  
 As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal  
 host

Of angels by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne,  
 Forthwith, from all the ends of Heaven, appear'd  
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright:  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,  
 Standards and gonfalons twist van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,  
 By whom in bliss embosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

"Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,  
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;  
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow  
 All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord:  
 Under his great vicegerent reign abide  
 United, as one individual soul,  
 For ever happy: him who disobeys,  
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place  
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end."

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all.  
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill:  
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere

Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels  
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric, intervold, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem;  
 And in their motions Harmony divine  
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd,  
 (For we have also our evening and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable, not need)  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous; all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
 With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.  
 On flowers repos'd and with fresh flowerets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had  
 chang'd

To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there  
 In darker veil,) and roscate dews dispos'd  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest;  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous Earth in plain outspread,  
 (Such are the courts of God,) the angelic throng  
 Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept [course  
 Fann'd with cool winds; save those, who, in their  
 Melodious hymns about the sovran throne  
 Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
 Satan; so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heaven; he of the first,  
 If not the first archangel, great in power,  
 In favor and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, unobey'd, the throne supreme,  
 Contemptuous; and his next subordinate  
 Awaken'd, thus to him in secret spake:

“Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep can  
 close

Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips  
 Of Heaven's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
 Both waking we were one: how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou see'st impos'd;  
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess

The quarters of the north; there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King,  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

“So spake the false archangel, and infus'd  
 Bad influence into the unwary breast  
 Of his associate: he together calls,  
 Or several one by one, the regent powers,  
 Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,  
 That the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
 Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heaven,  
 The great hierarchal standard was to move;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity: but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
 Of their great potentate; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his decree in Heaven;  
 His countenance, as the morning-star that guides  
 The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.  
 Meanwhile the Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns  
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
 And from within the golden lamps that burn  
 Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree;  
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said.

“Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might,  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of deity or empire: such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north:  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
 In our defence; lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

“To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear  
 Lightening divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer. ‘Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and, secure,  
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.”

“So spake the Son; but Satan, with his powers,  
 Far was advanc'd on winged speed; an host  
 Innumerable as the stars of night,  
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun  
 Impels on every leaf and every flower.  
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
 Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,  
 In their triple degrees; regions to which  
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
 And all the sea, from one entire globe  
 Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,  
 At length into the limits of the north  
 They came; and Satan to his royal seat  
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
 Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers

and quarries hewn, and rocks of gold ;  
 of great Lucifer, (so call  
 ure in the dialect of men  
 ) which not long after, he,  
 l equality with God,  
 of that mount whereon  
 a declar'd in sight of Heaven,  
 sin of the Congregation call'd ;  
 he assembled all his train,  
 so commanded, to consult  
 reat reception of their king,  
 some, and with calumnious art  
 eited truth thus held their ears :  
 es, dominations, principedoms, virtues,  
 powers ;  
 igned titles yet remain  
 titular, since by decrees  
 w hath to himself engross'd  
 and us eclipse'd under the name  
 ointed, for whom all this haste  
 t-march, and hurried meeting here,  
 o consult how we may best,  
 may be devis'd of honors now,  
 n coming to receive from us  
 e yet unpaid, prostration vile !  
 o one ! but double how endur'd,  
 l to his image now proclaim'd ?  
 ' better counsels might erect  
 and teach us to cast off this yoke ?  
 omit your necks, and choose to bend  
 knee ? Ye will not, if I trust  
 e right, or if ye know yourselves  
 f sons of Heaven possess'd before  
 nd if not equal all, yet free,  
 e ; for orders and degrees  
 h liberty, but well consist  
 n reason then, or right, assume  
 ver such as live by right  
 if in power and splendor less,  
 equal ? or can introduce  
 dict on us, who without law  
 uch less for this to be our lord,  
 or adoration, to the abuse  
 mperial titles, which assert  
 ordain'd to govern, not to serve.  
 ar his bold discourse without control  
 ace : when among the seraphim  
 n whom none with more zeal ador'd  
 and divine commands obey'd,  
 nd in a flame of zeal severe  
 it of his fury thus oppos'd.  
 ument blasphemous, false and proud !  
 ch no ear ever to hear in Heaven  
 least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 yself so high above thy peers.  
 with impious obloquy condemn  
 ecree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
 only Son, by right endued  
 ceptre, every soul in Heaven  
 the knee, and in that honor duo  
 n rightful king ? unjust, thou say'st,  
 ust, to bind with laws the free,  
 ver equals to let reign,  
 ll with unsucceeded power.  
 give law to God ? shalt thou dispute  
 the points of liberty, who made [Heaven  
 at thou art, and form'd the powers of  
 : pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being ?  
 perience taught, we know how good,  
 : good and of our dignity

How provident he is ; how far from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state, under one head more near  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign :  
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten son ? by whom,  
 As by his word, the Mighty Father made  
 All things, even thee ; and all the spirits of Heaven  
 By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd  
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,  
 Essential powers ; nor by his reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made ; since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes ;  
 His laws our laws ; all honor to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage  
 And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease  
 The incensed Father, and the incensed Son,  
 While pardon may be found in time besought.  
 " So spake the fervent angel ; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash : whereat rejoic'd  
 The apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied.  
 ' That we were form'd then, say'st thou ? and the  
 work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son ? strange point and new !  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd :  
 who saw  
 When this creation was ? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?  
 We know no time when we were not as now ;  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raisd  
 By our own quickening power, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own : our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt the almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to the anointed King ;  
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.  
 " He said ; and, as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host : nor less for that  
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.  
 " O alienate from God, O spirit accurs'd,  
 Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall  
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment ; henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah ; those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd ; other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall :  
 That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame,  
 Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshaken, unsecul'd, untir'd,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence feared aught;  
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd  
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd."

## BOOK VI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Raphaël continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends MESSIAH his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down, with horror and confusion, into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph to his Father.

"ALL night the dreadful angel, unpursued,  
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way;  
till Morn,

Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
Unbar'd the gates of Light. There is a cave  
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,  
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
Heaven

Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;  
Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour  
To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might  
well

Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn,  
Such as in highest Heaven, array'd in gold  
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd Night,  
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,  
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:  
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found  
Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd  
Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriads fall'n yet one,  
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,  
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

"Servant of God, well done; well hast thou  
fought

The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,  
Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue  
By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
Right reason for their law, and for their king  
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
And thou, in military prowess next,  
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
Invincible; lead forth my armed saints,  
By thousands and by millions, rang'd for fight,  
Equal in number to that godless crew  
Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms  
Fearless assault; and, to the brow of Heaven  
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall."

"So spake the Sovran Voice, and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:  
At which command the powers militant  
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd  
Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds  
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
Their perfect ranks: for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summoned over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,  
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last,  
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd  
In battailous aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets throug'd, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
The banded powers of Satan hasting on  
With furious expedition; for they woen'd  
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the Envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the midway: though strange to us it seem'd  
At first, that angel should with angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
Hymning the Eternal Father: but the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God,

in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
y divine, inclos'd  
cherubim, and golden shields;  
from his gorgeous throne, for now  
d host but narrow space was left,  
terval, and front to front  
d in terrible array  
nght: before the cloudy van,  
edge of battle ere it join'd,  
ast and haughty strides advanc'd,  
g, arm'd in adamant and gold;  
ght endur'd not, where he stood  
ightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
own undaunted heart explores.  
en! that such resemblance of the  
best  
main, where faith and reälty [might  
wherefore should not strength and  
ere virtue fails, or weakest prove  
t, though to sight unconquerable?  
, trusting in the Almighty's aid,  
, whose reason I have tried  
false: nor is it aught but just,  
in debate of truth hath won,  
arms, in both disputes alike  
h brutish that contest and foul,  
hath to deal with force, yet so  
s that reason overcome.'  
ring, and from his armed peers  
g opposite, half-way he met  
s, at this prevention more  
thus securely him defied. [reach'd  
urt thou met? thy hope was to have  
f thy aspiring unoppo'sd,  
f God unguarded, and his side  
t the terror of thy power  
gue: fool! not to think how vain  
bmanipotent to rise in arms;  
mallest things could, without end,  
necessant armies to defeat  
with solitary hand  
ond all limit, at one blow,  
d have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
nder darkness: but thou seest  
thy train; there be, who faith  
ety to God, though then  
isable, when I alone  
' world erroneous to dissent  
sect thou seest; now learn too late  
netimes may know, when thousands

grand foe, with scornful eye asanke,  
sd. 'Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
ge, first sought for, thou return'st  
dition angel! to receive  
reward, the first assay  
hand provok'd since first that tongue,  
contradiction, durst oppose  
f the gods, in synod met  
to assert; who, while they feel  
within them, can allow  
to none. But well thou com'st  
lows, ambitious to win  
e plume, that thy success may show  
the rest: this pause between,  
lest thou boast,) to let thee know,  
ght that liberty and Heaven  
souls had been all one; but now  
t through sloth had rather serve,  
irits, train'd up in feast and song!

10

Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,  
Servility with freedom to contend,

As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.'

"To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied.

'Apostate! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
Or nature: God and nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;  
Yet lowly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.  
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve  
In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;

Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile  
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear upstaid; as if on Earth  
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way  
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd  
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see [shout,  
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and  
Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound  
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven  
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
And clamor, such as heard in Heaven till now  
Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over-head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flow,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire.

So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven  
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? where  
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions: how much more of power  
Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,  
From his strong hold of Heaven, high over-ru'd  
And limited their might; though number'd such  
As each divided legion might have seem'd  
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand  
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed

G

That argued fear; each on himself relied,  
As only in his arm the momont lay  
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame  
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,  
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale  
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway  
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down  
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference. At his approach  
The great archangel from his warlike toil  
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end  
Interstine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdued  
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

"Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou soest  
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here  
To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out  
From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell;  
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,  
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain."

"So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus  
The adversary. Nor think thou with wind  
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me [threats  
That thou should'st hope, imperious, and with  
To chase me hence? err not, that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell  
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,  
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

"They ended parley, and both address'd for fight  
Unspeakeable; for who, though with the tongue  
Of angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likely on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such height  
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,  
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
Made horrid circles: two broad suns their shields  
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,

Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth  
Great things by small, if, Nature's concord broke,  
Among the constellations war were sprung,  
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
Together both with next to Almighty arm  
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
That might determine, and not need repeat,  
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd  
In might or swift prevention: but the sword  
Of Michael from the armory of God  
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid,  
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shar'd  
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,  
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance clos'd,  
Not long divisible; and from the gash  
A stream of nectarous humor issuing flow'd  
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
And all his armor stain'd, erewhile so bright.  
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
From off the files of war: there they him laid  
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,  
To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
His confidence to equal God in power.

Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout  
Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die;  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:  
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense; and, as they please,  
They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

"Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defied,  
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven  
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe,  
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmodai,  
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods  
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their  
flight, [mail

Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and  
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence  
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and their names  
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,

though wond'rous and in acts of war,  
 known less eager, yet by doom  
 from Heaven and sacred memory,  
 in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
 With truth divided, and from just,  
 e, nought merits but dispraise  
 miny; yet to glory aspires  
 tious, and through infamy seeks fame,  
 e eternal silence be their doom. [swerv'd,  
 now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle  
 ny an inroad gor'd; deformed rout  
 and foul disorder; all the ground  
 ver'd armor strown, and on a heap  
 und charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 r-foming steeds; what stood, recoil'd  
 ried, through the faint Satanic host  
 e scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
 it with fear surpris'd, and sense of pain,  
 ominious, to such evil brought  
 f disobedience; till that hour  
 le to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 rwise the inviolable saints,  
 phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,  
 able, impenetrably arm'd;  
 h advantages their innocence  
 m above their foes; not to have sinn'd,  
 ave disobey'd; in fight they stood  
 ed, unobnoxious to be pain'd [mov'd.  
 ad, though from their place by violence  
 Night her course began, and, over Heaven  
 : darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 nce on the odious din of war:  
 er cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 ad vanquish'd: on the foughten field  
 and his angels prevalent  
 ng, plac'd in guard their watches round,  
 : waving fires: on the other part,  
 ith his rebellious disappear'd,  
 e dark dislodg'd; and, void of rest,  
 ntates to council call'd by night;  
 he midst thus undismay'd began.  
 ow in danger tried, now known in arms  
 e overpower'd, companions dear,  
 orthy not of liberty alone,  
 n pretence! but what we more affect,  
 ominion, glory, and renown;  
 ve sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 one day, why not eternal days?)  
 eaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
 us from about his throne, and judg'd  
 it to subdue us to his will,  
 res not so: then fallible, it seems,  
 e we may deem him, though till now  
 ent thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 advantage we endur'd and pain,  
 'not known, but, known, as soon condemn'd;  
 ow we find this our empyreal form  
 le of mortal injury,  
 able, and though pierc'd with wound,  
 sing, and by native vigor heal'd.  
 then so small, as easy think  
 edy; perhaps more valid arms,  
 s more violent, when next we meet,  
 ve to better us, and worse our foes,  
 l what between us made the odds,  
 e none: if other hidden cause  
 m superior, while we can preserve  
 our minds, and understanding sound,  
 ch and consultation will disclose.  
 at; and in the assembly next upstood

Nisroch, of principalities the prime;  
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake.  
 " 'Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard  
 For gods, and too unequal work we find,  
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails [pain  
 Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
 But live content, which is the calmest life:  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns  
 All patience. He, who therefore can invent  
 With what more forcible we may offend  
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.'  
 "Where to with look compos'd Satan replied.  
 'Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereal mould whereon we stand,  
 This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn'd  
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold,  
 Whose eye so superficially surveys  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touch'd  
 With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
 These in their dark nativity the deep  
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;  
 Which into hollow engines, long and round,  
 Thick ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
 From far, with thundering noise, among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
 Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn  
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;  
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd  
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.'  
 "He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
 Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.  
 The invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
 To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd  
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have  
 thought  
 Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race  
 In future days, if malice should abound,  
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
 With devilish machination, might devise  
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew;  
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd  
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
 The originals of nature in their crude  
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
 They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art,  
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:



Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth  
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection, unespied.

"Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appear'd,  
Up rose the victor-angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills  
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light armed  
scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt: him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail  
Zophiol, of cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:

"Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see  
Sad resolution, and secure: let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,  
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire."

"So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
And onward mov'd embattled: when behold!  
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish enginery, impal'd  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

"Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:  
But that I doubt; however witness Heaven!  
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge  
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear!"

"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended; when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retir'd;  
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
A triple-mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels, (for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,  
With branches lapt, in wood or mountain fell'd,)  
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce: at each behind  
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving tip with fire; while we, *suspense*,  
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied

With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heaven appear'd,  
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose  
roar

Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host  
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd;  
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd, they might  
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax their sceried files.  
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse  
Repented, and indecent overthrow  
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to their foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second tire  
Of thunder: back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

"O friends! why come not on these victors proud?  
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,  
To entertain them fair with open front  
And breast (what could we more?) propounded  
terms

Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps  
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result."

"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood,  
'Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbled many: who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They show us when our foes walk not upright."

"So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory: Eternal Might  
To match with their inventions they presum'd  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
Awhile in trouble: but they stood not long;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,  
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd!)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.)  
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;  
From their foundations loosening to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze,  
Bo sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;  
Till on those cursed engines' triple row

mwhelm'd, and all their confidence  
 ight of mountains buried deep;  
 nvaded next, and on their heads  
 ories flung, which in the air  
 wing, and oppress'd whole legions  
 d;  
 elp'd their harm, crush'd in and bruise'd  
 stance pent, which wrought them pain  
 nd many a dolorous groan;  
 ng underneath, ere they could wind  
 rison, though spirits of purest light,  
 t, now gross by sinning grown.  
 mitation, to like arms  
 and the neighboring hills uptore:  
 the air encounter'd hills,  
 l fro with jaculation dire;  
 round they fought in dismal shade;  
 :! war seem'd a civil game  
 ur; horrid confusion heap'd  
 on rose: and now all Heaven  
 wrack, with ruin overspread;  
 Almighty Father, where he sits  
 : sanctuary of Heaven secure,  
 : the sum of things, foreseen  
 and permitted all, advis'd:  
 ut purpose he might so fulfil,  
 anointed Son aveng'd  
 mies, and to declare  
 : him transferr'd: whence to his Son,  
 of his throne, he thus began.  
 ace of my glory, Son belov'd,  
 e face invisible is beheld  
 t by Deity I am;  
 e hand what by decree I do,  
 ipotence! two days are past,  
 : we compute the days of Heaven,  
 el and his powers went forth to tame  
 dient: sore hath been their fight,  
 was, when two such foes met arm'd;  
 elves I left them; and thou know'st,  
 ir creation they were form'd,  
 n hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought  
 r I suspend their doom;  
 erpetual fight they needs must last  
 no solution will be found:  
 l hath perform'd what war can do,  
 der'd rage let loose the reins,  
 ains, as with weapons, arm'd; which  
 kes  
 in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.  
 e therefore past, the third is thine;  
 ave ordain'd it; and thus far  
 d, that the glory may be thine  
 is great war, since none but thou  
 Into thee such virtue and grace  
 ave transfus'd, that all may know  
 nd Hell thy power above compare;  
 rverse commotion govern'd thus,  
 thee worthiest to be Heir  
 ; to be Heir, and to be King  
 action, thy deserved right.  
 u Mightiest, in thy Father's might;  
 chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,  
 l thunder, my almighty arms  
 ! sword upon thy puissant thigh;  
 : sons of darkness, drive them out  
 aven's bounds into the utter deep:  
 em learn, as likes them, to despise  
 asiah, his anointed king.'

" He said, and on his son with rays direct  
 Shone full; he all his Father full express'd  
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd;  
 And thus the filial godhead answering spake.  
 " 'O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best; thou always seek'st  
 To glorify thy Son; I always thee,  
 As is most just: this I my glory account,  
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou, in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,  
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
 For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'st:  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd;  
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,  
 To chains of darkness, and the undying worm;  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure  
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount,  
 Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief."  
 " So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
 From the right hand of glory where he sat;  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
 Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirl-  
 wind sound  
 The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each  
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl, and careering fires between;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colors of the showery arch.  
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;  
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire:  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,  
 He onward came; far off his coming shone;  
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:  
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,  
 Illustrious far and wide; but by his own  
 First seen: them unexpected joy surpris'd,  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd  
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven;  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd  
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,  
 Under their head embodied all in one.  
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;  
 At his command the uprooted hills retir'd  
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
 Obeisious; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,  
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smil'd.  
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,  
 Inseparable, hope conceiving from despair.

In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?  
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,  
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,  
Sword re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
In universal ruin last; and now  
To final battle drow, disdainful flight,  
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
To all his host on either hand thus spake.

"Stand still in bright array, ye saints; here stand,  
Ye angels arm'd; this day from battle rest:  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;  
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done,  
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs;  
Vengeance is his, or whose he, sole appoints:  
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
Nor multitude; stand only, and behold  
God's indignation on these godless pour'd  
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme  
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,  
Hath honor'd me, according to his will,  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;  
That they may have their wish to try with me  
In battle which the stronger proves: they all,  
Or I alone against them; since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe."

"So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
His countenance too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels  
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,  
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:  
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode  
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
One spirit in them rul'd; and every eye  
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,  
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd

Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds  
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide  
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd  
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight  
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind: headlong themselves they  
threw

Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

"Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd  
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburden'd Heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.  
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes,  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:  
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign: He, celebrated, rode  
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd  
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

"Thus measuring things in Heaven by things on  
Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware.  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
What might have else to human race been hid;  
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven  
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
With Satan; he who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereav'd of happiness, thou may'st partake  
His punishment, eternal misery;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite done against the Most High.  
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
But listen not to his temptations, warn  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,  
By terrible example, the reward  
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress."

#### Book VII.

##### *The Argument.*

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in

angels celebrate with hymns the per-  
reof, and his reascension into Heaven.

Heaven, Urania, by that name  
art call'd, whose voice divine  
ve the Olympian hill I soar,  
it of Pegaëan wing.  
not the name, I call: for thou  
uses nine, nor on the top  
us dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,  
is appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
rual Wisdom didst converse.  
ster, and with her didst play  
the Almighty Father, pleas'd  
tial song. Up led by thee,  
n of Heavens I have presum'd,  
st, and drawn empyreal air,  
: with like safety guided down,  
my native element:  
flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
ough from a lower clime,)  
the Aleian field I fall,  
e to wander, and forlorn.  
ne unsung, but narrower bound  
ble diurnal sphere;  
rth, not rapt above the pole,  
g with mortal voice, unchang'd  
ute, though fall'n on evil days,  
ough fall'n, and evil tongues;  
d with dangers compass'd round,  
yet not alone, while thou  
nbers nightly, or when morn  
st: still govern thou my song,  
audience find, though few.  
ff the barbarous dissonance  
d his revellers, the race  
ut that tore the Thracian bard  
here woods and rocks had ears  
the savage clamor drown'd  
l voice: nor could the Muse defend  
ail not thou, who thee implores:  
savenly, she an empty dream.  
t, what ensued when Raphaël,  
rchangel, had forewarn'd  
example, to beware  
what befell in Heaven  
ates; lest the like befall  
Adam or his race,  
touch the interdicted tree,  
eas, and alight that sole command,  
'd amid the choice  
lao to please their appetite,  
ring. He, with his consort Eve,  
d attentive, and was fill'd  
n and deep muse, to hear  
gh and strange; things, to their thought  
le, as hate in Heaven,  
ar the peace of God in bliss,  
fusion: but the evil, soon  
edounded as a flood on those  
: sprung; impossible to mix  
es. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
at in his heart arose: and now  
nless, with desire to know  
might concern him, how this world  
d Earth conspicuous first began;  
ereof created: for what cause,  
Eden, or without, was done  
nory: as one whose drought

Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.

"Great things, and full of wonder in our ears  
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
Divine interpreter! by favor sent  
Down from the empyréan, to forewarn  
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:  
For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
Immutably his sovran will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd  
Gently, for our instruction, to impart  
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail us known.  
How first began this Heaven which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd  
Embracing round this florid Earth? what cause  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest  
Through all eternity so late to build  
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon  
Absolv'd; if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask  
Of his eternal empire, but the more  
To magnify his works, the more we know.  
And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven,  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:  
Or if the star of evening and the Moon  
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
Silence; and Sleep, listening to thee, will watch;  
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:  
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild.  
"This also thy request, with caution ask'd,  
Obtain; though to recount almighty works  
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
To glorify the Maker, and infer  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing; such commission from above  
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond, attain  
To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,  
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:  
Enough is left besides to search and know.  
But knowledge is as food, and needs to less  
Her temperance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain;  
Oppresses else with warf-fit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as restraint to wind."

"Know then, that, after Lucifer from Heaven  
So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of angels, than that star the dawn among;  
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
Into his place, and the great Sun return'd

Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :

“ At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought

All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deity supreme, us disposess'd,  
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more :

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
Their station ; Heaven, yet populous, retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministeries due, and solemn rites :  
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Selflost ; and in a moment will create  
Another world, out of one man a race  
Of men innumerable, thereto dwell,  
Not here ; till, by degrees of merit rais'd,  
They open to themselves at length the way

Up hither, under long obedience tried ; [Earth,  
And Earth be chang'd to Heaven, and Heaven to  
One kingdom, joy and union without end.

Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of Heaven ;  
And thou my World, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform ; speak thou, and be it done !

My overshadowing spirit and might with thee  
I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep  
Within appointed bounds be Heaven and Earth ;  
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I, uncircumscrib'd myself, retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, necessity and chance  
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

“ So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake  
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.

Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,  
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will ;

Glory they sung to the Most High, good will  
To future men, and in their dwellings peace :

Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight

And the habitations of the just ; to him  
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create ; instead

Of spirits malign, a better race to bring  
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse

His good to worlds and ages infinite.

“ So sang the hierarchies : meanwhile the Son  
On his great expedition now appear'd,

Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
Of majesty divine ; sapience and love

Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
About his chariot numberless were pour'd

Cherub, and seraph, potentates, and thrones,  
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd

From the armory of God ; where stand of old  
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd

Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial equipage ; and now came forth

Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,

Attendant on their Lord ! Heaven open'd wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.  
On heavenly ground they stood ; and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.  
“ Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep,  
peace,

Said then the omnific Word ; ‘ your discord end’  
Nor staid ; but, on the wings of cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;  
For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train

Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might

Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe

This universe, and all created things :  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd

Round through the vast profundity obscure ;  
And said, ‘ Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,

This be thy just circumference, O World !’  
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth.

Matter unform'd and void : darkness profound  
Cover'd the abyss ; but on the watery calm

His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,  
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth

Throughout the fluid mass ; but downward purg'd  
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,

Adverse to life : then founded, then conglomb'd  
Like things to like ; the rest to several place

Disparted, and between spun out the air ;  
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.

“ ‘ Let there be light,’ said God ; and forthwith  
Light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
Sprung from the deep ; and from her native east

To journey through the aery gloom began,  
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the Sun

Was not ; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good ;

And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
Divided : light the Day, and darkness Night.

He nam'd. Thus was the first day even and morn :  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung

By the celestial quires, when orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;

Birth-day of Heaven and Earth, with joy and shout  
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.

And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd  
God and his works ; Creator him they sung,

Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

“ Again, God said, ‘ Let there be firmament  
Amid the waters, and let it divide

The waters from the waters ;’ and God made  
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,

Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd  
In circuit to the uttermost convex

Of this great round ; partition firm and sure,  
The waters underneath from those above

Dividing : for as Earth, so he the world  
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide

Crystalline ocean, and the loud murmur

far remov'd; lest fierce extremes  
 might distemper the whole frame:  
 so he nam'd the Firmament: so even  
 the chorus sung the second day.  
 The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
 the embryo immature involv'd,  
 not: over all the face of Earth  
 the flow'd, not idle; but, with warm  
 moisture softening all her globe,  
 the great mother to conceive,  
 the genial moisture; when God said,  
 'I'll now ye waters under Heaven  
 lace, and let dry land appear.'  
 So the mountains huge appear  
 and their broad bare backs upheave  
 clouds; their tops ascend the sky:  
 the heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
 the hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 the bed of waters: thither they  
 the glad precipitation, uproll'd,  
 the dust conglobing from the dry:  
 the crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 such flight the great command impress'd  
 the swift floods: as armies at the call  
 (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 their standard; so the watery throng,  
 the after wave, where way they found,  
 with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
 or nor withstood them rock or hill;  
 nor under ground, or circuit wide  
 the error wandering, found their way,  
 the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
 God had bid the ground be dry,  
 the thin those banks, where rivers now  
 the perpetual draw their humid train.  
 And Earth; and the great receptacle  
 the rated waters, he call'd Seas:  
 but it was good; and said, 'Let the Earth  
 the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
 the tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 the seed is in herself upon the Earth.'  
 So he said, when the bare Earth, till then  
 bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 with the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 the face with pleasant green;  
 the seed of every leaf, that sudden flower'd  
 the various colors, and made gay  
 the smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,  
 the seed'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
 the gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 in her field, and the humble shrub,  
 with frizzled hair implicit: last  
 the dance, the stately trees, and spread  
 the boughs hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
 the woods: with high woods the hills were  
 crown'd,  
 the valleys, and each fountain side;  
 the long the rivers: that Earth now  
 the to Heaven a seat where gods might  
 dwell,  
 with delight, and love to haunt  
 the shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
 the Earth, and man to till the ground  
 ; but from the Earth a dewy mist  
 and water'd all the ground, and each  
 the field; which, ere it was in the Earth,  
 and every herb, before it grew  
 on stem: God saw that it was good:  
 the third day.

11

"Again the Almighty spake, 'Let there be lights  
 High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide  
 The day from night; and let them be for signs  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of Heaven,  
 To give light on the Earth;' and it was so.  
 And God made two great lights, great for their use  
 To Man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night, altern; and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of Heaven  
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day  
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
 For of celestial bodies first the Sun  
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,  
 Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the Moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
 And sow'd with stars the Heaven, thick as a field:  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd  
 In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light; firm to retain  
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
 And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;  
 By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heaven's high road; the grey  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,  
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in level'd west was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him; for other light she needed none  
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
 Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.  
 "And God said, 'Let the waters generate  
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:  
 And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings  
 Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven.'  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds;  
 And every bird of wing after his kind;  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill:  
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the Earth.'  
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
 With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals  
 Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,  
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,  
 Show to the Sun their way'd coats drest with gold;  
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend

Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food  
In jointed armor watch: on smooth the seal,  
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land; and at his gills  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that  
soon

Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledg'd  
They sumn'd their pens; and, soaring the air sub-  
lime,

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:  
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their aery caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:  
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bath'd  
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
The mid æreal sky: others on ground  
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train  
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue  
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

"The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
With evening harps and matin; when God said,  
'Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the Earth,  
Each in their kind.' The Earth obey'd, and straight  
Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
Innumerable living creatures; perfect forms,  
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,  
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upspring.  
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground  
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould  
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd  
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,  
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land  
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans  
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,  
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:  
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,  
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
The parsimonious emmet, provident  
Of future; in small room large heart inclos'd;  
Pattern of just equality perhaps  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes  
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd  
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them  
names,  
Needless to thee repeated: nor unknown  
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

"Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
First wheel'd their course: Earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,  
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:  
There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
Directed in devotion, to adore  
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief  
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father (for where is not he  
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

"Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.'  
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,  
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
The breath of life; in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.  
Male he created thee; but thy consort  
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,  
'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
And every living thing that moves on th' Earth.'  
Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the Earth  
yields,

out end; but of the tree,  
l, works knowledge of good and evil,  
not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest;  
penalty imposed; beware,  
well thy appetite; lest Sin  
, and her black attendant Death.  
sh'd he, and all that he had made  
behold all was entirely good;  
morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
ie Creator from his work  
ugh unwearied, up return'd,  
eaven of Heavens, his high abode;  
hold this new-created world,  
of his empire, how it show'd  
om his throne, how good, how fair,  
is great idea. Up he rode  
h acclamation, and the sound  
of ten thousand harps, that tun'd  
onies; the Earth, the air  
thou remember'st, for thou heard'st,  
and all the constellations rung,  
n their station listening stood,  
ight pomp ascended jubilant.  
erlasting gates!" they sung,  
avens! your living doors; let in  
eator from his work return'd  
his six days' work, a world;  
nceforth oft; for God will deign  
e dwellings of just men,  
nd with frequent intercourse  
send his winged messengers  
f supernal grace." So sung  
train ascending: he through Heaven,  
wide her blazing portals, led  
mal house direct the way;  
ample road, whose dust is gold  
nt stars, as stars to thee appear,  
galaxy, that milky way,  
y, as a circling zone, thou seest  
th stars. And now on Earth the  
enth  
e in Eden, for the Sun  
i twilight from the east came on,  
night; when at the holy mount  
high-seated top, the imperial throne  
fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
wer arriv'd, and sat him down  
at Father! for he also went  
t staid, (such privilege  
resence,) and the work ordain'd,  
End of all things; and, from work  
blest'd and hallow'd the seventh day  
that day from all his work,  
ience holy kept: the harp  
id rested not; the solemn pipe,  
r, all organs of sweet stop,  
fret by string or golden wire,  
t tunings, intermix'd with voice  
ison: of incense clouds,  
golden censers, hid the mount.  
the six days' acts they sung:  
y works, Jehovah! infinite (tongue  
what thought can measure thee, or  
Greater now in thy return  
he giant angels: thee that day  
s magnified; but to create  
n created to destroy.  
pair thee, Mighty King, or bound  
 Easily the proud attempt  
ostate, and their counsels vain,

Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made world, another Heaven  
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;  
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st  
Their seasons: among these the seat of men.  
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,  
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd!  
Created in his image there to dwell  
And worship him; and in reward to rule  
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers  
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know  
Their happiness, and persevere upright!"  
"So sung they, and the empyrean rung  
With halleluiah: thus was sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this world and face of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning; that posterity,  
Inform'd by thee, might know: if else thou seek'st  
Aught not surpassing human measure, say."

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is  
doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search  
rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam  
assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael,  
relates to him what he remembered since his own  
creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with  
God concerning solitude and fit society; his first  
meeting and nuptials with Eve: his discourse  
with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions  
repeated, departs.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;  
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully replied.  
"What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable; now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,  
Of Heaven and Earth consisting; and compute  
Their magnitudes; this Earth a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compar'd  
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible, for such  
Their distance argues, and their swift return  
Diurnal, merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,



One day and night; in all their vast survey  
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,  
How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated; while the sedentary Earth,  
That better might with far less compass move,  
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
Her end without least motion, and receives,  
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd  
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve  
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,  
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
Adam relating, she sole auditress:  
Her husband the relater she preferr'd  
Before the angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal caresses; from his lip  
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now  
Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?  
With goddess-like demeanor forth she went,  
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,  
A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
And from about her shot darts of desire  
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd,  
Benevolent and facile thus replied.

"To ask or search, I blame thee not; for Heaven  
Is as the book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:  
This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth,  
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest  
From man or angel the great Architect  
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
Rather admire; or, if they list to try  
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens  
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
Hereafter; when they come to model Heaven  
And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances; how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:  
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit: consider first, that great  
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth,  
Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,  
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain

More plenty than the Sun that barren shines;  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd,  
His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.  
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries  
Officious; but to thee, Earth's habitant.  
And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,  
That man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,  
Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In Eden; distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
Plac'd Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun  
Be centre to the world; and other stars,  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these  
The planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move?  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;  
Or save the Sun his labor, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch day  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the Sun's beam meet night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,  
Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,  
Enlightening her by day as she by night  
This Earth? reciprocal if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest  
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there: and other suns perhaps,  
With their attendant moons, thou wilt decrie  
Communicating male and female light;  
Which two great sexes animate the world,  
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd  
By living soul, desert, and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not;  
Whether the Sun, predominant in Heaven,  
Rise on the Earth; or Earth rise on the Sun;  
He from the east his flaming road begin;  
Or she from west her silent course advance,

snive pace that spinning sleeps  
 axle, while she paces even,  
 thee soft with the smooth air along;  
 thy thoughts with matters hid;  
 to God above; him serve, and fear!  
 creatures, as him pleases beat,  
 plac'd, let him dispose; joy thou  
 gives to thee, this Paradise  
 or Eve; Heaven is for thee too high  
 that passes there; be lowly wise:  
 what concerns thee, and thy being;  
 of other worlds, what creatures there  
 at state, condition, or degree;  
 that thus far hath been reveal'd  
 th only, but of highest Heaven."  
 n thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied.  
 hast thou satisfied me, pure  
 of Heaven, angel serene!  
 from intricacies, taught to live  
 way; nor with perplexing thoughts  
 at the sweet of life, from which  
 id dwell far off all anxious cares,  
 blest us; unless we ourselves  
 with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.  
 mind or fancy is to rove  
 and of her roving is no end;  
 l, or by experience taught, she learn,  
 know at large of things remote  
 obscure and subtle; but to know  
 before us lies in daily life,  
 e wisdom: what is more, is fume,  
 as, or fond impertinence:  
 us us, in things that most concern,  
 l, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 from this high pitch let us descend  
 ght, and speak of things at hand  
 hence, haply, mention may arise  
 ng not unseasonable to ask,  
 ice, and thy wonted favor deign'd.  
 re heard relating what was done  
 nembrance: now, hear me relate  
 which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
 not yet spent: till then thou seest  
 y to detain thee I devise;  
 ee to hear while I relate;  
 it not in hope of thy reply:  
 I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven;  
 er thy discourse is to my ear  
 s of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst:  
 r both, from labor at the hour  
 epast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
 easant; but thy words, with grace divine  
 ring to their sweetness no satiety."  
 n thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek.  
 thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,  
 s ineloquent; for God on thee  
 y his gifts hath also pour'd  
 d outward both, his image fair:  
 or mute, all comeliness and grace  
 ee; and each word, each motion, forms;  
 ink we in Heaven of thee on Earth  
 ur fellow-servant, and inquire  
 o the ways of God with Man:  
 re see, hath honor'd thee, and set  
 is equal love: say therefore on;  
 day was absent, as befell,  
 a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 ussion toward the gates of Hell;  
 full legion (such command we had)  
 t none thence issued forth a spy,

Or enemy, while God was in his work;  
 Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt;  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sovran King; and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,  
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light  
 Ere sabbath-evening: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now; for I attend,  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine."  
 So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire.  
 "For Man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new-wak'd from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,  
 In balmy sweat; which with his beams the Sun  
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I  
 turn'd,  
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till, rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet: about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapae of murmuring streams; by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd;  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led:  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here!—  
 Not of myself;—by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power pre-eminent:  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.'—  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
 My drows'd sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd: one came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,  
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide  
 To the Garden of Bliss, thy seat prepar'd.'  
 So saying, by the hand he took me, rais'd,  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up

A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks, and bowers; that what I saw  
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree,  
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun  
My wandering, had not he, who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
In adoration at his feet I fell

[I am,] Submiss: he rear'd me, and 'Whom thou sought'st  
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:  
Of every tree that in the garden grows  
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
But of the tree whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,  
From that day mortal; and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in sea, or air; beast, fish, and fowl.  
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold  
After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
With low subjection; understand the same  
Of fish within their watery residence,  
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
Their element, to draw the thinner air.'  
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
Approaching two and two; these cowering low  
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
I nam'd them as they pass'd, and understood  
Their nature, with such knowledge God endued  
My sudden apprehension: but in these  
I found not what methought I wanted still;  
And to the heavenly vision thus presum'd.

"O, by what name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
Surpass'est far my naming; how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
And all this good to Man? for whose well-being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
Thou hast provided all things: but with me  
I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?  
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied.

"What call'st thou solitude? Is not the Earth  
With various living creatures, and the air  
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not

Their language and their ways? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly: with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule: thy realm is large.'  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering: I, with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation, thus replied.

"Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?  
Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Given and receiv'd; but in disparity  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight: wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all'

"Where to the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd  
'A nice and subtle happiness, I see,  
Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice  
Of thy associates, Adam; and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state!  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all eternity; for none I know  
Second to me or like, equal much less.  
How have I then with whom to hold converse,  
Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferior, infinite descents  
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?  
He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd. 'To attain  
The height and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found: not so is Man,  
But in degree; the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagate, already infinite;  
And through all numbers absolute, though one:  
But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiplied,  
In unity defective; which requires  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication; yet, so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt  
Of union or communion, deified:  
I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
From prone; nor in their ways complacency find.'  
Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious voice divine.

"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;  
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself;  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute:  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee

n was thou freely shouldst dislike;  
 minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,  
 t good for Man to be alone;  
 h company as then thou saw'st  
 see; for trial only brought,  
 thou couldst judge of fit and meet:  
 I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 as, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 exactly to thy heart's desire.  
 ed, or I heard no more; for now  
 by his heavenly overpower'd,  
 ad long stood under, strain'd to the height  
 estial colloquy sublime,  
 object that excels the sense,  
 I spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 hich instantly fell on me, call'd  
 as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
 he clos'd, but open left the cell  
 y internal sight; by which,  
 in a trance, methought I saw,  
 eping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 as before whom awake I stood:  
 ng open'd my left side, and took  
 e a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 od streaming fresh: wide was the wound,  
 ly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:  
 form'd and fashion'd with his hands:  
 orming hands a creature grew,  
 ut different sex; so lovely fair,  
 seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 a her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 looks; which from that time infus'd  
 into my heart, unfelt before,  
 l things from her air inspir'd  
 of love and amorous delight.  
 ar'd, and left me dark; I wak'd  
 , or for ever to deplore  
 nd other pleasures all abjure:  
 of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 aw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 er amiable: on she came,  
 heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
 d by his voice; nor uniform'd  
 sanctity, and marriage rites:  
 in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
 sture dignity and love.  
 I, could not forbear aloud.  
 urn bath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 , Creator bounteous and benign,  
 l things fair! but fairest this  
 gifts! nor enviest I now see  
 y bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 : woman is her name; of man  
 for this cause he shall forego  
 mother, and to his wife adhere;  
 hall be one flesh, one heart, one soul:  
 and me thus; and though divinely brought.  
 ope, and virgin modesty,  
 , and the conscience of her worth,  
 d be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 as, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 desirable; or, to say all  
 self, though pure of sinful thought,  
 n her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd:  
 her; she what was honor knew,  
 obsequious majesty approv'd  
 d reason. To the nuptial bower  
 dashing like the morn: all Heaven.

And happy constellations, on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star  
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.  
 Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,  
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change  
 Nor vehement desire: these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds: but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmov'd; here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain;  
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O'er other creatures: yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or may  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses countenance; and like Folly shows;  
 Authority and Reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally; and, to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and Nobleness, their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd."  
 To whom the angel with contracted brow.  
 "Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;  
 Do thou but thine; and be not diffident  
 Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
 By attributing over-much to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
 For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee on,  
 An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy housing, and thy love;  
 Not thy subjection; weigh with her thyself;  
 Then value: oft-times teaching profits more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well-mann'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her dreams:  
 Made so when for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with less than thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise  
 But of the sense of truth, whereby mankind  
 Is perjur'd, worn with false delights

Beyond all other; think the same vouchsaf'd  
To cattle and each beast; which would not be  
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The soul of man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her society thou find'st  
Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true love consists not: Love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat  
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale  
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied.  
"Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kinds,  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem,)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variously representing: yet, still free,  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love, thou blam'st me not; for Love, thou say'st,  
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:  
Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love  
Express they? by looks only? or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,  
Answered: "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,  
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
In eminence; and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;  
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
Beyond the Earth's green cape and verdant isles  
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happy, and love! but, first of all,  
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command: take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will  
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,  
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!  
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel."  
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction. "Since to part,  
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever

With grateful memory: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"  
So parted they; the angel up to Heaven  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

## BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, while Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at length yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, as how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now; the serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden, attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to the tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed but perceiving her lost, resolves, through the vehemence of love, to perish with her: and, attenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or angel guest  
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast; permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd. I now must change  
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt  
And disobedience: on the part of Heaven  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,  
That brought into this world a world of woe,  
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery  
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument  
Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia dispossess'd;  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son;  
If answerable style I can obtain  
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplo'd,  
And dictates to me slumbering; or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated verse:  
Since first this subject for heroic song  
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;

as by nature to indite  
 to the only argument  
 n'd; chief mastery to dissect  
 and tedious havoc fabled knights  
 sign'd; the better fortitudo  
 and heroic martyrdom  
 to describe races and games,  
 armature, emblazon'd shields,  
 paint, caparisons and steeds,  
 insel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 d tournament; then marshall'd feast  
 n hall with sewers and senechals;  
 f artifice or office mean,  
 hich justly gives heroic name  
 or to poem. Me, of these  
 nor studious, higher argument  
 efficient of itself to raise  
 unless an age too late, or cold  
 years, damp my intended wing  
 and much they may, if all be mine,  
 ho brings it nightly to my ear.  
 was sunk, and after him the star  
 us, whose office is to bring  
 on the Earth, short arbiter  
 and night, and now from end to end  
 usphere had veil'd the horizon round:  
 a, who late fled before the threats  
 out of Eden, now improv'd  
 d fraud and malice, bent  
 destruction, naugre what night hap  
 on himself, fearless return'd.  
 fled, and at midnight return'd  
 using the Earth; cautious of day,  
 regent of the Sun, deseri'd  
 e, and forewarn'd the cherubim  
 their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
 of seven continued nights he rode  
 ens, thrice the equinoctial line  
 four times cross'd the car of night  
 o pole traversing each colure;  
 th return'd; and on the coast averse  
 ace or cherubic watch, by stealth  
 spected way. There was a place,  
 igh sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 ris at the foot of Paradise,  
 shot under ground, till part  
 ountain by the tree of life:  
 river sunk, and with it rose  
 l'd in rising mist; then sought  
 e hid; sea he had search'd, and land,  
 over Pontus and the pool  
 beyond the river Ob;  
 as far antarctic; and in length,  
 Crontes to the ocean barr'd  
 thence to the land where flows  
 Indus: thus the orb he roam'd  
 search; and with inspection deep  
 every creature, which of all  
 one might serve his wiles; and found  
 : subtlest beast of all the field.  
 ong debate, irresolute  
 revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 ittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 d his dark suggestions hide  
 st sight: for, in the wily snake  
 leights, none would suspicious mark,  
 wit and native subtlety  
 ; which, in other beasts observ'd,  
 t beget of diabolic power

12

Active within, beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.  
 "O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferr'd  
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what god, after better, worse would build?  
 Terrestrial Heaven, danc'd round by other Heavens  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence! as God in Heaven  
 Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou,  
 Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs: in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries: all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heaven  
 To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme;  
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
 For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroy'd,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;  
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he, Almighty styl'd, six nights and days  
 Continued making; and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I, in one night, freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 The angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers: he, to be aveng'd,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
 More angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,  
 Determin'd to advance into our room  
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed,  
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and Earth his seat,  
 Him lord pronounc'd; and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service angel-wings,  
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend  
 Their earthly charge: of these the vigilance  
 I dread: and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O soul descent! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd

H 2

Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the height of deity aspir'd!  
But what will not ambition and revenge  
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low  
As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:  
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favorite  
Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despote,  
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd  
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on  
His midnight-search, where soonest he might find  
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:  
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,  
Fearless, unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth  
The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd  
With act intelligent; but his sleep  
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.  
Now, when as sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd  
Their morning incense, when all things, that breathe,  
From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:  
Then commune, how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew  
The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide,  
And Eve first to her husband thus began.

"Adam, well may we labor still to dress  
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,  
Our pleasant task enjoind; but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labor grows,  
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present:  
Let us divide our labors; thou, where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I,  
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:  
For, while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits  
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd?"

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear!  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,  
How we might best fulfil the work which here  
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shall pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labor, as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,  
To brute denied, and are of love the food;  
Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us: but, if much converse perhaps  
These satiate, to short absence I could yield:  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.  
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st  
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder;  
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
To other speedy aid might lend at need:  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects  
The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus replied.

"Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's  
Lord!

That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
And from the parting angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.  
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
As we, not capable of death or pain,  
Can either not receive, or can repel.  
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers  
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;  
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,  
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?"

To whom with healing words Adam replied.  
"Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!  
For such thou art; from sin and blame entire:  
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.  
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least aspires  
The tempted with dishonor foul; suppos'd  
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn  
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
If such affront I labor to avert  
From thee alone, which on us both at once

ny, though bold, will hardly dare ;  
 first on me the assault shall light.  
 his malice and false guile contemn ;  
 needs must be, who could seduce  
 nor think superfluous other's aid.  
 e influence of thy looks receive  
 every virtue ; in thy sight  
 e, more watchful, stronger, if need were,  
 rd strength ; while shame, thou looking on,  
 be overcome or over-reach'd,  
 most vigor raise, and rais'd, unite.  
 ldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 un present, and thy trial choose  
 best witness of thy virtue tried ?"  
 te domestic Adam in his care  
 imonial love ; but Eve, who thought  
 bated to her faith sincere,  
 reply with accent sweet renew'd.  
 s be our condition, thus to dwell  
 r circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 violent, we not endued  
 th like defence, wherever met ;  
 we happy, still in fear of harm !  
 precedes not sin : only our foe,  
 , affronts us with his foul esteem  
 tegritv : his foul esteem  
 dishonor on our front, but turns  
 himself ; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 rho rather double honor gain  
 surmise prov'd false ; find peace within,  
 m Heaven, our witness, from the event.  
 t is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd  
 ithout exterior help sustain'd !  
 t then suspect our happy state  
 r perfect by the Maker wise,  
 curre to single or combin'd.  
 ur happiness, if this be so,  
 n were no Eden, thus expos'd."  
 om thus Adam fervently replied.  
 an, best are all things as the will  
 rdain'd them : his creating hand  
 r perfect or deficient left  
 at he created, much less Man,  
 that might his happy state secure,  
 om outward force ; within himself  
 er lies, yet lies within his power :  
 is will he can receive no harm.  
 left free the will ; for what obeys  
 s free ; and reason he made right,  
 er well beware, and still erect ;  
 ome fair-appearing good surpris'd,  
 te false ; and misinform the will  
 at God expressly hath forbid.  
 mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,  
 ould mind thee oft : and mind thou me.  
 subsist, yet possible to swerve ;  
 son not impossibly may meet  
 cious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 into deception unaware,  
 ing strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 temptation then, which to avoid  
 ter, and most likely if from me  
 er not : trial will come unsought.  
 thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 obedience ; the other who can know,  
 g thee attempted, who attest ?  
 ou think, trial unsought may find  
 securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 by stay, not free, absents thee more ;  
 native innocence, rely

On what thou hast of virtue ; summon all !  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."  
 So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve  
 Persisted ; yet submiss, though last, replied.  
 " With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd only ; that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,  
 The willinger I go, nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."  
 Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew ; and, like a wood-nymph light,  
 Orad or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,  
 But with such gardening tools as art yet rude.  
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated ; she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presum'd return ! event perverse !  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ;  
 Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,  
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss !  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come ;  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.  
 In bower and field he sought where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight ;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate ; he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd ; when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half apied, so thick the roses blushing round  
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
 Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustain'd ; them she upstays  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travèr'd  
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm ;  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,  
 Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers  
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve :  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
 Or of reviv'd Adonia, or renown'd  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son ;  
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.



Much he the place admir'd, the person more.  
 As one who long in populous city pent,  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form  
 Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the evil-one abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
 But the hot Hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd: then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus exrites.

"Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what  
 sweet

Compulsion thus transported, to forget  
 What hither brought us! hate, not love; nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying; other joy  
 To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles; behold alone  
 The woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;  
 Foe not formidable! exempt from wound,  
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain  
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.  
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love  
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd;  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend."

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd  
 In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve  
 Address'd his way: not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since; but on his roar,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
 Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape  
 And lovely; never since of serpent-kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the god  
 In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;  
 He with Olympias; this with her who bore  
 Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.

As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought  
 Nigh river's mouth or sureland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast; more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.  
 He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,  
 Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

"Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst who art sole wonder! much less arm  
 Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
 With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,  
 Where universally admir'd; but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, [seen  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should he  
 A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd  
 By angels numberless, thy daily train."

So glaz'd the tempter, and his poem tun'd:  
 Into the heart of Eve his words mado way,  
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,  
 Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake. [noun'd  
 "What may this mean? language of man pro-  
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd!  
 The first, at least, of these I thought denied  
 To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,  
 Created mute to all articulate sound:  
 The latter I demur; for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endued;  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied.  
 "Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!  
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd:  
 What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst be  
 I was at first as other beasts that graze  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
 Till, on a day roving the field, I chanc'd  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,  
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
 When from the boughs a savory odor blown,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
 Of ewe or goat, dropping with milk at even

amb or kid, that tend their play.  
 sharp desire I had  
 as fair apples, I resolv'd  
 hunger and thirst at once,  
 readers, quicken'd at the scent  
 ng fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
 my trunk I wound me soon;  
 a ground, the branches would require  
 ach or Adam's: round the tree  
 as that saw, with like desire  
 envying stood, but could not reach.  
 now got, where plenty hung  
 nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 for, such pleasure till that hour,  
 entertain, never had I found.  
 h, ere long I might perceive  
 tion in me, to degree  
 my inward powers; and speech  
 ng; though to this shape retain'd.  
 o speculations high or deep  
 oughs, and with capacious mind  
 things visible in Heaven,  
 fiddle; all things fair and good:  
 air and good in thy divine  
 ad in thy beauty's heavenly ray,  
 ld; no fair to thine  
 second: which compell'd  
 gh importune perhaps, to come  
 I worship thee of right declar'd  
 atures, universal damo!"  
 re spirited sly snake; and Eve,  
 x'd, unwary thus replied.  
 thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 ' that fruit, in thee first prov'd:  
 e grows the tree? from hence how far?  
 the trees of God that grow  
 nd various, yet unknown  
 th abundance lies our choice,  
 reater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 incorruptible, till men  
 ber provision, and more hands  
 rden Nature of her birth."  
 the wily adder, blithe and glad.  
 e way is ready, and not long;  
 / of myrtles, on a flat,  
 ntain, one small thicket past  
 yrrh and balm: if thou accept  
 I can bring thee thither soon."  
 i," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd  
 d made intricate seem straight,  
 swift. Hopo elevates, and joy  
 crest; as when a wandering fire  
 nctuous vapor, which the night  
 d the cold environs round,  
 igh agitation to a flame,  
 ey say, some evil spirit attends,  
 l blazing with delusive light,  
 amaz'd night-wanderer from his way  
 mires, and oft through pond or pool;  
 w'd up and lost, from succor far:  
 se dire snake, and into fraud  
 credulous mother, to the tree  
 n, root of all our woe;  
 she saw, thus to her guide she spake.  
 we might have spar'd our coming  
 er,  
 e, though fruit be here to excess,  
 ' whose virtue rest with thee;  
 feed if cause of such effects.  
 ee we may not taste nor touch;

God so commanded, and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves; our reason is our law."  
 To whom the tempter guilefully replied.  
 "Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit  
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet lords declar'd of all in Earth or Air?"  
 To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. "Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat;  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"  
 She scarce had said, though brief, when now more  
 bold  
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
 To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on; and, as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd,  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute! to some great cause ad-  
 dress'd,  
 Stood in himself collected; while each part,  
 Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue;  
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:  
 So standing, moving, or to height up grown,  
 The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began.  
 "O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant.  
 Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear; not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe! do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:  
 How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,  
 Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
 Is open? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a potty trespass? and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,  
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
 Not just, not God: not fear'd then, nor obey'd:  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;  
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers? He knows that in the day  
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,  
 Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet;  
 I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.  
 So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,  
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can  
 bring.  
 And what are gods, that man may not become  
 As they, participating godlike food?  
 The gods are first, and that advantage use

On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,  
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind;  
Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd  
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
That whose eats thereof forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
Impart against his will, if all be his?  
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won:  
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd  
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first  
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mus'd.

"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;  
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise:  
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want:  
For good unknown sure is not had; or, had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!  
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational, till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us denied  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first  
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
Of God or death, of law or penalty?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty serpent; and well might; for Eve,  
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true

Or fancied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge; nor was godhead from her thought.  
Greedily she engorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating death; satiate at length,  
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

"O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees  
In Paradise! of operation blest  
To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created; but henceforth my early care,  
Not without song, each morning, and due praise,  
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;  
Though others envy what they cannot give.  
For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,  
Best guide: not following thee, I had remain'd  
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is high,  
High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbider, safe with all his spies  
About him. But to Adam in what sort  
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with me, or rather not.  
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power  
Without copartner? so to add what wants  
In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
And render me more equal; and perhaps,  
A thing not undesirable, sometime  
Superior: for, inferior, who is free?  
This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
And death ensue? then I shall be no more!  
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve,  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd;  
But first low reverence done, as to the Power  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
Into the plant æsciential sap, deriv'd  
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown;  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:  
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
Mistake him; he the faltering measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That morn when first they parted: by the tree  
Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met.  
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand  
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;  
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.

"Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?  
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
Thy presence; agony of love till now

all be twice ; for never more  
 what rash untried I sought,  
 whence from thy sight. But strange  
 cause, and wonderful to hear :  
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 ed, nor to evil unknown  
 ay, but of divine effect  
 and make them gods who taste ;  
 tasted such : the serpent wise,  
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 re are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
 uman voice and human sense,  
 dmiration ; and with me  
 ath so prevail'd, that I  
 x'd, and have also found  
 correspond ; opener mine eyes  
 x'd spirits, ampler heart,  
 up to godhead ; which for thee  
 ht, without thee can despise.  
 ou hast part, to me is bliss ;  
 r'd with thee, and odious soon.  
 : also taste, that equal lot  
 qual joy, as equal love ;  
 tasting, different degree  
 I then too late renounce  
 when Fate will not permit."  
 ith countenance blieth her story told ;  
 ek distemper flushing glow'd.  
 de, Adam, soon as he heard  
 as done by Eve, amaz'd,  
 and blank, while horror chill  
 is veins, and all his joints relax'd ;  
 hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 nd all the faded roses shed :  
 stood and pale, till thus at length  
 f he inward silence broke.  
 f creation, last and best  
 orks, creature in whom excell'd  
 to sight or thought be form'd,  
 good, amiable, or sweet !  
 lost ! how on a sudden lost,  
 ver'd, and now to death devote !  
 ast thou yielded to transgress  
 iddance, how to violate  
 uit forbidden ! Some cursed fraud  
 h beguild thee, yet unknown,  
 thee hath ruin'd ; for with thee  
 solution is to die :  
 e without thee ! how forego  
 rverse, and love so dearly join'd,  
 in these wild woods forlorn !  
 eate another Eve, and I  
 ford, yet loss of thee  
 from my heart : no, no ! I feel  
 'ature draw me : flesh of flesh,  
 one thou art, and from thy state  
 all be parted, bliss or woe."  
 aid, as one from sad dismay  
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 mood his words to Eve he turn'd.  
 thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve,  
 ut provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,  
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 uit, sacred to abstinence,  
 taste it under ban to touch.  
 can recall, or done, undo !  
 ipotent, nor Fate ; yet so  
 shalt not die, *perhaps the fact*

Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first  
 Made common, and unhallow'd, ere our taste :  
 Nor yet on him found deadly ; he yet lives ;  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as Man,  
 Higher degree of life : inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attain  
 Proportional ascent ; which cannot be  
 But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,  
 Set over all his works ; which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made ; so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose ;  
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who, though his power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would he loth  
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
 Triumph, and say ; 'Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favors ; who can please him long ! Me first  
 He ruin'd, now Mankind ; whom will he next !'  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.  
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom : if death  
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of Nature draw me to my own ;  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine :  
 Our state cannot be sever'd ; we are one,  
 One flesh : to lose thee were to lose myself."

So Adam ; and thus Eve to him replied.  
 "O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high !  
 Engaging me to emulate ; but, short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam ! from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,  
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;  
 Whose virtue, (for of good still good proceeds ;  
 Direct, or by occasion,) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known.  
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace ; chiefly, assur'd  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful, love unequal'd : but I feel  
 Far otherwise the event ; not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept ; much won, that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough,  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand : he scrupled not to eat,  
 Against his better knowledge ; not deceiv'd.

On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,  
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind;  
Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd  
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
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 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,  
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 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough,  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,  
 Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,

But fondly overcome with female charm.  
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;  
Sky lour'd; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original: while Adam took no thought,  
Eating his fill: nor Eve to iterate  
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
Him with her lov'd society; that now,  
As with new wine intoxicated both,  
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
Divinity within them breeding wings,  
Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit  
Far other operation first display'd,  
Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve  
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him  
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:  
Till Adam thus gan Eve to dalliance move.

"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of sapience no small part;  
Since to each meaning savor we apply  
And palate call judicious; I the praise  
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbid'n, it might be wish'd,  
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious fare;  
For never did thy beauty, since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
'Than ever: bounty of this virtuous tree!'"

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent; well understood  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seiz'd; and to a shady bank,  
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,  
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinths; Earth's freshest softest lap.  
There they their fill of love and love's disport  
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin: till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapor bland  
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep,  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose  
As from unrest; and, each the other viewing,  
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
How darken'd: innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honor, from about them, naked left  
To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,  
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute:  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught

To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,  
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got;  
Bad fruit of knowledge; if this be to know;  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd.  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence: whence evil store  
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then.—How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes  
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
Insufferably bright. O! might I here  
In solitude live savage; in some glade  
Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their unbrage broad  
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines!  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more!—  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,  
And girded on our loins, may cover round  
Those middle parts; that this new comer, Shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

So counsell'd he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose  
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day, to Indians known,  
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:  
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those  
leaves

They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;  
And, with what skill they had, together sew'd,  
To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide  
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O, how unlike  
To that first naked glory! Such of late  
Columbus found the American, so girt  
With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild  
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears  
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore  
Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:  
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now  
To Sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
Usurping over sovran Reason claim'd  
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,  
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd style,  
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

"Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and  
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then

happy; not, as now, despoil'd  
 and; sham'd, naked, miserable!  
 forth seek needless cause to approve  
 y owe; when earnestly they seek  
 onclude, they then begin to fail."  
 soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus  
 s.  
 s have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!  
 that to my default, or will  
 g, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
 ttempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 serpent, speaking as he spake;  
 f enmity between us known,  
 ld mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 e never parted from thy side?  
 grown there still a lifeless rib.  
 s, why didst not thou, the head,  
 absolutely not to go,  
 ch danger, as thou saidst?  
 en, thou didst not much ginsay;  
 rmit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 een firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
 l transgress'd, nor thou with me."  
 then first incens'd, Adam replied.  
 love, is this the recompense  
 rec, ingrateful Eve! Express'd  
 when thou wert lost, not I;  
 ave liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss,  
 chose rather death with thee?  
 w upbraided as the cause  
 pressing? Not enough severe,  
 by restraint: what could I more?  
 s, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 and the lurking enemy  
 wait; beyond this had been force;  
 on free-will hath here no place.  
 ce then bore thee on; secure  
 et no danger, or to find  
 orious trial; and perhaps  
 n over-much admiring  
 l in thee so perfect, that I thought  
 t attempt thee; but I rue  
 ow, which is become my crime,  
 e accuser. Thus it shall befall  
 worth in women overtrusting,  
 rule: restraint she will not brook;  
 herself, if evil thence ensue,  
 weak indulgence will accuse."  
 in mutual accusation spent  
 hours, but neither self-condemning,  
 vain contest appear'd no end.

## BOOK X.

## THE ARGUMENT.

gression known; the guardian-angels  
 aradise, and return up to Heaven to  
 heir vigilance, and are approved; God  
 that the entrance of Satan could  
 them prevented. He sends his Son  
 the transgressors, who descends and  
 ence accordingly; then in pity clothes  
 h, and reascends. Sin and Death,  
 then at the gates of Hell, by won-  
 apathy feeling the success of Satan  
 w world, and the Sin by Man there

committed, resolve to sit no longer confined  
 in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the  
 place of Man: to make the way easier from  
 Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad  
 highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the  
 track that Satan first made; then, preparing for  
 Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, re-  
 turning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan  
 arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates  
 with boasting his success against Man; instead  
 of applause is entertained with a general hiss by  
 all his audience, transformed with himself also  
 suddenly into serpents according to his doom  
 given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of  
 the forbidden tree springing up before them, they,  
 greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust  
 and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and  
 Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son  
 over them, and the renewing of all things; but  
 for the present, commands his angels to make  
 several alterations in the Heavens and elements.  
 Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen con-  
 dition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolence  
 of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him:  
 then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their off-  
 spring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which  
 he approves not; but, conceiving better hope,  
 puts her in mind of the late promise made them,  
 that her seed should be revenged on the serpent;  
 and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the  
 offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act  
 Of Satan done in Paradise; and how  
 He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,  
 Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
 Was known in Heaven; for what can 'escape the eye  
 Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
 Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
 Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will, arm'd;  
 Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd  
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
 For still they knew, and ought to have still re-  
 member'd,

The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying  
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty;  
 And, manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
 Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste  
 The angelic guards ascend, mute, and sad,  
 For Man; for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
 From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss.  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befell; they towards the throne supreme,  
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear  
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd; when the Most High  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

"Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent.



Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed  
 On his bad errand; Man should be seduc'd,  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch'd with lightest moment of impulse  
 His free-will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression,—death denounc'd that day?  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,  
 Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd  
 All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee  
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n."

So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded deity: he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

"Father Eternal, thine is to decree;  
 Mine, both in Heaven and Earth, to do thy will  
 Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son belov'd,  
 May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On Earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,  
 Whichever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
 When time shall be; for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me deriv'd; yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
 Of high collateral glory. Him thrones, and powers,  
 Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,  
 Accompanied to Heaven-gate; from whence  
 Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.  
 Down he descended straight; the speed of gods  
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes  
 wing'd.

Now was the Sun in western cadence low  
 From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,  
 To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
 The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,  
 Came the mild judge, and intercessor both,  
 To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,  
 And from his presence hid themselves among  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,  
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

"Where art thou, Adam, went with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
 Where obvious duty crowl'd appear'd unsought:

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detains?—Come  
 forth!"

He came; and with him Eve, more loth, though  
 To offend; discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd;  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God,  
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,  
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
 Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief  
 "I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile replied.

"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who  
 Hast told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.  
 "O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my judge; either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life;  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint: but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;  
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldest easily detect what I conceal.—  
 This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
 And what she did, whatever in itself,  
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied.  
 "Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
 Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,  
 Superior, or but equal, that to her  
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
 And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
 She was indeed, and lovely, to attract  
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
 Were such, as under government well seem'd;  
 Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part  
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.  
 "Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her judge  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied.

"The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd  
 Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer  
 The guilt on him, who made him instrument  
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation; justly then accus'd,  
 As vitiated in nature: more to know  
 Concern'd not Man, (since he no further knew,)  
 Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
 To Satan first in sin his doom applied,  
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
 And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.

"Because thou hast done this, thou art accus'd

ll cattle, each beast of the field ;  
 y belly grovelling thou shalt go,  
 t shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
 thee and the woman I will put  
 and between thine and her seed ;  
 shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."  
 ke this oracle, then verified  
 son, son of Mary, second Eve,  
 un fall, like lightning, down from Heaven,  
 the air ; then, rising from his grave,  
 rincipalties and powers, triumph'd  
 show ; and, with ascension bright,  
 led captive through the air,  
 m itself of Satan, long usurp'd ;  
 e shall tread at last under our feet ;  
 who now foretold his fatal bruise :  
 e woman thus his sentence turn'd.  
 sorrow I will greatly multiply  
 nection ; children thou shalt bring  
 forth ; and to thy husband's will  
 all submit ; he over thee shall rule."  
 am last thus judgment he pronounc'd.  
 thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,  
 n of the tree, concerning which  
 thee, saying, ' Thou shalt not eat thereof :'  
 the ground for thy sake ; thou in sorrow  
 thereof, all the days of thy life ;  
 loo and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
 and thou shalt eat the herb of the field ;  
 eat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
 return unto the ground ; for thou  
 e ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
 thou art, and shalt to dust return."  
 g'd he Man, both judge and savior sent ;  
 instant stroke of death, denounc'd that day,  
 far off ; then, pitying how they stood  
 m naked to the air, that now  
 er change, disdain'd not to begin  
 rth the form of servant to assume ;  
 he wash'd his servants' feet ; so now,  
 of his family, he clad  
 edness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 snake with youthful coat repaid ;  
 ght not much to clothe his enemies :  
 eir outward only with the skins  
 , but inward nakedness, much more  
 us, with his robe of righteousness  
 cover'd from his Father's sight.  
 ith swift ascent he up return'd,  
 iasful bosom reassum'd  
 as of old ; to him appeas'd,  
 gh all-knowing, what had pass'd with Man  
 d, mixing intercession sweet.  
 hile, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,  
 e gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,  
 rview within the gates, that now  
 n wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,  
 ng ; who thus now to Death began.  
 . why sit we here each other viewing  
 le Satan, our great author, thrives  
 worlds, and happier seat provides  
 s offspring dear ! It cannot be  
 success attends him ; if mishap,  
 e had return'd, with fury driven  
 engers ; since no place like this  
 s punishment, or their revenge.  
 I feel new strength within me rise,  
 wing, and dominion given me large,

Beyond this deep : whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite,  
 With secret amity, things of like kind,  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
 Inseparable, must with me along :  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
 But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable, impervious ; let us try  
 Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine  
 Not unagreeable, to found a path  
 Over this main from Hell to that new world,  
 Where Satan now prevails ; a monument  
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct."  
 Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon.  
 " Go whither Fate, and inclination strong,  
 Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
 The way, thou leading ; such a scent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The savor of death from all things there that live :  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterpriest  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."  
 So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battle, to a field,  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd  
 With scent of living carcasses design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight :  
 So scent'd the grim feature, and upturn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air ;  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
 Then both from out Hell-gates, into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
 Flew diverse ; and with power (their power was great)  
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove,  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell :  
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
 Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way  
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
 Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
 Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
 As Delos, floating once ; the rest his look  
 Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move ;  
 And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
 Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
 They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
 Over the foaming deep high-arch'd, a bridge  
 Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
 Immovable of this now fenceless world,  
 Forfeit to death ; from hence a passage broad,  
 Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.  
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
 Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
 From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
 Came to the sea ; and, over Hellespont  
 Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,  
 And scourg'd with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,

Over the ver'd abyss, following the track  
Of Satan to the self-same place where he  
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
Of this round world: with pins of adamant  
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable! And now in little space  
The confines met of empyréan Heaven,  
And of this world; and, on the left hand, Hell  
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now their way to Earth they had descried,  
To Paradise first tending; when, behold!  
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,  
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:  
Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear  
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk  
Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape,  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought  
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present; fearing, giddy, what his wrath  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
By night, and listening where the hapless pair  
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood  
Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd;  
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd  
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.  
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

"O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy trophies! which thou view'st as not thine own;  
Thou art their author, and prime architect:  
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
My heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,  
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,  
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
That I must after thee, with this thy son;  
Such fatal consequence unites us three;  
Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track:  
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
Within Hell-gates till now; thou us empower'd  
To fortify thus far, and overlay,  
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.  
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won  
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd  
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foil in Heaven; here thou shalt monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,  
As battle hath adjudg'd; from this new world  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;  
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,  
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;  
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."

*Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.*

"Fair daughter, and thou son and grand-child both;  
High proof ye now have given to be the race  
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of Heaven's Almighty King.)  
Amplly have merited of me, of all  
The infernal empire, that so near Heaven's door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm,  
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I  
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
To my associate powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoice;  
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the Earth  
Dominion exercise and in the air,  
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declar'd;  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My substitutes I send ye, and create  
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now  
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.  
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell  
No detriment need fear; go, and be strong!"

So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed  
Their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipses  
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down  
The causeway to Hell-gate: on either side  
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those,  
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge.  
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all  
Far to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
Of Pandemonium; city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd  
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd;  
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand  
In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he  
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.  
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,  
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late  
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch  
Round their metropolis; and now expecting  
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search  
Of foreign worlds; he through the midst unmark'd,  
In show plebeian angel militant  
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door  
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
Ascended his high throne; which, under state  
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down awhile  
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen:  
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter; clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd  
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng

r aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 ghty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim:  
 h'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
 in their dark divan, and with like joy  
 lant approach'd him; who with hand  
 and with these words, attention won.  
 ones, dominations, principdoms, virtues,  
 powers;  
 session such, not only of right,  
 and declare ye now; return'd  
 d beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 out of this infernal pit  
 ble, accur'd, the house of woe,  
 geon of our tyrant: now possess,  
 a spacious world, to our native Heaven  
 erior, by my adventure hard  
 il great achiev'd. Long were to tell  
 ave done; what suffer'd; with what pain  
 th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 de confusion; over which  
 ad Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 ite your glorious march; but I  
 t my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride  
 actable abyss, plung'd in the womb  
 ginal Night and Chaos wild;  
 dous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd  
 ey strange, with clamorous uproar  
 g Fate supreme; thence how I found  
 created world, which fame in Heaven  
 foretold, a fabric wonderful  
 ute perfection! therein Man  
 a Paradise, by our exile  
 ppy: him by fraud I have seduc'd  
 Creator; and, the more to increase  
 ader, with an apple; he, thereat  
 worth your laughter! hath given up  
 beloved Man and all his world,  
 ad Death a prey, and so to us,  
 our hazard, labor, or alarm;  
 in, and to dwell, and over Man  
 as over all he should have rul'd.  
 ne also he hath judg'd, or rather  
 ut the brute serpent in whose shape  
 ceiv'd: that which to me belongs  
 , which he will put between  
 nankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
 when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
 who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 more grievous pain!—Ye have the account  
 rformance: what remains, ye gods,  
 und enter now into full bliss!"  
 ring said, awhile he stood, expecting  
 iversal shout and high applause,  
 s ear; when, contrary, he hears  
 les, from innumerable tongues,  
 universal hiss, the sound  
 : scorn; he wonder'd, but not long  
 re, wondering at himself now more;  
 o drawn he felt to sharp and spare;  
 clung to his ribs; his legs entwining  
 er, till supplanted down he fell  
 ous serpent on his belly prone,  
 ; but in vain; a greater power  
 d him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,  
 g to his doom: he would have spoke,  
 or him return'd with forked tongue  
 l tongue; for now were all transform'd  
 serpents all, as accessories  
 d riot: dreadful was the din  
 ; through the hall, thick swarming now

With complicated monsters head and tail,  
 Scorpion, and asp, and amphibious dire,  
 Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,  
 And dipsas; (not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, 'or the isle  
 Ophiusa,) but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun  
 Engender'd in the Pythian vale or slime,  
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to retain; they all  
 Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,  
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
 Heaven-fall'n, in station stood or just array;  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief;  
 They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy; for, what they saw,  
 They felt themselves, now changing; down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast;  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd, by contagion; like in punishment.  
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There  
 stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Us'd by the tempter: on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;  
 Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd:  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceiv'd: they, fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,  
 With hatefulest disrelish writh'd their jaws,  
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as Man [plagu'd  
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they  
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd;  
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy, for Man seduc'd.  
 However, some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the Heathen, of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd  
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus; thence by Saturn driven  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.  
 Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd; Sin, there in power before,  
 Once actual; now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began.  
 "Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!

What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd  
With travel difficult, not better far  
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,  
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half-starv'd?"

Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.

"To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;  
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps."

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied.

"Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and  
flowers,

Feed first; on each beast next, and fish and fowl;  
No homely morsels! and whatever thing  
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;  
Till I, in Man residing, through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect;  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing.  
From his transcendent seat the saints among  
To those bright orders uttered thus his voice.

"See, with what heat these dogs of Hell advance

To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created; and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me; so doth the prince of Hell  
And his adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess

A place so heavenly: and, conniving, seem

To gratify my scornful enemies,

That laugh, as if, transported with some fit

Of passion, I to them had quitted all,

At random yielded up to their misrule;

And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,

My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth

Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed

On what was pure; till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh

burst

With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling

Of thy victorious arm, well pleasing Son,

Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave, at last,

Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell

For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.

Then Heaven and Earth renew'd shall be made pure

To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:

Till then, the curse pronounc'd on both precedes."

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud

Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,

Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,

Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;

Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,

Destin'd Restorer of mankind, by whom

New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,

Or down from Heaven descend."—Such was their

song;

While the Creator, calling forth by name

His mighty angels, gave them several charge,

As sort'd best with present things. The Sun

Had first his precept so to move, so shine,

As might affect the Earth with cold and heat

Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call

Decrepit winter; from the south to bring

Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank Moon

Her office they prescribed; to the other five

Their planetary motions, and aspects,

In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd  
Their influence malignant when to shower,  
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous; to the winds they set  
Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll  
With terror through the dark æreal hall.

Some say he bid his angels turn a flank

The poles of Earth, twice ten degrees and more

From the Sun's axle; they with labor push'd

Oblique the centric globe: some say, the Sun

Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road

Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven

Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,

Up to the tropic Crab: thence down again

By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,

As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change

Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring

Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernal flow'rs,

Equal in days and nights, except to those

Beyond the polar circles; to them day

Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun,

To recompense his distance, in their sight

Had rounded still the horizon, and not known

Or east or west; which had forbid the snow

From cold Estotiland, and south as far

Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit

The Sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd

His course intended; else, how had the world

Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,

Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?

These changes in the Heavens, though slow, produc'd

Like change on sea and land; sidereal blast,

Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,

Corrupt and pestilent: now, from the north

Of Norumbega, and the Samoe'd shore,

Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,

And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,

Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argæus loud,

And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;

With adverse blast upturns them from the south

Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds

From Serrallona; thwart of these, as fierce,

Forth rush the Lévant and the Ponent winds,

Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,

Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began

Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first

Daughter of Sin, among the irrational

Death introduc'd, through fierce antipathy:

Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,

And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,

Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe

Of man, but fled him: or, with countenance grim,

Glar'd on him passing. These were from without

The growing miseries, which Adam saw

Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,

To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;

And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,

Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

"O miserable of happy! Is this the end

Of this new glorious world, and me so late

The glory of that glory, who now become

Accurs'd, of blessed! hide me from the face

Of God, whom to behold was then my height

Of happiness!—Yet well, if here would end

The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear

My own deservings; but this will not serve:

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,

rated curse. O voice, once heard  
 ally, *Increase and multiply*;  
 uth to hear! for what can I increase,  
 ply, but curses on my head?  
 all ages to succeed, but, feeling  
 on him brought by me, will curse  
 !? Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 we may thank Adam! but his thanks  
 the execration: so, besides  
 n that bide upon me, all from me  
 th a fierce reflux on me rebound;  
 s on their natural centre, light  
 hough in their place. O fleeting joys  
 lise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 just thee, Maker, from my clay  
 d me Man? Did I solicit thee  
 rkness to promote me, or here place  
 elicious garden? As my will  
 d not to my being, it were but right  
 al to reduce me to my dust;  
 to resign and render back  
 eir'd; unable to perform  
 as too hard, by which I was to hold  
 d I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 t penalty, why hast thou added  
 se of endless woes? Inexplicable  
 ice seems; yet, to say truth, too late  
 ntest; then should have been refus'd  
 rms, whatever, when they were propos'd:  
 dst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,  
 vil the conditions? and, though God  
 ee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 sobedient; and, reprov'd, retort,  
 ore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
 thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 ud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 ral necessity, begot.  
 le thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 him; thy reward was of his grace;  
 ishment then justly is at his will.  
 for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 t I am, and shall to dust return:  
 me hour whenever! Why delays  
 I to execute what his decree  
 this day? Why do I overlive?  
 I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 less pain! How gladly would I meet  
 ' my sentence, and be earth  
 e! How glad would lay me down  
 ' mother's lap! There I should rest  
 p secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 hunder in my ears; no fear of worse  
 nd to my offspring, would torment me  
 el expectation. Yet one doubt  
 me still, lest all I cannot die;  
 pure breath of life, the spirit of Man  
 od inspir'd, cannot together perish  
 ' corporeal clod; then, in the grave,  
 se other dismal place, who knows  
 ll die a living death? O thought  
 ' true! Yet why? It was but breath  
 at sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
 The body properly hath neither.  
 e then shall die: let this appease  
 x, since human reach no further knows.  
 gh the Lord of all be infinite,  
 uth also? Be it, Man is not so,  
 al doom'd. How can he exercise  
 ithout end on Man, whom death must end?  
 nake deathless death? That were to make

Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held; as argument  
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,  
 In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigor,  
 Satisfied never? That were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law:  
 By which all causes else, according still  
 To the reception of their matter, act;  
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward; which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me: and so last  
 To perpetuity.—Ay me! that fear  
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head; both Death and I  
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both;  
 Nor I on my part single; in me all  
 Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony  
 That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited, how would you bless  
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt; both mind and will deprav'd  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me! How can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,  
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath! fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden, heavier than the Earth to bear;  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desir'st,  
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future;  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience! into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,  
 Through the still night; not now, as ere Man fell,  
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
 Accompanied; with damps, and dreadful gloom;  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: on the ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground; and oft  
 Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution since denounc'd  
 The day of his offence. "Why comes not Death,"  
 Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice Divine not hasten to be just?  
 But Death comes not at call; Justice Divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song."—  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld  
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.  
 "Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false

And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and color serpentine, may show  
Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended  
To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee  
I had persisted happy; had not thy pride  
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,  
Though by the Devil himself; him overweening  
To over-reach; but, with the serpent meeting,  
Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side; imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;  
And understood not all was but a show,  
Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib  
Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister, from me drawn;  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found. O! why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine;  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall; innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,  
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,  
As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n;  
On me already lost, me than myself  
More miserable! Both have sinn'd; but thou  
Against God only; I against God and thee;  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my crimes impórtune Heaven; that all  
The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;  
Me, me only, just object of his ire!"

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,  
Immovable, till peace obtain'd from fault

Acknowledg'd and deplor'd in Adam wrought  
Commiseration: soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress;  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking.  
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid:  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thyself; alas!  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers  
Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited;  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
To me committed, and by me expos'd.  
But rise;—let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere; but strive  
In offices of love, how we may lighten  
Each other's burthen, in our share of woe;  
Since this day's death denounc'd, if aught I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd, evil;  
A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.  
"Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous; thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate: nevertheless,  
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable.  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
By Death at last; and miserable it is,  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this cursed world a woful race,  
That after wretched life must be at last  
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power  
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death  
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two  
Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet;  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire; which would be misery  
And torment less than none of what we dread:  
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short.  
Let us seek Death;—or, he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves:  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
That show no end but death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest: so much of death her thoughts

ain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale,  
 with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
 hopes his more attentive mind  
 had rais'd; and thus to Eve replied.  
 by contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 n thee something more sublime  
 lent, than what thy mind contemns;  
 struction therefore sought, refutes  
 lence thought in thee; and implies,  
 mtempt, but anguish and regret  
 ' life and pleasure overlov'd,  
 covet death, as utmost end  
 so thinking to evade  
 ty pronounc'd; doubt not but God  
 lier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so  
 stall'd; much more I fear lest death,  
 d, will not exempt us from the pain  
 doom to pay; rather, such acts  
 acy will provoke the Highest  
 leath in us live: then let us seek  
 r resolution, which methinks  
 view, calling to mind with heed  
 r sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
 ot's head; piteous amends! unless  
 whom I conjecture, our grand foe,  
 so, in the serpent, hath contriv'd  
 this deceit: to crush his head  
 revenge indeed! which will be lost  
 wrought on ourselves, or childless days  
 us thou proposest: so our foe  
 e his punishment ordain'd, and we  
 ll double ours upon our heads.  
 e mention'd then of violence  
 selves; and wilful barrenness,  
 us off from hope; and savors only  
 d pride, impatience and despite,  
 e against God and his just yoke  
 ur necks. Remember with what mild  
 us temper he both heard, and judg'd,  
 rath or reviling; we expected  
 dissolution, which we thought  
 t by death that day; when lo! to thee  
 in child-bearing were foretold,  
 ing forth; soon recompens'd with joy,  
 y womb: on me the curse aslope  
 the ground; with labor I must earn  
 ; what harm? Idleness had been worse;  
 will sustain me; and, lest cold  
 ould injure us, his timely care  
 esought, provided; and his hands  
 unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;  
 more if we pray him, will his ear  
 nd his heart to pity incline.  
 us further by what means to shun  
 nent seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?  
 e the sky, with various face, begins  
 us in this mountain; while the winds  
 t and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 air spreading trees; which bids us seek  
 er shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 l the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 may with matter sere foment;  
 ision of two bodies, grind  
 rite to fire; as late the clouds  
 r push'd with winds, rude in their shock,  
 ant lightning; whose thwart flame, driven  
 down,  
 e gummy bark of fir or pine;  
 e comfortable heat from far

Which might supply the Sun: such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him; so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, than, to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent; and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
 From his displeasure; in whose looks serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favor, grace, and mercy, shone?  
 So spake our father penitent; nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse: they, forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent; and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd; with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

## BOOK XI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers  
 of our first parents now repenting, and inter-  
 cedes for them: God accepts them, but declares  
 that they must no longer abide in Paradise: sends  
 Michael with a band of cherubim to dispos-  
 sess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things.  
 Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve  
 certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's ap-  
 proach; goes out to meet him: the angel de-  
 nounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam  
 pleads, but submits; the angel leads him up to a  
 high hill; sets before him in vision what shall  
 happen till the Flood.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood  
 Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
 Preventive grace descending had remov'd  
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd  
 Unutterable; which the spirit of prayer  
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory: yet their port  
 Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad  
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

"See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs



And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;  
Fruits of more pleasing savor, from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produc'd ere fall'n  
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear  
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
Interpret for him; me, his advocate  
And propitiation; all his works on me,  
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those  
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive  
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live  
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
Number'd though sad; till death his doom (which I  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse.)  
To better life shall yield him: where with me  
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;  
Mado one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.  
"All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:  
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
Those pure immortal elements, that know  
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,  
As a distemper, gross, to air us gross,  
And mortal food; as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
Distemper'd all things, and of incompact  
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
Created him endow'd; with happiness,  
And immortality: that fondly lost,  
'This other serv'd but to eternize woe;  
Till I provided death: so death becomes  
His final remedy; and, after life,  
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,  
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renew'd.  
But let us call to synod all the blest,  
Through Heaven's wide bounds: from them I will  
not hide  
My judgments; how with mankind I proceed,  
As how with peccant angels late they saw,  
And in their state, though firm, stood more con-  
firm'd."

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew  
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. 'The angelic blast  
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers  
Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,  
By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
Hasted, resorting to the summons high:  
And took their seats: till from his throne supreme  
The Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.

"O sons, like one of us Man is become  
To know both good and evil, since his taste  
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast  
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;  
Happier! had it suffic'd him to have known  
Good by itself, and evil not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
My motions in him; longer than they move,

His heart I know, how variable and vain,  
Selfleft. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

"Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:  
Take to thee from among the cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,  
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade  
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise;  
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair;  
From hallow'd ground the unholy; and denounce  
To them, and to their progeny, from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
(For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal  
To Adam what shall come in future days,  
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix  
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd:  
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace:  
And on the east side of the garden place,  
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame  
Wide-waving; all approach far off to fright,  
And guard all passage to the tree of life:  
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey;  
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude."

He ceas'd; and the archangelic power prepar'd  
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright  
Of watchful cherubim: four faces each  
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape  
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
To re-salute the world with sacred light,  
Leucothea wak'd; and with fresh dews embalm'd  
The Earth; when Adam and first matron Eve  
Had ended now their orisons, and found  
Strength added from above; new hope to spring  
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;  
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

"Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
The good which we enjoy, from Heaven descends;  
But, that from us aught should ascend to Heaven  
So prevalent as to concern the mind  
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer  
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought  
By prayer the offended Deity to appease;  
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart;  
Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew  
That I was heard with favor; peace return'd  
Home to my breast, and to my memory  
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;  
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now  
Assures me that the bitterness of death  
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,  
Mother of all things living, since by thee  
Man is to live; and all things live for Man."

thom thus Eve with sad demeanor meek.  
 Why I such title should belong  
 transgressor; who, for thee ordain'd  
 became thy snare; to me reproach  
 belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:  
 mine in pardon was my judge,  
 who first brought death on all, am grac'd  
 of life; next favorable thou,  
 ghly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
 er name deserving. But the field  
 r calls us, now with sweat impos'd,  
 after sleepless night; for see! the Morn,  
 concern'd with our unrest, begins  
 y progress smiling: let us forth;  
 from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd  
 us till day droop; while here we dwell,  
 an be toilsome in these pleasant walks?  
 t us live, though in fall'n state, content."  
 ake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but Fate  
 b'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 l, beast, air; air suddenly eclips'd,  
 hort blush of morn: nigh in her sight  
 d of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,  
 rds of gayest plume before him drove;  
 rom a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 nter then, pursu'd a gentle brace  
 st of all the forest, hart and hind:  
 o the eastern gate was bent their flight.  
 observ'd, and with his eye the chase  
 ig, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake.  
 Eve, some further change awaits us nigh.  
 Heaven, by these mute signs in Nature,  
 shows

ners of his purpose; or to warn  
 dy too secure, of our discharge  
 enalty, because from death releas'd  
 ays; how long, and what till then our life,  
 nows? or more than this, that we are dust,  
 ither must return, and be no more?  
 se this double object in our sight  
 t pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,  
 y the self-same hour? why in the east  
 as ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
 rient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 o blue firmament a radiant white,  
 low descends with something heavenly  
 fraught?"

err'd not; for by this the heavenly hands  
 from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 adise, and on a hill made halt;  
 ous apperition, had not doubt  
 rnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
 t more glorious, when the angels met  
 n Mahanaim, where he saw  
 d pavilion'd with his guardians bright;  
 t, which on the flaming mount appear'd  
 han, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
 t the Syrian king, who to surprise  
 n, assassin-like, had levied war,  
 uproclaim'd. The princely hierarch  
 r bright stand there left his powers, to seizo  
 ion of the garden; he alone,  
 l where Adam shelter'd, took his way,  
 perceiv'd of Adam: who to Eve,  
 the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.  
 e, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 ill soon determine, or impose  
 ws to be observ'd; for I descry,  
 onder blazing cloud that veils the hill,

One of the heavenly host; and, by his gait,  
 None of the meanest; some great potentate  
 Or of the thrones above; such majesty  
 Invests him coming! yet not terrible.  
 That I should fear; nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphaël, that I should much confide;  
 But solemn and sublime; whom not to offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."

He ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
 A military vest of purple flow'd,  
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;  
 His starry helin unbuckled show'd him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
 As in a glittering zodiac, hung the sword,  
 Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.  
 Adam bow'd low; he, kingly, from his state  
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declar'd.

"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:  
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seizure many days  
 Given thee of grace; wherein thou may'st repent,  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appear'd,  
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not: to remove thee I am come,  
 And send thee from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence thou wast taken, sinner soil.

He added not; for Adam at the news  
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
 That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
 Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death:  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last

At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!  
 Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world; to this obscure  
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.  
 "Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
 What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,  
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:  
 Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
 Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd.

"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd  
 Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes! gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound."

And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes! all places else  
Inhospitable appear, and desolate;  
Nor knowing us, nor known: and, if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
But prayer against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
His blessed countenance: here I could frequent  
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
Presence Divine; and to my sons relate,  
'On this mount he appear'd; under this tree  
Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:  
So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
Or monument to ages; and thereon  
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:  
In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?  
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd  
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory; and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth;  
Not this rock only; his Omnipresence fills  
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:  
All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift; surmise not then  
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been  
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
All generations; and had hither come  
From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.  
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:  
Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,  
God is, as here; and will be found alike  
Present; and of his presence many a sign  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal love, his face  
Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd  
Ere thou from hence depart; know, I am sent  
To show thee what shall come in future days  
To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad  
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending  
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow; equally inur'd  
By moderation either state to bear,  
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes.—Ascend  
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)  
Here sleep below; while thou to foresight wak'st;  
As once thou sleep'st, while she to life was form'd."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.  
"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of Heaven  
submit,

However chastening; to the evil turn  
My obvious breast; arming to overcome  
By suffering, and earn rest from labor won,  
If so I may attain."—So both ascend  
In the visions of God. It was a hill,  
Of Paradise the highest; from whose top  
The hemisphere of Earth, in clearest ken,  
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.  
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,  
Whereon, for different cause, the Tempter set  
Our second Adam, in the wilderness;  
To show him all Earth's kingdoms, and their  
glory.

His eye might there command wherever stood  
City of old or modern fame, the seat  
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls  
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
And Samarchand by Orus, Temir's throne,  
To Paquin of Sinean kings; and thence  
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,  
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where  
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
In Hispahan; or where the Russian ksar  
In Mosco; or the sultan in Bizance,  
Turchestan born; nor could his eye not ken  
The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
Ereoco, and the less maritime kings  
Mombaza, ond Quiloa, and Melind,  
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm  
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fex and Sus,  
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd  
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,  
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue  
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;  
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,  
Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,  
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranc'd;  
But him the gentle angel by the hand  
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

"Adam, now open thine eyes; and first behold  
The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought  
In some to spring from thee; who never touch'd  
The excepted tree; nor with the snake conspir'd;  
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive  
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds."

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
Part arable and tilth, whereon wore sheaves  
New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds;  
I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood  
Rustic, of grassy sord; thither anon  
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,  
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,

nd best; then, sacrificing, laid  
 ds and their fat, with incense strow'd,  
 ft wood, and all due rites perform'd:  
 g soon propitious fire from Heaven  
 with nimble glance, and grateful steam;  
 's not, for his was not sincere;  
 he only rag'd, and, as they talk'd,  
 into the midriff with a stone  
 out life! he fell; and, deadly pale,  
 at his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
 hat sight was Adam in his heart  
 and thus in haste to the angel cried.  
 her, some great mischief hath befall'n  
 eek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
 us and pure devotion paid?"  
 m Michael thus, he also mov'd, replied.  
 o are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 o loins; the unjust the just hath slain,  
 that his brother's offering found  
 ven acceptance; but the bloody fact  
 eng'd; and the other's faith, approv'd,  
 ward; though here thou see him die,  
 dust and gore." To which our sire,  
 both for the deed, and for the cause!  
 I now seen Death? Is this the way  
 urn to native dust? O sight  
 foul and ugly to behold,  
 think, how horrible to feel!"  
 m thus Michael. "Death thou hast seen  
 : shape on Man; but many shapes  
 and many are the ways that lead  
 m cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
 ble at the entrance, than within.  
 ou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;  
 od, famine, by intemperance more  
 nd drinks, which on the Earth shall bring  
 ire, of which a monstrous crew  
 e shall appear; that thou may'st know  
 ry the inabstinence of Eve  
 g on men." Immediately a place  
 eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;  
 use it seem'd; wherein were laid  
 f all diseases: all maladies  
 apasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 ick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 as, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 tone and ulcer, colic-pangs,  
 phronsy, moping melancholy,  
 -struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 , and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 nd asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
 he tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 e sick busiest from couch to couch;  
 them triumphant Death his dart  
 : delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd  
 t, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 eform what heart of rock could long  
 ehold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 t of woman born; compassion quell'd  
 f man, and gave him up to tears  
 ill firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;  
 e recovering words, his plaint renew'd.  
 rable mankind, to what fall  
 to what wretched state reserv'd!  
 here unborn. Why is life given  
 : wrested from us? rather, why  
 on us thus? who, if we knew  
 receive, would either not accept  
 l, or soon beg to lay it down;  
 so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus

The image of God in Man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?  
 "Their Maker's image," answer'd Michael,  
 "then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
 To serve ungovern'd Appetite; and took  
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so object is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd;  
 While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules  
 To lothesome sickness; worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves."  
 "I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"  
 "There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe  
 The rule of *Not too much*; by temperance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from  
 thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return:  
 So may'st thou live; till like ripe fruit, thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature:  
 This is Old Age; but then, thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will  
 change  
 To wither'd, weak, and grey; thy senses then,  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life." To whom our ancestor.  
 "Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,  
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge;  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution." Michael replied.  
 "Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st,  
 Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:  
 And now prepare thee for another sight."  
 He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue; by some, were herds  
 Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
 Was heard, of harp and organ; and, who mov'd  
 Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch,  
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
 Fleed and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one who, at the forge  
 Laboring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
 Had melted, (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
 Down to the veins of Earth; thence gliding hot  
 To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream  
 From under-ground;) the liquid ore he drain'd  
 Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd  
 First his own tools; then, what might else be  
 wrought  
 Fusil or graven in metal. After these.

But on the hither side, a different sort  
From the high neighboring hills, which was their  
seat,

Down to the plain descended; by their guise  
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve  
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain  
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!  
A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung  
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on;  
The men, though grave, ey'd them; and let their  
eyes

Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net  
Fast caught, they lik'd; and each his liking chose;  
And now of love they treat, till the evening star,  
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then, all in heat  
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd:  
With feast and music all the tents resound.  
Such happy interview, and fair event  
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart  
Of Adam, soon inclin'd to admit delight,  
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd.

"True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;  
Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;  
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."

To whom thus Michael. "Judge not what is best  
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end  
Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
Who slew his brother: studious they appear  
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare;  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his spirit  
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
Yet they a beautiful offspring shall beget;  
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honor and chief praise;  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.  
To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious tilled them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair Atheists; and now swim in joy,  
Ere long to swim in large; and laugh, for which  
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.

"O pity and shame, that they, who to live well  
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!

But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins."  
Said the angel, "who should better hold his place  
By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.  
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between;  
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,

Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
Single or in array of battle rang'd  
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.  
One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of bees, fair oxen and fair kine,  
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguin'd field,  
Deserted: others to a city strong  
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,  
Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;  
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.

In other part the scepter'd heralds call  
To council, in the city-gates: anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon,  
In factious opposition; till at last,  
Of middle age one rising, eminent  
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,  
And judgment from above: him old and young  
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands;  
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
Unseen amid the throng: no violence  
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
Lamenting turn'd full sad: "O! what are these,  
Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew  
His brother: for of whom such massacre  
Make they, but of their brethren; men of men!  
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven  
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost!"

To whom thus Michael. "These are the product  
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st; [scelus]  
Where good with bad were match'd, who of them  
Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd,  
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
Such were these giants, men of high renown;  
For in those days might only shall be admir'd,  
And valor and heroic virtue call'd;  
To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory; and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods and sons of gods;  
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth;  
And what most merits fame, in silence hid.  
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st  
The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes, for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High  
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward  
Awaits the good: the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

ok'd, and saw the face of things quite  
 chang'd;  
 A throat of war had ceas'd to roar:  
 was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 y and riot, feast and dance;  
 ; or prostituting, as befell,  
 adultery, where passing fair  
 hem; thence from cups to civil broils.  
 a a reverend sire among them came,  
 heir doings great dislike declar'd,  
 ified against their ways; he oft  
 ed their assemblies, whereso met,  
 s or festivals; and to them preach'd  
 on and repentance, as to souls  
 , under judgments imminent:  
 a vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd  
 ng, and remov'd his tents far off:  
 m the mountain hewing timber tall,  
 build a vessel of huge bulk;  
 l by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;  
 round with pitch; and in the side a door  
 l; and of provisions laid in large,  
 and beast; when lo, a wonder strange!  
 beast, and bird, and insect small,  
 vens and pairs; and enter'd in as taught  
 der: last the sire and his three sons,  
 ir four wives; and God made fast the door.  
 ilo the south-wind rose, and, with black  
 wings  
 vering, all the clouds together drove  
 der Heaven; the hills to their supply  
 ad exhalation dusk and moist,  
 amain; and now the thicken'd sky  
 ark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain  
 as; and continued, till the Earth  
 was seen: the floating vessel swum  
 and secure with beaked prow  
 ing o'er the waves; all dwellings elso  
 overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
 ler water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,  
 out shore; and in their palaces,  
 xury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
 led; of mankind, so numerous late,  
 n one small bottom swum embark'd.  
 it thou grieve, then, Adam, to behold  
 of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 tion! Thee another flood,  
 and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,  
 c thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd  
 agel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last;  
 comfortless; as when a father mourns  
 ren, all in view destroy'd at once;  
 ce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.  
 ions ill foreseen! better had I  
 orant of future! so had borne  
 of evil only, each day's lot  
 o bear; those now, that were dispens'd  
 len of many ages, on me light  
 by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 to torment me ere their being,  
 ight that they must be. Let no man seek  
 th to be foretold, what shall befall  
 is children; evil he may be sure,  
 ither his foreknowing can prevent;  
 he future evil shall no less  
 ension than in substance feel,  
 o bear: but that care now is past,  
 t whom to warn: those few escap'd  
 nd anguish will at last consume,  
 ig that watery desert: I had hope

When violence was ceas'd, and war on Earth,  
 All would have then gone well; peace would have  
 crown'd  
 With length of happy days the race of Man;  
 But I was far deceived; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,  
 And whether here the race of Man will end."  
 To whom thus Michael. "Those, whom last thou  
 saw'st  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
 Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,  
 Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,  
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose  
 And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
 Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried:  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depriv'd;  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a world  
 Offended: fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish; and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
 And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence; and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
 The one just man alive; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
 To save himself, and household, from amidst  
 A world devote to universal wrack.  
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelter'd round; but all the catenacts  
 Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour  
 Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep,  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills: then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by night of waves be mov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang:  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now, what further shall ensue, behold."  
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,  
 Driven by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear Sun on his wide watery glass  
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
 As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole

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Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguin'd field,  
Deserted: others to a city strong  
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,  
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 The one just man alive; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
 To save himself, and household, from amidst  
 A world devote to universal wrack.  
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelter'd round; but all the cataracts  
 Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour  
 Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep,  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills: then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang:  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now, what further shall ensue, behold."  
 He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,  
 Driven by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear Sun on his wide watery glass  
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
 As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole



With soft foot towards the deep; who now had stoppt  
His sluices, as the Heaven his windows shut.  
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,  
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;  
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive,  
Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.  
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
And after him, the surer messenger,  
A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light:  
The second time returning, in his bill  
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:  
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
The ancient sire descends, with all his train:  
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,  
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
Greatly rejoic'd; and thus his joy broke forth.

"O thou, who future things canst represent  
As present, heavenly instructor! I revive  
At this last sight; assur'd that Man shall live,  
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
Far less I now lament for one whole world  
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice  
For one man found so perfect, and so just,  
That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But say, what mean those color'd streaks in Heaven  
Distended, as the brow of God appears'd?  
Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind  
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the Earth?"

To whom the archangel. "Dextrously thou aim'st;  
So willingly doth God remit his ire,  
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd;  
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way; yet, those remov'd,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The Earth again by flood; nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,  
With man therein or beast; but, when he brings  
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,  
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,  
Shall hold their course; till fire purgo all things new,  
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall  
dwell."

## BOOK XII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomfited by these relations and

promises, descends the hill with Michael; wa  
kens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with  
gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and  
submission. Michael in either hand leads them  
out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind  
them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to  
guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed; so here the archangel  
pau's'd

Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
If Adam sought perhaps might interpose;  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.  
"Thus thou hast seen one world begin, and end;  
And Man, as from a second stock, proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail: objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense:  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

"This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;  
Laboring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock,  
Of sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd; and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content  
With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of nature from the Earth;  
Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game)  
With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse  
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:  
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
Before the Lord; as in despite of Heaven,  
Or from Heaven, claiming second sovereignty;  
And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of rebellion others he accuse.

He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find  
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boils out from under-ground, the mouth of Hell:  
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build  
A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;  
And get themselves a name; lest, far dispers'd  
In foreign lands, their memory be lost;  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
Obstruct Heaven-towers; and in derision sets  
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raise  
Quite out their native language; and, instead,  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,  
Among the builders; each to other calls  
Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in  
Heaven,

And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,

r the din: thus was the building left  
us, and the work *Confusion* nam'd." *eto*  
thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd.  
rable son! so to aspire  
his brethren; to himself assuming  
y usurp'd, from God not given:  
us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
u absolute; that right we hold  
lonation; but man over men  
e not lord; such title to himself  
ag, human left from human free.  
usurper his encroachment proud  
st on man; to God his tower intends  
ad defiance: wretched man! what food  
convey up thither, to sustain  
and his rash army; where thin air  
he clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
nish him of breath, if not of bread?"  
hom thus Michael. "Justly thou abhorrest  
n, who on the quiet state of men  
rable brought, affecting to subdue  
l liberty; yet know withal,  
y original lapse, true liberty  
which always with right reason dwells  
l, and from her hath no dividual being:  
in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,  
ately inordinate desires,  
start passions, catch the government  
ason; and to servitude reduce  
l then free. Therefore, since he permits  
himself unworthy powers to reign  
ee reason, God, in judgment just,  
s him from without to violent lords;  
t as undeserv'dly enthrall  
ward freedom: tyranny must be;  
to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
retimes nations will decline so low  
irtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
dice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
s them of their outward liberty;  
ward lost: witness the irreverent son  
who built the ark; who, for the shame  
his father, heard this heavy curse,  
of servants, on his vicious race.  
till this latter, as the former world,  
d from bad to worse; till God at last,  
d with their iniquities, withdraw  
sence from among them, and avert  
y eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
e them to their own polluted ways;  
e peculiar nation to select  
ll the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
n from one faithful man to spring:  
this side Euphrates yet residing,  
p in idol-worship: O, that men  
thou believe? should be so stupid grown,  
yet the patriarch liv'd, who 'scap'd the flood,  
make the living God, and full  
ship their own work in wood and stone  
la! Yet him God the Most High vouchsafes  
by vision, from his father's house,  
dred, and false gods, into a land  
he will show him; and from him will raise  
ity nation; and upon him shower  
ediction so, that in his seed  
ions shall be blest: he straight obeys;  
owing to what land, yet firm believes:  
im, but thou canst not, with what faith  
res his gods, his friends, and native soil,  
Chaldees, passing now the ford

To Haran; after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighboring plain  
Of Moreh: there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
From Hamath northward to the desert south;  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)  
From Hermon east to the great western sea;  
Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore  
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,  
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons  
Shall dwell to Senur, that long ridge of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed  
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon  
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A son, and of his son a grand-child, leaves;  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown:  
The grand-child, with twelve sons increas'd, departs  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land  
He comes, invited by a younger son  
In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that realm  
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race  
Growing into a nation; and, now grown,  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests [slaves  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them  
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:  
Till by two brethren, (these two brethren call  
Moses and Aaron,) sent from God to claim  
His people from enthrallment, they return  
With glory, and spoil, back to their promis'd land.  
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies  
To know their God, or message to regard,  
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;  
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;  
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
With loth'd intrusion, and fill all the land;  
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;  
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,  
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,  
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,  
And wheel on the Earth, devouring where it rolls;  
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice  
More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass,  
As on dry land, between two crystal walls;  
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore:  
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend.

Though present in his angel; who shall go  
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire;  
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;  
 To guide them in their journey, and remove  
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:  
 All night he will pursue; but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning watch;  
 Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,  
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
 And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;  
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war: the race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
 Through the wild desert, to the readiest way;  
 Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,  
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide wilderness: there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great senate choose  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,  
 Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain  
 To civil justice; part, religious rites  
 Of sacrifice; informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise  
 The serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access,  
 Without mediator, whose high office now  
 Moses in figure bears; to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
 And all the prophets in their age the times  
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rights  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his tabernacle;  
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:  
 By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein  
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
 The records of his covenant; over these  
 A merry-seat of gold, between the wings  
 Of two bright cherubim; before him burn  
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing  
 The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night;  
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his angel, to the land  
 Promis'd to Abraham and his seed:—the rest  
 Were long to tell; how many battles fought;  
 How many kings destroy'd; and kingdoms won;  
 Or how the Sun shall in mid Heaven stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand;  
 And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till Israel overcome!' So call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac; and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

*Here Adam interpos'd. "O sent from Heaven,*

Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find  
 Mine eyes true-opening, and my heart much eas'd  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would  
 come  
 Of me and all mankind: but now I see  
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;  
 Favor unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth  
 So many and so various laws are given.  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them; how can God with such reside?"

To whom thus Michael. "Doubt not but that I  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
 And therefore was law given them, to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight: that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man;  
 Just for unjust; that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease: nor man the moral part  
 Perform; and, not performing, cannot live.  
 So law appears imperfect; and but given  
 With purpose to resign them, in full time,  
 Up to a better covenant; disciplin'd  
 From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit  
 From imposition of strict laws to free  
 Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear  
 To filial: works of law to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the minister  
 Of law, his people into Canaan lead;  
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversary-serpent, and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd men  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd,  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sin  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies;  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By judges first, then under kings; of whom  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And pious deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
 All prophesy, that of the royal stock  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold.  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last; for of his reign shall be no end.  
 But first, a long succession must ensue;  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd  
 Part good, part bad: of bad the longer scroll;  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,

y, his temple, and his holy ark,  
his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
confusion; Babylon thence call'd.  
captivity he lets them dwell  
re of seventy years; then brings them back,  
ering merry, and his covenant sworn  
d, stablish'd as the days of Heaven.

from Babylon by leave of kings  
rds, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
st re-edify; and for a while  
estate live moderate; till grown  
h and multitude, factious they grow:  
among the priests dissension springs,  
o attend the altar, and should most  
r peace: their strife pollution brings  
e temple itself: at last they seize  
ptre, and regard not David's sons;  
se it to a stranger, that the true  
l king Messiah might be born  
f his right; yet at his birth a star,  
before in Heaven, proclaims him come;  
des the eastern sages, who inquire  
e, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:  
e of birth a solemn angel tells  
le shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
adly thither haste, and by a quire  
Iron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
is his mother, but his sire  
ver of the Most High: he shall ascend  
me hereditary, and bound his reign  
urth's wide bounds, his glory with the Hea-  
vens."

as'd, discerning Adam with such joy  
g'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
the vent of words; which these he breath'd.  
phet of glad tidings, finisher  
at hope! now clear I understand  
t my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;  
r great Expectation should be call'd  
d of woman: virgin mother, hail,  
the love of Heaven; yet from my loins  
alt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
Most High; so God with man unites.  
ust the serpent now his capital bruise  
with mortal pain: say where and when  
ght, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel."  
horn thus Michael. "Dream not of their fight,  
duel, or the local wounds  
l or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
d to godhead, with more strength to foil  
my; nor so is overcome  
hose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,  
l, not to give thee thy death's wound:  
he, who comes thy Savior, shall recure,  
destroying Satan, but his works  
and in thy seed: nor can this be  
fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
ce to the law of God, impos'd  
lity of death, and suffering death;  
alty to thy transgression due,  
e to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
can high Justice rest appaid.  
r of God exact he shall fulfil  
obedience and by love, though love  
ulfil the law; thy punishment  
l endure, by coming in the flesh  
prouchful life, and curst death;  
ning life to all who shall believe

In his redemption; and that his obedience,  
Imputed, becomes their's by faith; his merits  
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd  
A shameful and accur'd, nail'd to the cross  
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,  
The law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind with him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction: so he dies,  
But soon revives; Death over him no power  
Shall long usurp: ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
His death for man, as many as offer'd life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works: this godlike act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,  
In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems; a death, like sleep.  
A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on Earth, than certain times to appear  
To his disciples, men who in his life  
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd  
And his salvation; them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.  
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,  
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;  
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.  
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend  
With victory triumphing through the air  
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
Then enter into glory, and resume  
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come,  
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;  
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward  
His faithful, and receive them into bliss.  
Whether in Heaven or Earth; for then the Earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."  
So spake the archangel Michael; then pans'd,  
As at the world's great period; and our sire,  
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied.  
"O Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Than that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By me done, and occasion'd; or rejoice  
Much more, that much inore good thereof shall spring,

To God more glory, more good-will to men  
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? Will they not deal  
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said the angel; "but from  
Heaven

He to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,  
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write.  
To guide them in all truth: and also arm  
With spiritual armor, able to resist  
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;  
What man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death; against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompens'd,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,  
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length  
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power; though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike, and given  
To all believers; and, from that pretence,  
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
Left them enroll'd, or what the spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind  
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
Their own faith, not another's? for, on Earth,  
Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
Infallible? yet many will presume:  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
On all, who in the worship persevere  
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign;  
Under her own weight groaning; till the day  
Appear of respiration to the just,  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,  
The woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier known thy Savior and thy Lord;  
*Last, in the clouds, from Heaven to be reveal'd*

In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted world; then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
New Heavens, new Earth, ages of endless date,  
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;  
To bring forth fruits, joy, and eternal bliss."

He ended; and thus Adam last replied.

"How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,  
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,  
Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;  
Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill  
Of knowledge what this vessel can contain;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God; to walk  
As in his presence; ever to observe  
His providence; and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory,  
And, to the faithful, death, the gate of life;  
Taught this by his example, whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the angel last replied.

"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
And all the rule, one empire; only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,  
By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier far.—  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards,  
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:  
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;  
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd  
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;  
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,  
The great deliverance by her seed to come  
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:  
That ye may live, which will be many days,  
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,  
With cause for evils past; yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill;  
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve  
Lay sleeping, ran before: but found her wak'd;

And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.  
"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I  
know;

For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;

delay; with thee to go,  
 ere; without thee here to stay,  
 ice unwilling; thou to me  
 gs under Heaven, all places thou,  
 wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 consolation yet secure  
 ce; though all by me is lost,  
 I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
 promis'd Seed shall all restore."  
 our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
 i, but answer'd not: for now, too nigh  
 gel stood; and from the other hill  
 d station, all in bright array  
 im descended; on the ground  
 corous, as evening mist  
 i river o'er the marsh glides,  
 i ground fast at the laborer's heel,  
 returning. High in front advanc'd  
 th'd sword of God before them blaz'd,  
 comet; which with torrid heat,  
 is the Libyan air adust,  
 rich that temperate clime; whereat  
 nd the hastening angel caught  
 g parents, and to the eastern gate  
 irect, and down the cliff as fast  
 orted plain; then disappear'd.  
 g back, all the eastern side beheld  
 so late their happy seat,  
 by that flaming brand; the gate  
 ful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:  
 l tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;  
 was all before them, where to choose  
 of rest, and Providence their guide:  
 in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
 len took their solitary way.

kind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God; to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness, where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognize him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavors to justify himself; and, professing his admiration of Jesus and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

### BOOK I.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

t proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit. The poem opens with John baptizing at Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, a voice from Heaven, to be the Son of God, who is present, upon this immediate up into the regions of the air: where, at his infernal council, he acquaints him with his apprehensions that Jesus is that Woman, destined to destroy all their evil points out to them the immediate of bringing the matter to proof, and of, by snares and fraud, to counteract the person, from whom they have no read. This office he offers himself to; and, his offer being accepted, sets out enterprise.—In the mean time God, in the of holy angels, declares that he has given n to be tempted by Satan; but foretells emptier shall be completely defeated by on which the angels sing a hymn of Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the t, while he is meditating on the com- it of his great office of Savior of man-

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung  
 By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
 Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
 By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
 Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd  
 In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,  
 And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.  
 Thou Spirit, who ledd'st this glorious hermit  
 Into the desert, his victorious field,  
 Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence  
 By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
 As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
 And bear through height or depth of Nature's  
 bounds,  
 With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds  
 Above heroic, though in secret done,  
 And unrecorded left through many an age;  
 Worthy to have not remain'd so long unsung.  
 Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice  
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried  
 Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand  
 To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd  
 With awe the regions round, and with them came  
 From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd  
 To the flood Jordan; came, as then obscure,  
 Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon  
 Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
 To him his heavenly office; nor was long  
 His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd  
 Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove

The Spirit descend'd, while the Father's voice  
From Heaven pronounc'd him his beloved Son.  
That heard the adversary, who, roving still  
About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine  
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom  
Such high attest was given, awhile survey'd  
With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,  
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To council summons all his mighty peers,  
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
A gloomy consistory; and then amidst,  
With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake.

"O ancient powers of air, and this wide world,  
(For much more willingly I mention air,  
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
Our hated habitation,) well ye know  
How many ages, as the years of men,  
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd,  
In manner at our will, the affairs of Earth,  
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me; though since  
With dread attending when that fatal wound  
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven  
Delay, for longest time to him is short;  
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we  
Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound,  
(At least if so we can, and by the head  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being  
In this fair empire won of Earth and air.)  
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed  
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born.  
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause:  
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve  
Things highest, greatest multiplies my fear.  
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim  
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so  
Purified, to receive him pure, or rather  
To do him honor as their king: all come,  
And he himself among them was baptiz'd;  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw  
The prophet do him reverence; on him, rising  
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds  
Unfold her crystal doors: thence on his head  
A perfect dove descend, (what'er it meant,)  
And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,  
'This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.'  
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire  
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven:  
And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:  
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,  
(Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven  
snare.)

Ere in the head of nations he appear,  
Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.

I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruin Adam; and the exploit perform'd  
Successfully: a calmer voyage now  
Will waft me; and the way, found prosperous once,  
Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
Distracted, and surpris'd with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief;  
Unanimous they all commit the care  
And management of this main enterprise  
To him, their great dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,  
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,  
'This Man of men, attest'd Son of God,  
'Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd  
To end his reign on Earth, so long enjoy'd:  
But, contrary, unwetting he fulfill'd  
The purpos'd council, preordain'd and fix'd,  
Of the Most High; who, in full frequency bright  
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

"Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
Thou and all angels conversant on Earth  
With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
To verify that solemn message, late  
On which I sent thee to the virgin pure  
In Galilee, that she should bear a Son,  
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;  
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be  
To her a virgin, that on her should come  
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest  
O'ershadow her. This man, born and now up  
grown,

To show him worthy of his birth divine  
And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay  
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
Of his apostasy: he might have learnt  
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
What'er his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a man,  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his solicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell;  
Winning, by conquest, what the first man lost,  
By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the wilderness;  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,  
By humiliation and strong sufferance:  
His weakness shall overcome Satanic strength  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh,  
That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
They now, and men hereafter, may discern  
From what consummate virtue I have chose  
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven

stoud a space, then into hymns  
 , and in celestial measures mov'd,  
 o throne and singing, while the hand  
 the voice, and this the argument.  
 : and triumph to the Son of God,  
 ing his great duel, not of arms,  
 quish by wisdom hellish wiles!  
 r knows the Son; therefore secure  
 is filial virtue, though untried,  
 ate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
 xerify, or undermine.  
 e, all ye stratagems of Hell,  
 sh machinations, come to nought!"  
 in Heaven their odes and vigils tun'd:  
 the Son of God, who yet some days  
 bethabara, where John baptiz'd,  
 d much revolving in his breast,  
 he mighty work he might begin  
 to mankind, and which way first  
 godlike office now mature,  
 th walk'd alone, the Spirit leading  
 ep thoughts, the better to converse  
 de, till, far from track of men,  
 flowing thought, and step by step led on,  
 now the bordering desert wild,  
 dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
 editations thus pursued.  
 t a multitude of thoughts at once  
 in me swarm, while I consider  
 within I feel myself, and hear  
 without comes often to my ears,  
 with my present state compar'd!  
 us yet a child, no childish play  
 pleasing; all my mind was set  
 earn and know, and thence to do  
 t be public good; myself I thought  
 t end, born to promote all truth,  
 us things; therefore, above my years,  
 " God I read, and found it sweet,  
 r whole delight, and in it grew  
 rfection, that, ere yet my age  
 r'd twice six years, at our great feast  
 the temple, there to hear  
 rs of our law, and to propose  
 t improve my knowledge or their own;  
 dmir'd by all: yet this not all  
 my spirit aspir'd; victorious deeds  
 my heart, heroic acts; one while  
 Israel from the Roman yoke,  
 bdue and quell, o'er all the Earth,  
 nce and proud tyrannic power,  
 vere freed, and equity restor'd:  
 more humane, more heavenly first  
 ; words to conquer willing hearts,  
 persuasion do the work of fear;  
 try, and teach the erring soul,  
 y misdoing, but unaware  
 e stubborn only to subdue.  
 ring thoughts my mother soon perceiving,  
 at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,  
 me apart, " High are thy thoughts,  
 nourish them, and let them soar  
 eight sacred virtue and true worth  
 hem, though above example high;  
 as deeds express thy matchless air,  
 thou art no son of mortal man;  
 n esteem thee low of parentage,  
 is the Eternal King who rules  
 and Earth, angels and sons of men;  
 er from God foretold thy birth

Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold,  
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,  
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
 At thy nativity, a glorious quire  
 Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,  
 And told them the Messiah now was born,  
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,  
 For in the inn was left no better room:  
 A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing,  
 Guided the wise men thither from the east,  
 To honor thee with incense, myrrh and gold;  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy star, new-graven in Heaven,  
 By which they know the king of Israel born.  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,  
 Before the altar and the vested priest,  
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.—  
 This having heard, straight I again revolv'd  
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake  
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,  
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'  
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
 Yet, neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
 The time prefix'd I waited; when behold  
 The Baptist, (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
 Not knew by sight,) now come who was to come  
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare!  
 I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he  
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me him, (for it was shown him so from Heaven,)  
 Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first  
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:  
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream,  
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove;  
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
 Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounc'd me his,  
 ' Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time  
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 The authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.  
 And now by some strong motion I am led  
 Into this wilderness, to what intent  
 I learn not yet; perhaps I need not know,  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."  
 So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise,  
 And, looking round, on every side beheld  
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;  
 The way he came not having mark'd, return  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society.  
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night  
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,  
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
 Or harbor'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt



Till those days ended; hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,  
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.  
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,  
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place

So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In troop or caravan? for single none  
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here  
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought.  
 I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the Man, whom late  
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son  
 Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes  
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth

To town or village nigh, (highest is far.)  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happens new; fame also finds us out."

To whom the Son of God. "Who brought me hither,

Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

"By miracle he may," replied the swain;

"What other way I see not; for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born:  
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,  
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied.

"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written,

(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)  
 'Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna? in the mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;  
 And forty days Elijah, without food,  
 Wander'd this barren waste: the same I now:  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answer'd the arch-fiend, now undisguis'd.

"'Tis true I am that Spirit unfortunate,  
 Who, leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,  
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
 By rigor unconvincing, but that oft,  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
 Or range in the air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;  
 And, when to all his angels he propos'd  
 To draw the proud King Ahab into fraud

That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge;  
 For what he bids I do. Though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire,  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense:  
 What can then be less in me than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence; by them  
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell,  
 Copartner in these regions of the world,  
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At first it may be; but, long since with woe  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:  
 This wounds me most, (what can it less?) that Man  
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more."

To whom our Savior sternly thus replied.  
 "Deserv'dly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
 Into the Heaven of Heavens: thou com'st indeed  
 As a poor miserable captive thrall  
 Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the prime in splendor, now depos'd,  
 Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,  
 To all the host of Heaven: the happy place  
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
 Rather inflames thy torment: representing  
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
 So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.  
 But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King.  
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
 What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem  
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
 With all afflictions? but his patience won.  
 The other service was thy chosen task,  
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths;  
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles  
 By thee are given, and what confess'd more true  
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,  
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark,  
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
 And not well understood as good not known?  
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct,  
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most,  
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
 For God hath justly given the nations up

visions; justly, since they fell  
 : but, when his purpose is  
 :m to declare his providence  
 :t known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
 :im, or his angels president  
 :ovince, who, themselves disdaining  
 :h thy temples, give thee in command  
 :he smallest tittle, thou shalt say  
 :xers? Thou, with trembling fear,  
 :awning parasite, obey'st:  
 :yself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
 :y glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
 :halt thou by oracling abuse  
 :les; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,  
 :no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 :quir'd at Delphos, or elsewhere;  
 :vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 :now sent his living oracle  
 :world to teach his final will,  
 :his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
 :earts, an inward oracle  
 :th requisite for men to know."  
 :e our Savior, but the subtle fiend,  
 :dy stung with anger and disdain,  
 :d, and this answer smooth return'd.  
 :thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 :me with hard doings, which not will  
 :hath wrested from me. Where  
 :st thou find one miserable,  
 :nforc'd oft-times to part from truth,  
 :stand him more in stead to lie,  
 :neasy, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
 :urt plac'd above me, thou art Lord;  
 :I can, and must submit, endure,  
 :reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit  
 :he ways of Truth, and rough to walk,  
 :the tongue discours'd, pleasing to the ear,  
 :do as sylvan pipe or song;  
 :der then if I delight to hear  
 :es from thy mouth? Most men admire  
 :o follow not her lore: permit me  
 :ee when I come, (since no man comes,)  
 :at least, though I despair to attain.  
 :er, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
 :hypocrite or atheous priest  
 :is sacred courts, and minister  
 :altar, handling holy things,  
 :vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice  
 :n reprobate, a prophet yet  
 :isdain not such access to me."  
 :m our Savior, with unalter'd brow:  
 :ing hither, though I know thy scope,  
 :or forbid: do as thou find'st  
 :from above; thou canst not more."  
 :ed not: and Satan, bowing low  
 :lissimulation, disappear'd  
 :air diffus'd: for now began  
 :h her sullen wings to double-shade  
 :t; fowls in their clay-nests were couch'd;  
 :wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

ples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence,  
 amongst themselves concerning it. Mary  
 es vent to her maternal anxiety: in the

expression of which she recapitulates many cir-  
 cumstances respecting the birth and early life of  
 her son.—Satan again meets his infernal council,  
 reports the bad success of his first temptation of  
 our blessed Lord, and calls upon them for counsel  
 and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of  
 Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Belial for his  
 dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy  
 of that kind ascribed by the poets to the heathen  
 gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect  
 likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other  
 modes of temptation, particularly proposing to  
 avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's  
 hungering; and, taking a band of chosen spirits  
 with him, returns to resume his enterprise.—Jesus  
 hungers in the desert.—Night comes on; the  
 manner in which our Savior passes the night is  
 described.—Morning advances.—Satan again ap-  
 pears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that  
 he should be so entirely neglected in the wilder-  
 ness, where others had been miraculously fed,  
 tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the  
 most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the  
 banquet vanishes.—Satan, finding our Lord not  
 to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts  
 him again by offering him riches, as the means of  
 acquiring power: this Jesus also rejects, produ-  
 cing many instances of great actions performed  
 by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying  
 the danger of riches, and the cares and pains in-  
 separable from power and greatness.

MEANWHILE the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
 Jesus Messiah, Son of God declar'd,  
 And on that high authority had believ'd,  
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd; I mean  
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
 With others, though in Italy Writ not nam'd;  
 Now missing him, their joy so lately found,  
 (So lately found and so abruptly gone.)  
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
 And, as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt.  
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
 And for a time caught up to God, as once  
 Moses was in the mount and missing long,  
 And the great Thiasite, who on fiery wheels  
 Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come:  
 Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these  
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho  
 The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,  
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd  
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
 Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek  
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,  
 Plain fishermen, (no greater men them call,)  
 Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd.

"Alas, from what high hope to what relapse  
 Unlook'd-for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld  
 Messiah certainly now come, so long  
 Expected of our fathers: we have heard  
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;  
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,  
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;  
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze:

For whither is he gone, what accident  
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire  
After appearance, and again prolong  
Our expectation? God of Israel,  
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;  
Behold the kings of the Earth, how they oppress  
Thy chosen; to what height their power unjust  
They have exalted, and behind them cast  
All fear of thee; arise, and vindicate  
Thy glory; free thy people from their yoke.  
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,  
Sent his anointed, and to us reveal'd him,  
By his great prophet, pointed at and shown  
In public, and with him we have convers'd;  
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,  
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;  
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return."

Thus they, out of their plaints, now hope resume  
To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
But, to his mother Mary, when she saw  
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,  
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,  
Within her breast though calm, her breast though  
pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

"O, what avails me now that honor high  
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,  
"Hail highly favor'd among women blest!"  
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,  
And fears as eminent, above the lot  
Of other women, by the birth I bore;  
In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,  
A manger his; yet soon enforce'd to fly,  
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;  
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth  
Hath been our dwelling many years; his life  
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any king; but now  
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,  
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice,  
I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,  
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
That to the fall and rising he should be  
Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
Spoken against, that through my very soul  
A sword shall pierce: this is my favor'd lot,  
My exaltation to afflictions high;  
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;  
I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
But where delays he now? some great intent  
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,  
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
He could not lose himself, but went about  
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,  
Since understand; much more his absence now  
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;  
My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts

Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:  
The while her son, tracing the desert wild,  
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,  
Into himself descended, and at once  
All his great work to come before him set;  
How to begin, how to accomplish best  
His end of being on Earth, and mission high:  
For Satan, with aly preface to return,  
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
Up to the middle region of thick air,  
Where all his potentates in council sat;  
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
Solicitous and blank, he thus began.

"Princes, Heaven's ancient sons, ethereal throng  
Demonian spirits now, from the element  
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd  
Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,  
(So may we hold our place and these mild seals  
Without new trouble,) such an enemy  
Is risen to invade us, who no less  
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;  
I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
Consenting in full frequency was empower'd,  
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him; but find  
Far other labor to be undergone  
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,  
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,  
However to this man inferior far;  
If he be man by mother's side, at least  
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn'd,  
Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.  
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence  
Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
Of like succeeding here: I summon all  
Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst  
'Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd."

So spake the old serpent, doubting; and from all  
With clamor was assured their utmost aid  
At his command: when from amidst them rose  
Belial, the dissolute spirit that fell,  
'The sensuallest, and, after Asmodei,  
The fleshliest incubus; and thus advis'd.

"Set women in his eye, and in his walk.  
Among daughters of men the fairest found:  
Many are in each region passing fair  
As the noon sky: more like to goddesses  
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,  
Skill'd to retire, and, in retiring, draw  
Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.  
Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
Severest temper, smooth the rugged brow  
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
At will the manliest, resolute breast,  
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.  
Women, when nothing else, beguile'd the heart  
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.  
"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself; because of old  
Thou thyself dost set on woman-kind, admiring  
Their shape, their color, and attractive grace.  
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys

ae flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
 led sons of God, roaming the Earth,  
 nton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 pled with them, and begot a race.  
 e not seen, or by relation heard,  
 and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,  
 or grove, by mossy fountain side,  
 or green meadow, to waylay  
 auty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 or Semele, Antiopa,  
 none, Syrx, many more  
 g, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
 Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts  
 not all; among the sons of men,  
 ny have with a smile made small account  
 ty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
 assaults, on worthier things intent!  
 er that Pellean conqueror,  
 how all the beauties of the East  
 dy view'd, and slightly overpass'd;  
 surnam'd of Africa, dismiss'd,  
 ime youth, the fair Iberian maid.  
 mon, he liv'd at ease, and full  
 wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
 leign than to enjoy his state;  
 to the bait of women lay expos'd:  
 whom we attempt, is wiser far  
 lomom, of more exalted mind,  
 d set wholly on the accomplishment  
 est things. What woman will you find,  
 of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 n his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
 desire? Or should she, confident,  
 queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,  
 with all her winning charms begit  
 our, as the zone of Venus once  
 that effect on Jove, so fables tell;  
 uld one look from his majestic brow,  
 s on the top of Virtue's hill,  
 enance her despia'd, and put to rout  
 urray; her female pride deject,  
 o reverent awe! for Beauty stands  
 lmination only of weak minds  
 ive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 sudden slighting quite abash'd.  
 e with manlier objects we must try  
 tancy; with such as have more show  
 i, of honor, glory, and popular praise,  
 hereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;  
 which only seems to satisfy  
 leasures of nature, not beyond;  
 I know he hungers, where no food  
 found, in the wide wilderness:  
 commit to me; I shall let pass  
 ntage, and his strength as oft assay."  
 as'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
 thwith to him takes a chosen band  
 i, likest to himself in guile,  
 hand, and at his beck appear,  
 were to unfold some active scene  
 us persons, each to know his part:  
 the desert takes with these his flight;  
 still from shade to shade, the Son of God  
 ty days' fasting had remain'd,  
 xgering first, and to himself thus said.  
 re will this end! four times ten days I've  
 pass'd  
 ng this woody maze, and human food

Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,  
 Or God support nature without repast  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm;  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,  
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,  
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet:  
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
 Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn, [brought:  
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they  
 He saw the prophet also, how he fled  
 Into the desert, and how there he slept  
 Under a juniper; then how awak'd  
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,  
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose,  
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days:  
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
 Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark  
 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry  
 The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song:  
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
 Our Savior, and found all was but a dream;  
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;  
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw;  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
 With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud:  
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
 High-roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
 That opened in the midst a woody scene;  
 Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)  
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs: he view'd it round,  
 When suddenly a man before him stood;  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,  
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

"With granted leave officious I return,  
 But much more wonder that the Son of God  
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,  
 Of all things destitute; and, well I know  
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;  
 The fugitive bond-woman, with her son  
 Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
 By a providing angel; all the race  
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
 Rain'd from Heaven manna; and that prophet bold,  
 Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:  
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
 Forty and more deserted here indeed."

To whom thus Jesus. "What conclud'st thou hence?

They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none."

"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan replied.

"Tell me, if food was now before thee set,

Wouldst thou not eat?"—"Thereafter as I like

The giver," answer'd Jesus. "Why should that

Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle fiend.

"Hast thou not right to all created things?

Owe not all creatures by just right to thee

Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,

But tender all their power? Nor mention I

Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first

To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;

Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who

Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,

Nature asham'd, or, better to express,

Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd

From all the elements her choicest store,

To treat thee, as becoms, and as her Lord,

With honor: only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,

Our Savior lifting up his eyes beheld,

In ample space under the broadest shade,

A table richly spread, in regal mode,

With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort

Aud savor; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,

In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,

Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish, from sea or shore,

Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,

And exquisite name, for which was drain'd

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

(Alas, how simply, to these cates compar'd,

Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!)

And at a stately sideboard, by the wine

That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood

Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue

Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more

Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,

Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades

With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,

And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since

Of fairy damsels, met in forest wide

By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,

Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.

And all the while harmonious airs were heard

Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and winds

Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd

From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.

Such was the splendor; and the tempter now

His invitation earnestly renew'd.

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?

These are not fruits forbid'n; no interdict

Defends the touching of these viands pure;

Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,

But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,

Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.

All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,

Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay

Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:

What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.

"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?

And who withholds my power that right to use?

Shall I receive by gift what of my own,

When and where likes me best, I can command?

I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,

Command a table in this wilderness,

And call swift flights of angels ministrant

Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:

Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,

In vain, where no acceptance it can find?

And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy pompous delicacies I condemn,

And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent.

"That I have also power to give, thou seest;

If of that power I bring thee voluntary

What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,

And rather opportunely in this place

Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see

What I can do or offer is suspect:

Of these things others quickly will dispose,

Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil." With that

Both table and provision vanish quite,

With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard:

Only the impertune tempter still remain'd,

And with these words his temptation pursu'd.

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,

Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;

Thy temperance invincible besides,

For no allurements yields to appetite;

And all thy heart is set on high designs,

High actions: but wherewith to be achiev'd?

Great acts require great means of enterprise;

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,

A carpenter thy father known, thyself

Bred up in poverty and straits at home,

Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:

Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire

To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?

What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,

Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,

Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?

Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms:

What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,

And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,

Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?

Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,

Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,

Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:

Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;

They whom I favor thrive in wealth again,

While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.

"Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent

To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.

Witness those ancient empires of the Earth,

In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:

But men induc'd with these have oft attain'd

In lowest poverty to highest deeds;

Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,

Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat

So many ages, and shall yet regain

That seat, and reign in Israel without end.

Among the heathen, (for throughout the world

To me is not unknown what hath been done

Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember

Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?

For I esteem those names of men so poor,

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn

Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.

And what in me seems wanting, but that I

May also in this poverty as soon

Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more?

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more so

To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
 What if with like aversion I reject  
 Riches and realms? yet not for that a crown.  
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns.  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights.  
 To him who wears the regal diadem,  
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;  
 For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
 That for the public all this weight he bears.  
 Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules  
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains;  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
 Subject himself to anarchy within,  
 Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
 But to guide nations in the way of truth  
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
 To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
 Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
 That other o'er the body only reigns,  
 And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,  
 So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
 And for thy reason why they should be sought.  
 To gain a sceptre, oft best better miss'd."

## BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, in a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavors to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory, by particularizing various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies, by showing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of his argument, by showing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful man can have no right whatever to it.—Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David; he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan, why he should be so solicitous for the exaltation of one, whose rising was destined to be his fall. Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one, from whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favor.—Satan still pursues his former incitements; and,

supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced, might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shows him most of the kingdoms of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he showed him this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first, and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbors as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him, that of the Parthians; and tells him that by this means his power will be defended from any thing that Rome or Caesar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish, what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity of military efforts, and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his allotted throne, he shall not be slack; he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always showed himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recall them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood  
 Awhile, as mute, confounded what to say,  
 What to reply, confuted, and convinc'd  
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;  
 At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
 With soothing words renew'd him thus accosts.  
 "I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
 What best to shy canst say, to do canst do;  
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
 Urin and Thummin, those oraculous gems  
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old,  
 Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds  
 That might require the array of war, thy skill  
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
 These godlike virtues, wherefore dost thou hide,  
 Affecting private life, or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive  
 All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The fame and glory, glory the reward  
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, must temper'd pure  
 Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
 And dignities and powers all but the highest?  
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the wax  
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these

To whom thus Jesus. "What conclud'st thou hence?

They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none."

"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan replied.

"Tell me, if food was now before thee set,

Wouldst thou not eat?"—"Thereafter as I like

The giver," answer'd Jesus. "Why should that

Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle fiend.

"Hast thou not right to all created things?

Owe not all creatures by just right to thee

Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,

But tender all their power? Nor mention I

Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first

To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;

Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who

Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,

Nature sham'd, or, better to express,

Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd

From all the elements her choicest store,

To treat thee, as befits, and as her Lord,

With honor: only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,

Our Savior lifting up his eyes beheld,

In ample space under the broadest shade,

A table richly spread, in regal mode,

With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort

And savor; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,

In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,

Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish, from sea or shore,

Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,

And exquisit name, for which was drain'd

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

(Alas, how simply, to these cates compar'd,

Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!)

And at a stately sideboard, by the wine

That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood

Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue

Than Ganymed or Ilyas; distant more

Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,

Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades

With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,

And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since

(Of fairy damsels, met in forest wide

By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,

Lancelot, or Pellens, or Pellonore.

And all the while harmonious airs were heard

Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and winds

Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd

From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.

Such was the splendor; and the tempter now

His invitation earnestly renew'd.

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?

These are not fruits forbid'd; no interdict

Defends the touching of these viands pure;

Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,

But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,

Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.

All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,

Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay

Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:

What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.

"Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?

And who withhold my power that right to use?

Shall I receive by gift what of my own,

When and where likes me best, I can command?

I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,

Command a table in this wilderness,

And call swift flights of angels ministrant

Array'd in glory on my cup to attend:

Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,

In vain, where no acceptance it can find?

And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy pompous delicacies I condemn,

And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answer'd Satan malcontent.

"That I have also power to give, thou seest;

If of that power I bring thee voluntary

What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,

And rather opportunely in this place

Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see

What I can do or offer is suspect:

Of these things others quickly will dispose,

Whose pains have earn'd the far-set spoil." With that

Both table and provision vanish quite,

With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard:

Only the importune tempter still remain'd,

And with these words his temptation purved.

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,

Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;

Thy temperance invincible besides,

For no allurements yields to appetite;

And all thy heart is set on high designs,

High actions: but wherewith to be achiev'd?

Great acts require great means of enterprise;

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth.

A carpenter thy father known, thyself

Bred up in poverty and straits at home,

Lost in a desert here and hunger-bait:

Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire

To greatness? whence authority deriv'd?

What followers, what retinue canst thou gain.

Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,

Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost!

Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms:

What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,

And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne.

Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?

Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,

Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,

Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:

Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;

They whom I favor thrive in wealth again.

While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied.

"Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent

To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.

Witness those ancient empires of the Earth.

In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:

But men indu'd with these have oft attain'd

In lowest poverty to highest deeds;

Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad.

Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat

So many ages, and shall yet regain

That seat, and reign in Israel without end.

Among the heathen, (for throughout the world

To me is not unknown what hath been done

Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember

Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?

For I esteem those names of men so poor.

Who could do mighty things, and could condemn

Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.

And what in me seems wanting, but that I

May also in this poverty as soon

Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more?

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more ap-

To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
 What if with like aversion I reject  
 Riches and realms? yet not for that a crown.  
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights.  
 To him who wears the regal diadem,  
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;  
 For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise.  
 That for the public all this weight he bears.  
 Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules  
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains;  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
 Subject himself to anarchy within,  
 Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
 But to guide nations in the way of truth  
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
 To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
 Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
 That other o'er the body only reigns,  
 And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,  
 So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
 And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
 To gain a sceptre, oftset better mis'd."

## BOOK III.

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 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
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Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd  
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd  
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long  
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Savior calmly thus replied.  
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?  
And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the  
praise?"

They praise, and they admire, they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise!  
His lot who dares be singularly good.  
The intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.  
This is true glory and renown, when God,  
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,  
When to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,  
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'  
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations, neighboring, or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice!  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd,  
Without ambition, war, or violence;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance: I mention still  
Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
Who names not now with honor patient Job?  
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)  
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,  
For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame  
*His wasted country freed from Punic rage;*

The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,  
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his  
Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied.  
"Think not so slight of glory; therein least  
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven  
By all his angels glorified, requires  
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;  
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,  
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,  
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;  
From us, his foes pronounc'd, glory he exacts."

To whom our Savior fervently replied.  
"And reason; since his word all things produce  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to show forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And, not returning that, would likeliest render  
Contempt instead, dishonor, obloquy?  
Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence!  
But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs,  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?  
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
That which to God alone of right belongs:  
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again  
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself,  
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;  
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem;  
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.  
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
By mother's side thy father; though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms:  
Judaea now and all the Promis'd Land,  
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd  
With temperate sway; oft have they violated  
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once  
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain  
Thy right, by sitting still, or thus retiring?  
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed  
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;  
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,  
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp  
With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
And duty; and zeal and duty are not slow,  
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait;

selves rather are occasion best;  
 by father's house, duty to free  
 ntry from her heathen servitude.  
 thou best fulfil, best verify  
 shets old, who sung thy endless reign;  
 pier reign, the sooner it begins:  
 en; what canst thou better do the while?"  
 som our Savior answer thus return'd.  
 gs are best fulfill'd in their due time;  
 there is for all things, Truth hath said.  
 reign prophetic writ hath told,  
 hall never end, so, when begin,  
 er in his purpose hath decreed;  
 hose hand all times and seasons roll.  
 he hath decreed that I shall first  
 in humble state, and things adverse,  
 lations, injuries, insults,  
 ts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 g, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
 distrust or doubt, that he may know  
 an suffer, how obey? Who best  
 r, best can do; best reign, who first  
 th obey'd; just trial, ere I merit  
 ation without change or end.  
 t concerns it thee, when I begin  
 lasting kingdom? Why art thou  
 ? What moves thy inquisition?  
 thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 promotion will be thy destruction?"  
 som the tempter, inly rack'd, replied.  
 t come when it comes; all hope is lost  
 ception into grace: what worse?  
 re no hope is left, is left no fear:  
 be worse, the expectation more  
 : torments me than the feeling can.  
 be at the worst: worst is my port,  
 or, and my ultimate repose;  
 I would attain, my final good.  
 was my error, and my crime  
 s; whatever, for itself condemn'd;  
 alike be punish'd, whether thou  
 : reign not; though to that gentle brow  
 could I fly, and hope thy reign,  
 t placid aspect and meek regard,  
 an aggravate my evil state,  
 and between me and thy Father's ire,  
 re I dread more than the fire of Hell,  
 ; and a kind of shading cool  
 tion, as a summer's cloud.  
 to the worst that can be haste,  
 ve thy feet so slow to what is best,  
 , both to thyself and all the world,  
 u, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king?  
 thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd  
 nterprise so hazardous and high:  
 ler; for, though in thee be united  
 perfection can in man be found,  
 n nature can receive, consider,  
 hath yet been private, most part spent  
 , scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
 s a year Jerusalem, few days" [serve?  
 jour; and what thence couldst thou ob-  
 id thou hadst not seen, much less her glory,  
 and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
 ol of best experience, quickest insight  
 ngs that to greatest actions lead  
 st, unexperienc'd, will be ever  
 and loth; with novice modesty,  
 ho, seeking asses, found a kingdom,)  
 t, unhardy, unadventurous:

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state;  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
 And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know  
 How their best opposition to withstand." [took

With that, (such power was given him then,) he  
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.  
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,  
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
 Fair champaign with less rivers interven'd,  
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;  
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;  
 Huge cities and high-tow'rd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.  
 To this high mountain-top the tempter brought  
 Our Savior, and new train of words began.

"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,  
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drought:  
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David's house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,  
 His city, where thou seest, and Bactra there;  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,  
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings: of later fame,  
 Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian (now some ages past  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire) under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power; for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."  
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless  
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops,  
 In coats of mail and military pride;  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong.

Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound;  
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;  
 From Atropatia and the neighboring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.  
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrow showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots, or elephants indors'd with towers  
 Of archers; nor of laboring pioneers  
 A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was rais'd hill, or overlay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
 And wagons, fraught with utensils of war.  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican with all his northern powers  
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win  
 The fairest of her sex Angelica,  
 His daughter, sought by many prowrest knights  
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry:  
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd,  
 And to our Savior thus his words renew'd.

"That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark,  
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown  
 All this fair sight: thy kingdom, though foretold  
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
 Endeavor, as thy father David did,  
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
 In all things, and all men, supposes means;  
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.  
 But, say thou wert possess'd of David's throne,  
 By free consent of all, none opposite,  
 Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope  
 Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,  
 Between two such inclosing enemies,  
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her king,  
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,  
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;  
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league:  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly re-install thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,  
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,  
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd:  
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver.  
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,

From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,  
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Savior answer'd thus, unmov'd.

"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm  
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
 Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear,  
 Vented much policy, and projects deep  
 Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,  
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction  
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne:  
 My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee  
 Were better farthest off,) is not yet come:  
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
 On my part aught endeavoring, or to need  
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
 Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes  
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre away  
 To just extent over all Israel's sons.

But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then  
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
 Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives  
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
 By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal  
 To Israel then; the same that now to me!  
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
 From God to worship calves, the deities  
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroah,  
 And all the idolatries of heathen round,  
 Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;  
 Nor in the land of their captivity  
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
 The God of their forefathers; but so died  
 Impenitent, and left a race behind  
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain;  
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
 Should I of these the liberty regard,  
 Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
 Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps  
 Of Bethel and of Dan? No; let them serve  
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
 Yet he at length, (time to himself best known)  
 Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call  
 May bring them back, repentant and sincere,  
 And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
 While to their native land with joy they haste;  
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
 When to the Promis'd Land their fathers pass'd:  
 To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend  
 Made answer meet, that made void his wiles.  
 So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends.

#### BOOK IV.

##### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shows him imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendor, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and

lls him that he might with the greatest ease ex-  
st Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty,  
nd make himself master not only of the Roman  
pire, but by so doing of the whole world, and  
clusively of the throne of David. Our Lord,  
reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and  
worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and  
indignity of the Romans, declaring how little  
hey merited to be restored to that liberty, which  
they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly re-  
fers to the greatness of his own future kingdom.  
Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his  
poffered gifts, professes that the only terms, on  
which he will bestow them, are our Savior's fall-  
ing down and worshipping him. Our Lord ex-  
presses a firm but temperate indignation at such  
a proposition, and rebukes the tempter by the title  
of "Satan for ever damned." Satan, abashed,  
attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a  
new ground of temptation, and proposing to Jesus  
the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and  
knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat  
of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other  
various resorts of learned teachers and their dis-  
ciples; accompanying the view with a highly-  
finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, po-  
ets, orators and philosophers of the different sects.  
Jesus replies, by showing the vanity and insuffi-  
ciency of the boasted heathen philosophy; and  
prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence and didac-  
tic policy of the Greeks, those of the inspired  
Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure  
of all his attempts, upbraids the indiscretion of  
our Savior in rejecting his offers; and, having, in  
reulce of his expected kingdom, foretold the suf-  
ferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him  
back into the wilderness, and leaves him there.  
Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous  
storm, and attempts further to alarm Jesus with  
frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres;  
which, however, have no effect upon him. A  
calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the  
borders of the night. Satan again presents him-  
self to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the  
storm of the preceding night as pointed chiefly at  
him, takes occasion once more to insult him with  
an account of the sufferings which he was cer-  
tainly to undergo. This only draws from our  
Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height  
of his desperation, confesses that he had frequ-  
ently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to dis-  
cover if he was the true Messiah; and, collecting  
from what passed at the river Jordan that he most  
probably was so, he had from that time more as-  
siduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some  
advantage over him, which would most effectual-  
ly prove that he was not really that Divine Per-  
son destined to be his "fatal enemy." In this he  
acknowledges that he has hitherto completely  
failed; but still determines to make one more  
trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the  
Temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a point  
of eminence, requires him to prove his divinity  
either by standing there, or casting himself down  
with safety. Our Lord reproves the tempter, and  
at the same time manifests his own divinity by  
standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed  
and terrified, instantly falls; and repairs to his in-

fernal compeers to relate the bad success of his  
enterprise. Angels in the mean time convey our  
blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while  
they minister to him a repast of celestial food,  
celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success  
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve:  
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve;  
This far his over-match, who, self-deceiv'd  
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:  
But as a man, who had been matchless held  
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,  
To save his credit, and for every spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dash'd; the assault renew  
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end;  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Savior to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
Wash'd by the southern sea, and, on the north,  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,  
From cold Septentrion blast; thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With towers and temples proudly elevate  
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,  
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens, and groves, presented to his eyes,  
Above the height of mountains interpos'd:  
(By what strange parallax, or optic skill  
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to inquire.)  
And now the tempter thus his silence broke.  
"The city which thou seest, no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the Earth,  
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest,  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable, and there mount Palatine  
The imperial palace, compass huge and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of Gods, (so well I have dispos'd  
My nery microscope,) thou may'st behold,  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers,  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;

Pretors, proconsuls, to their provinces  
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,  
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:  
 Or embassies from regions far remote,  
 In various habits, on the Appian road,  
 Or on the Emilian; some from farthest south,  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Merce, Nilotic isle; and, more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
 From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;  
 From India and the golden Chersonese,  
 And utmost Indian isle 'T'aprobane,  
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd;  
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
 Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay;  
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,  
 In ample territory, wealth, and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,  
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,  
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;  
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
 This emperor hath no son, and now is old,  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd  
 To Capree, an island small, but strong,  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;  
 Committing to a wicked favorite  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;  
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
 Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,  
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,  
 A victor people free from servile yoke!  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world;  
 Aim at the highest: without the highest attain'd,  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmov'd, replied.  
 "Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou shouldst add to  
 tell

Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone,  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read,)  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems  
 And studs of pearl; to me shouldst tell, who thirst  
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st  
 From nations far and nigh: what honor that,  
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk  
 Of the emperor, how easily subdu'd,  
 How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster; what if I withal  
 Expel a devil who first made him such?  
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out;  
 For him I was not sent; nor yet to free

That people, victor once, now vile and base;  
 Deservedly made vassal; who, once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily scene effeminate,  
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd!  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the Earth;  
 Or as a stone, that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world;  
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
 Means there shall be to this; but what the means  
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the tempter, impudent, replied.  
 "I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:  
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:  
 On the other side know also thou, that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem,  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
 All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,  
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give,  
 (For, given to me, I give to whom I please.)  
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
 And worship me as thy superior lord,  
 (Easily done,) and hold them all of me;  
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Savior answer'd with disdain.  
 "I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less;  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
 The abominable terms, impious condition:  
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd  
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written,  
 The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt wor-  
 ship

The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
 To worship thee accur'd? now more accur'd  
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
 And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;  
 Other donation none thou canst produce.  
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,  
 God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the giver now  
 Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
 As offer them to me, the Son of God?  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st  
 That Evil-one, Satan for ever damn'd."

To whom the fiend, with fear abash'd, replied.  
 "Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,  
 If I, to try whether in higher sort  
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
 What both from men and angels I receive,

of fire, air, flood, and on the Earth,  
 beside from all the quarter'd winds,  
 his world invok'd, and world beneath:  
 n thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 oost fatal, me it most concerns;  
 hath endmag'd thee no way,  
 ore honor left and more esteem;  
 ht advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.  
 o let pass, as they are transitory,  
 gloms of this world; I shall no more  
 ee; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
 thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd  
 a worldly crown; addicted more  
 mplantation and profound dispute,  
 at early action may be judg'd,  
 ipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st  
 to the temple, there was found  
 he gravest rabbies, disputant  
 and questions fitting Moses' chair.  
 ; not taught. The childhood shows the man,  
 ing shows the day: be famous then  
 an; as thy empire must extend,  
 tend thy mind o'er all the world  
 ledge, all things in it comprehend.  
 ledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,  
 tateuch, or what the prophets wrote;  
 tiles also know, and write, and teach  
 ation, led by Nature's light,  
 the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
 em by persuasion, as thou mean'st;  
 their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
 with thee, bold conversation meet?  
 t thou reason with them, how refute  
 iams, traditions, paradoxes?  
 his own arms is best evinc'd.  
 e more, ere we leave this specular mount.  
 d, much nearer by south-west, behold  
 n the Ægean shore a city stands,  
 dy, pure the air, and light the soil;  
 he eye of Greece, mother of arts  
 uence, native to famous wits  
 able, in her sweet recess,  
 aburban, studious walks and shades.  
 : the olive-grove of Academe,  
 firement, where the Attic bird  
 r thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
 wery hill Hymettus, with the sound  
 industrious murmur, oft invites  
 us musing; there Ilissus rolls  
 pering stream: within the walls, then view  
 ols of ancient sages; his who bred  
 exander to subdue the world,  
 there, and painted Stoa next:  
 alt thou hear and learn the secret power  
 ny, in tones and numbers hit  
 or hand; and various-measur'd verse,  
 harms and Dorian lyric odes,  
 who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Hesigenes, thence Homer call'd,  
 oem Phæbus challeng'd for his own:  
 what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 s or Iambic, teachers best  
 prudence, with delight receiv'd  
 sententious precepts, while they treat  
 nd chance, and change in human life,  
 ions and high passions best describing:  
 o the famous orators repair,  
 cient, whose resistless eloquence  
 at will that fierce democratic,  
 e arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece

To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:  
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house  
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd  
 Wicest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools  
 Of academics old and new, with those  
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;  
 Those hero revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd."  
 To whom our Savior sagely thus replied.  
 "Think not but that I know these things, or think  
 I know them not; not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought: he, who receives  
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;  
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;  
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,  
 But virtue joined with riches and long life;  
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride,  
 By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
 And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,  
 And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none;  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not: or, by delusion,  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
 An empty cloud. However, many books,  
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
 (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)  
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
 Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
 Or, if I would delight my private hours  
 With music or with poem, where so soon  
 As in our native language, can I find  
 That solace? All our law and story strew'd  
 With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
 That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own.

In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
 Thin sown with nought of profit or delight,  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
 Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,  
 The Holiest of Holies, and his saints,  
 (Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee.)  
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
 The top of eloquence; statista indeed,  
 And lovers of their country, as may seem;  
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
 The solid rules of civil government,  
 In their majestic unaffected style,  
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
 These only with our law best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now  
 Quite at a loss, (for all his darts were spent.)  
 Thus to our Savior with stern brow replied.

"Since neither wealth nor honor, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me propos'd in life contemplative  
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
 What dost thou in this world? The wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee; yet remember  
 What I foretold thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
 Nicely or cautiously, my offer'd aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fullness of time, thy season  
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
 Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,  
 Or Heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters,  
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
 Sorrows, and labors, opposition, hate  
 Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;  
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
 Real or allegoric, I discern not;  
 Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,  
 Without beginning; for no date prefix'd  
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying he took, (for still he knew his power  
 Not yet expir'd,) and to the wilderness  
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
 As daylight sunk, and brought in lowering night,  
 Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light and absent day.  
 Our Savior meek, and with untroubled mind  
 After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose branching arms thick interwind might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;  
 But, shelter'd, slept in vain: for at his head  
 The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturb'd his sleep. And either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven: the clouds,

From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd  
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire  
 In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts  
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
 Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there;  
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round [shriek'd,  
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace!  
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till Morning fair  
 Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice grey;  
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the Sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheer'd the face of Earth, and dried the wet  
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.  
 Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
 Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
 The prince of darkness; glad would also seem  
 Of this fair change, and to our Savior came;  
 Yet with no new device, (they all were spent.)  
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,  
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.  
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;  
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
 And in a careless mood thus to him said.

"Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
 After a dismal night: I heard the wrack,  
 As earth and sky would mingle; but myself [them  
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear  
 As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,  
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as inconsiderable  
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone;  
 Yet, as being oft-times noxious where they light  
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:  
 This tempest at this desert most was bent;  
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
 Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,  
 For both the when and how is nowhere told?  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;  
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
 The time and means. Each act is rightliest done  
 Not when it must, but when it may be best:  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;

"this ominous night, that clos'd thee round,  
 'terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 in thee, as a sure foregoing sign."  
 k'd he, while the Son of God went on  
 d not, but in brief him answer'd thus:  
 worse than wet thou find'st not: other harm  
 rrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none;  
 fear'd they could, though noising loud  
 ratening high: what they can do as signs  
 g, or ill-boding, I contemn  
 portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
 owing I shall reign past thy preventing.  
 t thy offer'd aid, that I, accepting,  
 might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 as spirit! and wouldst be thought my God;  
 m'st refus'd, thinking to terrify  
 y will! desist, (thou art discern'd,  
 'st in vain,) nor me in vain molest."  
 som the fiend, now swollen with rage, replied.  
 hear. O son of David, virgin-born,  
 of God to me is yet in doubt;  
 Messiah I had heard foretold  
 re prophets; of thy birth at length,  
 c'd by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
 the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
 irth-night that sung thee Savior born.  
 at time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
 unc, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 hood last, though yet in private bred;  
 he ford of Jordan, whither all  
 the Baptist I, among the rest,  
 not to be baptiz'd,) by voice from Heaven  
 ee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.  
 irth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 rower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 degree or meaning thou art call'd  
 of God; which bears no single sense.  
 of God I also am, or was;  
 was, I am; relation stands;  
 are sons of God; yet thee I thought  
 respect far higher so declar'd:  
 re I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 ow'd thee still on to this waste wild;  
 by all best conjectures, I collect  
 t to be my fatal enemy:  
 ason then, if I beforehand seek  
 stand my adversary, who  
 at he is; his wisdom, power, intent:  
 or composition, truce or league,  
 him, or win from him what I can:  
 portunity I here have had  
 hee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 gainst all temptation, as a rock  
 ant, and, as a centre, firm:  
 utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 re; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 en before contemn'd, and may again.  
 re, to know what more thou art than man,  
 aming Son of God by voice from Heaven,  
 method I must now begin."  
 ying he caught him up, and, without wing  
 griff, bore through the air sublime,  
 e wilderness and o'er the plain,  
 ernaeth them fair Jerusalem,  
 y city, lifted high her towers,  
 her yet the glorious temple rear'd  
 , far off appearing like a mount  
 ster, top'd with golden spires:  
 the highest pinnacle, he set  
 of God: and added thus in scorn.

"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd: highest is  
 best:  
 Now show thy progeny: if not to stand,  
 Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God:  
 For it is written, 'He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone."  
 To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,  
 'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and stood:  
 But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.  
 As when Earth's son Anceus, (to compare  
 Small things with greatest,) in Irtassa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foil'd, still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,  
 Throttled at length in the air, expir'd and fell;  
 So, after many a foil, the tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,  
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall:  
 And as that Theban monster, that propos'd  
 Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,  
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;  
 So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend,  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 (Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success.)  
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
 So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft  
 From his uneasy station, and upbore,  
 As on a floating couch, through the blithe air;  
 Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine  
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,  
 And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,  
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd  
 What hunger, if aught hunger, had impair'd,  
 Or thirst; and, as he fed, angelic quires  
 Sung heavenly anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation and the tempter proud.  
 "True image of the Father; whether thron'd  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrin'd  
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
 Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with godlike force indu'd  
 Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,  
 And thief of Paradise! him long of old  
 Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast  
 With all his army; now thou hast aveng'd  
 Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.  
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
 For, though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
 A fairer Paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
 A Savior, art come down to re-install,  
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
 Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
 But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long  
 Rule in the clouds like an autumnal star,



Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down  
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, (yet not thy last and deadliest wound.)  
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell  
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: he, all unarm'd,  
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy legions: yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
Lest he command them down into the deep,  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.—  
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work  
Now enter; and begin to save mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Savior meek,  
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refresh'd,  
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserv'd,  
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

## SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

ARISTOT. *Poet.* cap. 6.

*Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως στυχάλης, κ. τ. λ.*

Tragedia est imitatio actionis serie, &c. per misericordiam et  
metum perficiens talium affectuum illustrationem.

*Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is called  
Tragedy.*

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath  
been ever held the gravest, moralst, and most  
profitable of all other poems: therefore said by  
Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear,  
or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like  
passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just  
measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by read-  
ing or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is  
Nature wanting in her own effects to make good  
his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melanco-  
lic hue and quality are used against melancholy,  
sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors.—  
Hence Philosophers and other gravest writers, as  
Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of  
tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their dis-  
course. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not  
unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the  
text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33.; and Parnus,  
commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole  
book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a  
chorus of heavenly harpings and song between.  
Heretofore men in highest dignity have labored not  
a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy.  
Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less am-  
bitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny.  
Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but  
unable to please his own judgment with what he

had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, pher, is by some thought the author of dies (at least the best of them) that go name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of thought it not unbecoming the sanc person to write a tragedy, which is enti suffering. This is mentioned to vindic from the small esteem, or rather infi in the account of many it undergoes with other common interludes; happeni the poet's error of intermixing comic tragic sadness and gravity; or introdu and vulgar persons, which by all jud been counted absurd; and brought discretion, corruptly to gratify the pe though ancient tragedy use no prologu sometimes, in case of self-defence, or that which Martial calls an epistle; in this tragedy coming forth after the ancie much different from what among us pas thus much beforehand may be epistled rus is here introduced after the Greek n ancient only but modern, and still in use Italians. In the modelling therefore of with good reason, the ancients and rather followed, as of much more authorit The measure of verse used in the Chor sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic Apolelymenon, without regard had to S tirophe, or Epode, which were a kind framed only for the music, then used Chorus that sung; not essential to the therefore not material; or, being dividz as or pauses, they may be called Al Division into act and scene referring ch stage (to which this work never was i here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be fou- duced beyond the fifth act. Of the sty formity, and that commonly called the pl intricate or explicit, which is nothing such economy, or disposition of the fal stand best with verisimilitude and dec only will best judge who are not unacqu Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the poets unequalled yet by any, and the b all who endeavor to write tragedy. T scription of time, wherein the whole dr and ends, is, according to ancient rule, a ample, within the space of twenty-four h

## THE ARGUMENT.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now ir at Gaza, there to labor as in a cor house, on a festival day, in the gener from labor, comes forth into the ope place nigh, somewhat retired, there to and bemoan his condition. Where he length to be visited by certain friends of his tribe, which makes the Chorus, to comfort him what they can; then father Manoah, who endeavors the like al tells him his purpose to procure his ransom; lastly, that this feast was pro the Philistines as a day of thankgivin deliverance from the hands of Samson. more troubles him. Manoah then

his endeavor with the Philistine lords  
 n's redemption; who in the meanwhile  
 by other persons; and lastly by a pub-  
 to require his coming to the feast bo-  
 rds and people, to play or show his  
 their presence; he at first refuses, dis-  
 e public officer with absolute denial to  
 length, persuaded inwardly that this  
 God, he yields to go along with him,  
 now the second time with great threat-  
 etch him: the Chorus yet remaining on  
 Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to  
 re long his son's deliverance: in the  
 which discourse an Hebrew comes in  
 fusedly at first, and afterward more dis-  
 ating the catastrophe, what Samson had  
 he Philistines, and by accident to him-  
 rewith the tragedy ends.

## THE PERSONS.

is father of Samson.  
 wife.  
 Gath.  
 or.

anites.

Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

AMSON, [Attendant leading him.]

ward lend thy guiding hand  
 k steps, a little further on;  
 ank hath choice of sun or shade:  
 wont to sit, when any chance  
 from my task of servile toil,  
 common prison else enjoin'd me,  
 prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
 rison'd also, close and damp,  
 se draught: but here I feel amends,  
 f Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet  
 ring born; here leave me to respire.—  
 olemn feast the people hold  
 eir sea-idol, and forbid  
 orks; unwillingly this rest  
 ition yields me; hence with leave  
 n the popular noise, I seek  
 ented place to find some ease,  
 body some, none to the mind  
 s thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
 rm'd, no sooner found alone,  
 on me thronging, and present  
 what once I was, and what am now.  
 : was my birth from Heaven foretold  
 n angel, who at last in sight  
 parents all in flames ascended  
 altar, where an offering burn'd,  
 column charioting  
 presence, and from some great act  
 veal'd to Abraham's race?  
 y breeding order'd and prescrib'd  
 on separate to God,  
 great exploits; if I must die  
 xiv'd, and both my eyes put out,  
 enemies the scorn and gaze;  
 brazen fetters under task

With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious  
 strength,

Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd  
 Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:  
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold  
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command!  
 God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries;  
 So many, and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;  
 They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day!  
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,  
 "Let there be light, and light was over all;"  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree!  
 The Sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the Moon,  
 When she deserts the night,  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part; why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,  
 That she might look at will through every pore?  
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,  
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable!  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;  
 Buried, yet not exempt,  
 By privilege of death and burial,

From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs ;  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear  
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

[Enter CHORUS.]

*Chor.* This, this is he ; softly awhile,  
 Let us not break in upon him :  
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
 With languish'd head unpropt,  
 As one past hope, abandon'd,  
 And by himself given over ;  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soil'd ;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renown'd,  
 Irresistible Samson ? whom unarm'd [withstand ;  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid ;  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron ;  
 And, weaponless himself,  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean proof ?  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Asca-  
 lonite  
 Fled from his lion ramp ; old warriors turn'd  
 Their plated backs under his heel ;  
 Or, groveling, soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day. [bore  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders  
 The gates of Azza, pent, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so ;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark !  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)  
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul, [plain  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-  
 Imprison'd now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light  
 To incorporate with gloomy night ;  
 For inward light, alas !  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on Earth unparallel'd !  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate  
 Whom long descent of birth,

Or the sphere of fortune, raises ;  
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the Earth,  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises. [air  
*Sams.* I hear the sound of words ; their sense the  
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.  
*Chor.* He speaks, let us draw nigh.—Matchless in  
 might,

The glory late of Israel, now the grief ;  
 We come, thy friends and neighbors not unknown,  
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
 To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better,  
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
 Salve to thy sores ; apt words have power to sweep  
 The tumors of a troubled mind.  
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds. [learn  
*Sams.* Your coming, friends, revives me ; for I  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most  
 I would be understood ; in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,  
 How many evils have inclos'd me round :  
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
 Blindness ; for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
 How could I once look up or heave the head,  
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd  
 My vessel trusted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear,  
 Fool ! have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
 To a deceitful woman ! tell me, friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every street ? do they not say, how well  
 Are come upon him his deserts ! yet why ?  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;  
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd.  
 These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal ; wisest men  
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd ;  
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides :  
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sams.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd  
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel : they knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God ; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd  
 The marriage on ; that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
 She proving false, the next I took to wife  
 (O that I never had ! fond wish too late,)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end ; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors : of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness !)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
 Thou never wast amiss, I bear thee witness ;  
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 's governors and heads of tribes,  
 ing those great acts which God had done  
 ' me against their conquerors  
 edg'd not, or not at all consider'd,  
 ice offered : I on the other side  
 mbition to commend my deeds :  
 Is themselves, though mute, spoke loud the  
 doer :  
 persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 them things worth notice, till at length  
 Is, the Philistines, with gather'd powers  
 udea seeking me, who then  
 e rock of Ethan was retir'd ;  
 g but forecasting in what place  
 on them, what advantag'd best ;  
 le the men of Judah, to prevent  
 as of their land, beset me round ;  
 y on some conditions came  
 ' hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 acircumcis'd a welcome prey,  
 ith two cords ; but cords to me were threads  
 with the flame : on their whole host I flew  
 and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 icest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.  
 th that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
 l by this possess'd the towers of Gath,  
 d over them whom they now serve :  
 more oft, in nations grown corrupt,  
 heir vices brought to servitude,  
 ove bondage more than liberty,  
 with ease than strenuous liberty ;  
 espise, or envy, or suspect  
 od hath of his special favor rais'd  
 deliverer ? if he aught begin,  
 nent to desert him, and at last  
 ingratitude on worthiest deeds !  
 Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 coth and the fort of Penuel  
 at deliverer condemn'd,  
 hless Gideon, in pursuit  
 n and her vanquish'd kings :  
 ingrateful Ephraim  
 : with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 e than by his shield and spear,  
 Israel from the Ammonite,  
 his prowess quell'd their pride  
 re battle, when so many died  
 reprieve, adjudg'd to death,  
 of well pronouncing Shibboleth.  
 Of such examples add me to the roll ;  
 ' indeed mine may neglect.  
 ' propos'd deliverance not so.  
 Just are the ways of God,  
 ifiable to men ;  
 ere be, who think not God at all :  
 , they walk obscure ;  
 ch doctrine never was there school,  
 eart of the fool,  
 an therein doctor but himself.  
 re there be, who doubt his ways not just,  
 own edicts found contradicting,  
 e the reins to wandering thought,  
 as of his glory's diminution ;  
 heir own perplexities involv'd,  
 el more, still less resolv'd,  
 r find self-satisfying solution.  
 hey would confine the Interminable,  
 aim to his own precept  
 le our laws to bind us, not himself,

And hath full right to exempt  
 Whom so it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstriction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt ;  
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.  
 He would not else, who never wanted means,  
 Nor, in respect of the enemy, just cause,  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste.  
 Down, reason, then ; at least vain reasonings down ;  
 Though reason here aver,  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :  
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.  
 But see, here comes thy reverend sire  
 With careful step, locks white as down,  
 Old Manoah : advise  
 Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.  
*Sams.* Ay me ! another inward grief, awak'd  
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

[Enter MANOAH.]

*Man.* Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
 Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,  
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
 My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd  
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
 Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state,  
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change ! is this the man,  
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
 Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,  
 None offering fight ; who single combatant  
 Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
 Himself an army, now unequal match  
 To save himself against a coward arm'd  
 At one spear's length ? O ever-failing trust  
 In mortal strength ! and oh ! what not in man  
 Deceivable and vain ? Nay, what thing good  
 Pray'd for, but often proves our bane ?  
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
 In wedlock a reproach ; I gain'd a son,  
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy ;—  
 Who would be now a father in my stead ?  
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd ?  
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand  
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind ?  
 For this did the angel twice descend ! for this  
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
 Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,  
 The miracle of men ; then in an hour  
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves ?  
 Alas ! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds if he through frailty err.  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

*Sams.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, father ;  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
 But justly : I myself have brought them on,  
 Sole author I, sole cause : if aught seem vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd

The mystery of God given me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.  
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,  
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her height  
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight  
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
And rivals? In this other was there found  
More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd  
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?  
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,  
And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;  
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly, and with what impudence  
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse  
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
She sought to make me traitor to myself;  
Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,  
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not, day nor night,  
To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out.  
At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolv'd,  
Might easily have shook off all her snares:  
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd  
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
To honor and religion! servile mind  
Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,  
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this  
That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son.  
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
Find some occasion to infect our foes.  
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner  
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,  
To violate the sacred trust of silence  
Deposited within thee; which to have kept  
Tacit was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st  
Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;  
This day the Philistines a popular feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim  
Great pomp, and sacrifices, and praises loud,  
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd  
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands.  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,  
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,  
Diaglorified, blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

*Sam.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
That I this honor, I this pomp, have brought  
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high  
Among the heathen round: to God have brought  
Dishonor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths  
Of idolists, and atheists: have brought scandal  
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;  
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
Mine eye to harbor sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
With me hath end: all the contest is now  
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,  
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
His deity comparing and preferring  
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,  
But will arise, and his great name assert:  
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee, at  
these words

I as a prophecy receive; for God,  
Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his name  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it doubtful, whether God be Lord,  
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,  
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,  
Neglected. I already have made way  
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
About thy ransom: well they may by this  
Have satisfied thy utmost of revenge  
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflict  
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

*Sam.* Spare that proposal, father; spare it  
trouble

Of that solicitation; let me here,  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;  
And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
Secrets of men, tho' secrets of a friend,  
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded  
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
The mark of fool set on his front? But I  
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin  
That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
To their alyas and horrid pains confin'd.

*Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;  
But act not in thy own affliction, son;  
Repent the sin; but, if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps  
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
Who evermore approves, and more accepts,  
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission.)  
Him, who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due;  
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased  
For self-offence, more than for God offended.

then what offer'd means; who knows  
 at set before us, to return thee  
 hy country and his sacred house,  
 u may'at bring thy offerings, to avert  
 r ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?  
 His pardon I implore; but as for life,  
 nd should I seek it? when in strength  
 as I excell'd, and great in hopes  
 hful courage, and magnanimous thoughts,  
 rom Heaven foretold, and high exploits,  
 vine instinct, after some proof  
 ideed heroic, far beyond  
 of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,  
 f danger, like a petty god  
 about admir'd of all, and dreaded  
 ground, none daring my affront.  
 d I'n with pride into the snare I fell  
 llacious looks, venereal trains,  
 with pleasure and voluptuous life.  
 to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
 strength in the lascivious lap  
 itful concubine, who shore me  
 ne wether, all my precious fleece,  
 id me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 nd disarm'd among mine enemies.  
 Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 any a famous warrior overturns,  
 ldat repress; nor did the dancing ruby  
 out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,  
 at cheers the heart of gods or men,  
 e from the cool crystalline stream.  
 Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
 ie eastern ray, translucent, pure  
 h ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,  
 rom the clear milky juice allaying  
 d refresh'd: nor envied them the grape  
 ads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.  
 O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
 ged drinks our chief support of health,  
 od with these forbidd'n made choice to  
 rear  
 y champion, strong above compare,  
 ink was only from the liquid brook.  
 But what avail'd this temperance, not com-  
 plete  
 nother object more enticing?  
 us it at one gate to make defence,  
 oother to let in the foe,  
 ely vanquish'd? by which means,  
 d, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonor'd, quell'd,  
 can I be useful, wherein serve  
 n, and the work from Heaven impos'd,  
 idle on the household hearth,  
 ous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
 object, these redundant locks  
 is to no purpose clustering down.  
 ument of strength; till length of years  
 ntary numbness craze my limbs  
 emptible old age obscure?  
 or let me drudge, and earn my bread;  
 in, or the draff of servile food,  
 me, and oft-invoked death  
 ie welcome end of all my pains.  
 Vilt thou then serve the Philistines with  
 that gift  
 as expressly given thee to annoy them?  
 home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 t, unemploy'd, with age outworn.  
 who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
 dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay

After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast:  
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
 His might continues in thee not for nought,  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor the other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself;  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions, which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humors black,  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm,  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

[Exit.

*Sams.* O that torment should not be confin'd  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast, and reins;  
 But must secret passage find  
 To the inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains, but more intense,  
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
 As a lingering disease,  
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;  
 Nor less than wounds immedicable  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification.  
 Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:  
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
 And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursing once, and choice delight,  
 His destin'd from the womb,  
 Promis'd by heavenly incense twice descending.  
 Under his special eye  
 Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;  
 He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
 Above the nerve of mortal arm.  
 Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies:  
 But now hath cast me off as never known,  
 And to those cruel enemies,  
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,  
 Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss  
 Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remedies:  
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard  
 No long petition, speedy death.  
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:  
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,  
Not evenly, as thou rul'st  
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That, wandering loose about,  
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,  
Heads without name no more remember'd;  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,  
To some great work, thy glory,  
And people's safety, which in part they effect:  
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,  
Amidst their height of noon,  
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no  
regard

Of highest favors past  
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them  
high,

Unseemly falls in human eye,  
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;  
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
Of heathen and profane, their carcases  
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;  
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.  
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
Painful diseases and deform'd  
In crude old age;  
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,  
Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.—

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?  
Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
Of Javan or Gadiere  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
Courtied by all the winds that hold them play,

An amber scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;  
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;  
And now at nearer view, no other certain  
Than Dalila thy wife.

[near me]

*Sams.* My wife! my traitress: let her not come

*Chor.* Yet on she moves, now stands and eye  
thee fix'd,

About to have spoke; but now, with head declin'd  
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps  
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,  
Wetting the borders of her sillon veil:  
But now again she makes address to speak.

[Enter DALILA.]

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,  
Which to have merited, without excuse,  
I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears  
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew  
In the perverse event than I foresaw,)  
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection,  
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,  
Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
If aught in my ability may serve  
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

*Sams.* Out, out, hyena! these are thy wonted arts,  
And arts of every woman false like thee,  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;  
Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
Again transgresses, and again submits;  
That wisest and best men, full oft beguill'd,  
With goodness principled not to reject  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,  
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
But that on the other side, if it be weigh'd  
By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,  
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  
I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
First, granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, impertune,  
Of secrets, then, with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults:  
Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity, that is, for nought,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
To what I did thou show'st me first the way.  
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:  
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's  
frailty:

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.

Let weakness then with weakness come to parle.

ed, or the same of kind.  
 : mine; that men may censure thine  
 if severely thou exact not  
 h from me, than in thyself was found.  
 love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
 of love, powerful of sway  
 aria, nor less in mind towards thee,  
 I did? I saw thee mutable  
 r'd lest one day thou wouldest leave me  
 nna, sought by all means therefore  
 ar, and hold thee to me firmest:  
 y I saw than by impertuning  
 secrets, get into my power  
 trength and safety: thou wilt say,  
 veal? I was assur'd by those  
 l me, that nothing was design'd  
 but safe custody, and hold:  
 r me; I knew that liberty  
 thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 me sat full of cares and fears,  
 absence in my widow'd bed;  
 I still enjoy thee, day and night,  
 e's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
 self, unhazarded abroad,  
 one of partners in my love.  
 s in love's law have past for good,  
 and reasonless to some perhaps:  
 oft, well-meaning, wrought much woo,  
 ity or pardon hath obtain'd.  
 : all others, not austere  
 trong, inflexible as steel.  
 engh all mortals dost exceed,  
 sionate anger do not so.  
 w cunningly the sorceress displays  
 sgressions, to upbraid me mine?  
 not repentance, brought thee hither,  
 rs: I gave, thou say'st, the example,  
 : bitter reproach, but true;  
 as false ere thou to me;  
 therefore as I give my fully,  
 wicked deed; which when thou seest  
 eevere, inexorable,  
 nounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 gn'd: weakness is thy excuse,  
 e it; weakness to resist  
 d: if weakness may excuse,  
 rer, what traitor, parricide,  
 acreligious, but may plead it?  
 s is weakness: that plea therefore  
 man will gain thee no remission.  
 strain'd thee; call it furious rage  
 / lust: love seeks to have love;  
 couldst thou hope, who took'st the way  
 so inexorable hate,  
 needs I must, by thee betray'd?  
 striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 as thy crime uncover'st more.  
 : thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 man, though to thy own condemning,  
 assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 girt me round, ere I consented;  
 : have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
 est, to have yielded without blame.  
 dd, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 t with me: thou know'st the magistrates  
 of my country came in person,  
 mmanded, threaten'd, urg'd,  
 ll the bonds of civil duty  
 on, press'd how just it was,  
 le, how glorious, to entrap

A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how morituous with the gods  
 It would be to enslave an irreligious  
 Dishonorer of Dagon: what had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,  
 So ripe and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.  
*Sams.* I thought where all thy circling wiles  
 would end;  
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy!  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st;  
 Too well; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but overpower'd  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing:  
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection, but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs; if aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations;  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear;  
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods, unable  
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be;  
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.  
 These false pretexes, and varnish'd colors failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?  
*Dal.* In argument with men, a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse whatever be her cause.  
*Sams.* For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath;  
 Witness when I was worried with thy pen.  
*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;  
 Afford me place to show what recompense  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided; only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
 Where other senses want not their delights  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which  
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
 Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 From forth this luthesome prison-house to abide  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,



May ever tend about thee to old age,  
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,  
That, what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

*Sams.* No, no; of my condition take no care;  
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;  
Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,  
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms.  
No more on me have power; their force is null'd;  
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd,  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate me

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;  
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
Deceivable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily condemn'd and scorn'd,  
And last neglected! How wouldst thou insult,  
When I must live uxurious to thy will  
In perfect thralldom! how again betray me,  
Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!  
This jail I count the house of liberty  
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sams.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
At distance I forgive thee; go with that;  
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives!  
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
To prayers, than winds and seas; yet winds to seas  
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.  
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd!  
To mix with thy concerns I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.  
Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;  
On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.  
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defam'd,  
With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduc'd.  
But in my country, where I most desire,  
In Ebron, Gaza, Ashdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be nam'd among the famousest  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who, to save  
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb  
With odors visit'd and annual flowers;  
Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim  
Jael, who with hospitable guile  
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.  
*Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy*

The public marks of honor and reward,  
Confer'd upon me, for the piety  
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shov  
At this whoever envies or repines,  
I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [f

*Chor.* She's gone, a manifest serpent by her  
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

*Sams.* So let her go; God sent her to debase  
And aggravate my folly, who committed  
To such a viper his most sacred trust  
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life. [po

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath str  
After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
Repul'd, without much inward passion felt  
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sams.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord  
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;  
But what it is, hard is to say,

Harder to hit,  
(Which way soever men refer it.)  
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride  
Had not so soon prefer'd

Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,  
Successor in thy bed,

Nor both so loosely disallied  
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherous  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
Is it for that such outward ornament  
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
Or value what is best

In choice, but oft to affect the wrong?  
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
Of constancy no root infix'd,  
That either they-love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestine, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
Draws him awry enslav'd

With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
Embark'd with such a steerer-mate at the helm?

Favor'd of Heaven, who finds  
One virtuous, rarely found,  
That in domestic good combines:  
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:  
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition.  
And all temptation can remove,  
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
Gave to the man despotic power  
Over his female in due awe,  
Nor from that right to part an hour,  
Smile she or lour:  
So shall he least confusion draw  
On his whole life, not sway'd  
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.  
But had we best retire? I see a storm.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

But this another kind of tempest brings.

Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear of honey'd words; a rougher tongue therward; I know him by his stride, t Harapha of Gath, his look

as is his pile high-built and proud. e in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

jecture than when first I saw

ptuous Dalila floating this way:

t carries peace, his brow defiance.

Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes.

His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

[Enter HARAPHA.]

I come not; Samson, to condole thy chance, perhaps, yet wish it had not been, for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;

me Harapha, of stock renown'd

r Anak, and the Emims old

iathaim held; thou know'st me now

it all art known. Much I have heard

rodidious might and feats perform'd,

le to me, in this displeas'd,

as never present on the place

encounters, where we might have tried

er's force in camp or listed field;

v am come to see of whom such noise

lk'd about, and each limb to survey,

pearance answer loud report.

The way to know were not to see but taste.

Dost thou already single me? I thought

d the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune

ught me to the field, where thou art fam'd

wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!

have forc'd thee soon with other arms,

ny carcass where the ass lay thrown:

he glory of prowess been recover'd

ine, won by a Philistine,

e unforsakin'd race, of whom thou bear'st

rest name for valiant acts; that honor,

to have won by mortal duel from thee,

revented by thy eyes put out.

Boast not of what thou wouldst have done,

but do

en thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand.

To combat with a blind man I disdain,

u hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Such usage as your honorable lords

se, assassinated and betray'd,

rest not with their whole united powers

withstand me single and unarm'd,

be house with chamber-ambushes

nded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,

r had hir'd a woman with their gold

r her marriage-faith to circumvent me.

ce, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd

arrow place inclos'd, where sight may give

thee,

r flight, no great advantage on me;

t on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet

pandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,

ce and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,

er's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;

ith an oaken staff will meet thee,

And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron, Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,

That in a little time, while breath remains thee,

Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast

Again in safety what thou wouldst have done

To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,

Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,

Their ornament and safety, had not spells

And black enchantments, some magician's art,

Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth, was given thee in thy hair,

Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs

Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back

Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts,

My trust is in the living God, who gave me

At my nativity this strength, diffus'd

No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,

'Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,

The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God,

Go to his temple, invoke his aid

With solemnest devotion, spread before him

How highly it concerns his glory now

To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,

Which I to be the power of Israel's God

Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,

Offering to combat thee his champion bold,

With the utmost of his Godhead seconded:

'Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,

Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;

Thou he regards not, owns not, hath cut off

Quite from his people, and deliver'd up

Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them

To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee

Into the common prison, there to grind

Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,

As good for nothing else; no better service

With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match

For valor to assail, nor by the sword

Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,

But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are

From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,

Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me

Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,

Whose ear is ever open, and his eye

Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:

In confidence whereof I once again

Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,

By combat to decide whose God is God,

Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trust-

ing

He will accept thee to defend this cause,

A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

*Sams.* Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove

me these?

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords?

Their magistrates confess'd it when they took thee

As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound

Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed

Notorious murder on those thirty men

At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,

Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?

The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the lea-

Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sams.* Among the daughters of the Philistines  
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;  
And in your city held my nuptial feast:  
But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride  
To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,  
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.  
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,  
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil,  
To pay my underminers in their coin.  
My nation was subjected to your lords;  
It was the force of conquest: force with force  
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
But I a private person, whom my country  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.  
I was no private, but a person rais'd  
With strength sufficient, and command from Heaven,  
To free my country; if their servile minds  
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,  
But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.  
I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,  
And had perform'd it, if my known offence  
Had not disabled me, not all your force:  
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
Though by his blindness main'd for high attempts,  
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
As a petty enterprise of small enforce. [roll'd]

*Har.* With thee! a man condemn'd, a slave on-  
Due by the law to capital punishment!  
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sams.* Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to sur-  
vey me,

To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer; part not hence so slight inform'd;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

*Har.* O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

*Sams.* No man withholds thee, nothing from thy  
hand

Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sams.* Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down  
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries, in irons loaden on thee. [Exit]

*Chor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crestfallen,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,  
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;  
And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already felt

They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labors,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;  
The worst that he can give to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* Oh how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might

To quell the mighty of the Earth, the oppressor.  
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
Hardly and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honor truth;

He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigor arm'd;  
Their armories and magazines contemns,  
Renders them useless; while  
With winged expedition,  
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,  
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each his own deliverer  
And victory over all

'That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

Either of these is in thy lot,  
Samson, with might endued  
Above the sons of men; but sight bereav'd  
May chance to number thee with those  
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
Laboring thy mind

More than the working day thy hands.  
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
For I descry this way

Some other tending; in his hand  
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
By his habit I discern him now  
A public officer, and now at hand;  
His message will be short and voluble.

[Enter OFFICER.]

*Off.* Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.  
*Chor.* His manacles remark him, there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;  
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games:  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate.  
And now some public proof thereof require  
To honor this great feast, and great assembly:  
Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,  
Where I will see thee hearten'd, and fresh clad,  
To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

*Sams.* Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore  
tell them,

Our law forbids at their religious rites  
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assur'd, will not content  
them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every

ac artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
must pick me out, with shackles tir'd,  
r-labor'd at their public mill.  
e them sport with blind activity?  
not seek occasion of new quarrels,  
 refusal to distress me more,  
 a game of my calamities?  
he way thou cam'st: I will not come  
regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Myself? my conscience, and internal peace.  
y think me so broken, so debas'd  
rporal servitude, that my mind ever  
descend to such absurd commands?  
h their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
them feats, and play before their god,  
ret of all indignities, yet on mo  
ith extreme contempt? I will not come.  
My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
so delay: is this thy resolution?  
So take it with what speed thy message  
needs.

am sorry what this stoutness will produce.  
[Exit.]  
Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow  
indeed.

Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd  
e height, whether to hold or break:  
re, and who knows how he may report  
rds by adding fuel to the flame?  
nother message more imperious,  
dly thundering than thou wilt well bear.

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
gth, again returning with my hair  
r great transgression, so requite  
new'd, and add a greater sin  
ituting holy things to idols?  
ite in place abominable  
z my strength in honor to their Dagon!  
how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
t more execrably unclean, profane?

Yet with this strength thou serv'st the  
Philistines,

as, uncircumcisd, unclean.  
Not in their idol-worship, but by labor  
and lawful to deserve my food  
who have me in their civil power.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts  
defile not. [tence holds.]

Where outward force constrains, the sen-  
constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
gging! the Philistian lords command.

ds are no constraints. If I obey them,  
eely, venturing to displease  
the fear of man, and man prefer,  
behind; which in his jealousy  
ver, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
he may dispense with me, or thee,  
in temples at idolatrous rites  
e important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my  
reach.

Be of good courage; I begin to feel  
using motions in me, which dispose  
thing extraordinary my thoughts.  
is messenger will go along,  
to do, be sure, that may dishonor  
or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
be sought of preme in the mind.

This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords  
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
Our captive at the public mill, our drudge,  
And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmler fasten'd than a rock.

*Sams.* I could be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious  
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
(So mutable are all the ways of men.)  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution: doff these links:  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* Brethren, farewell; your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight  
Of me as of a common enemy,

So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,  
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd  
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;  
No less the people, on their holy-days,  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide [name]

To what may serve his glory best, and spread his  
Great among the Heathen round;  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire; that spirit, that first rush'd on thee  
In the camp of Dan,  
Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
For never was from Heaven imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.—  
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
With youthful steps? much livelier than erewhile  
He seems; supposing here to find his son.  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

[Enter MANOAH.]

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren; my inducement  
hither

Was not at present here to find my son.  
By order of the lords now parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.  
I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
And numbers thither flock: I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.  
But that, which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly  
To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
With thee; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted one by one the lords,  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and father's tears,  
To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.  
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
That part most reverend Dagon and his priests:  
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both God and state  
They easily would set to sale: a third  
More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
They had enough reveng'd; having reduc'd  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.  
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before  
them,

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And lie in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forego  
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all;  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
And I persuade me, God had not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service;  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain  
Of his delivery, and the joy thereon  
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,  
In both which we, as next, participate. [noise!—

*Man.* I know your friendly minds and—O what  
Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that,  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

*Chor.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:  
Oh! it continues, they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest, running  
thither,

We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n:

From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thou

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incred  
For his people of old; what hinders now?

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belie  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the soon  
For evil news rides post, while good news bate  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

[Enter MESSENGER.]

*Mess.* O whither shall I run, or which way I  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold,  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But providence or instinct of nature seems.  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consults  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance deferred

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen  
In a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not sad  
The desolation of a hostile city. [sui

*Mess.* Feed on that first: there may in grief

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still less

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;

Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture, speak them

*Mess.* Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead

*Man.* The worst indeed, O all my hopes  
scated

To free him hence! but death, who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,

How died he; death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell, thou say'st: by whom fell he?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell. [p

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then, or how?

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence? what could

Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

Inevitable cause,  
 to destroy, and be destroy'd ;  
 where all were met to see him,  
 ready and on his own he pull'd.  
 Sadly over-strong against thyself !  
 say thou took'st to thy revenge.  
 enough we know ; but while things yet  
 sion, give us, if thou canst,  
 of what first or last was done,  
 re particular and distinct.  
 asions drew me early to this city ;  
 gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
 g trumpets festival proclaim'd  
 h high street : little I had dispatch'd,  
 road was rumor'd that this day  
 ld be brought forth, to show the people  
 mighty strength in feats and games ;  
 t his captive state, but minded  
 went at that spectacle.  
 g was a spacious theatre  
 on two main pillars vaulted high,  
 where all the lords, and each degree  
 ht sit in order to behold !  
 de was open, where the throng  
 d scaffolds under sky might stand ;  
 so aloof obscurely stood.  
 d noon grew high, and sacrifice [wine,  
 eir hearts with mirth, high cheer, and  
 ir sports they turn'd. Immediately  
 as a public servant brought,  
 e livery clad ; before him pipes,  
 s, on each side went armed guards,  
 nd foot, before him and behind  
 l slingers, cataphracts and spears.  
 im the people with a shout  
 r, clamoring their god with praise,  
 ide their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
 but undaunted, where they led him,  
 place ; and what was set before him,  
 out help of eye might he assay'd,  
 ull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
 redible, stupendous force ;  
 to appear antagonist.  
 r intermission's sake they led him  
 : pillars ; he his guide requested  
 such as nearer stood we heard)  
 to let him lean awhile  
 is arms on those two massy pillars,  
 arched roof gave main support.  
 ous, led him ; which when Samson  
 rms, with head awhile inclin'd,  
 t fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,  
 at matter in his mind resolv'd :  
 head erect thus cried aloud,  
 rds, what your commands impos'd  
 rm'd, as reason was, obeying,  
 wonder or delight beheld :  
 own accord such other trial  
 ow you of my strength, yet greater,  
 ze shall strike all who behold."'  
 straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 force of winds and waters pent,  
 tains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 e convulsion to and fro  
 e shook, till down they came, and drew,  
 oof after them, with burst of thunder  
 ads of all who sat beneath,  
 , captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 nobility and flower, not only  
 ach Philistian city round,

Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.

Samson, with these inimix'd, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;  
 The vulgar only 'scap'd who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now liest victorious  
 Among thy slain self-kill'd.  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more  
 Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,

1. *Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,  
 Chanting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary :  
 Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent,  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urg'd them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweetingly impörtun'd  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.

So fond are mortal men,  
 Fall'n into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

2. *Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,  
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue rous'd  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order rang'd  
 Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
 So virtue, given for lost,  
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods embost,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
 Revives, reslourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deem'd ;  
 And, though her body die, her fame survives  
 A secular bird ages of lives.

*Man.* Come, come ; no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel  
 Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame ;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,  
 But favoring and assisting to the end.  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
 Let us go find the body where it lies

Soak'd in his enemies' blood ; and from the stream  
 With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off  
 The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,  
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay.)  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequy, and funeral train,  
 Home to his father's house : there will I build him  
 A monument, and plant it round with shade  
 Of laurel ever-green, and branching palm,  
 With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd  
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts  
 To matchless valor, and adventures high :  
 The virgins also shall, on feastful days,  
 Visit his tomb with flowers ; only bewailing  
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.  
*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
 What the unsearchable dispose  
 Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
 And ever best found in the close,  
 Oft he seems to hide his face,  
 But unexpectedly returns,  
 And to his faithful champion hath in place  
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,  
 And all that band them to resist  
 His uncontrollable intent ;  
 His servants he, with new acquit  
 Of true experience, from this great event  
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd.  
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the Heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
 Nature in awe to him,  
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize :  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
 She wooes the gentle air  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
 She, crown'd with olive-green, came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere,  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;  
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
 Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the Prince of light  
 His reign of peace upon the Earth began :  
 The winds, with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kist,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [wave.  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influence ;  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlighten'd world no more should need :  
 He saw a greater Sun appear [beast.  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or e'er the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
 Full little thought they then,  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose, [close  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly

Nature that heard such sound,  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shamesac'd night array'd ;  
 The helm'd Cherubim,  
 And sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

<p>sic (as 'tis said) as never made, hen of old the sons of morning sung, e Creator great tellations set. ie well-balanc'd world on hinges hung; t the dark foundations deep, [keep. the weltering waves their oozy channel</p> <p>. ye crystal spheres, se our human ears, ave power to touch our senses so; your silver chime melodious time; et the base of Heaven's deep organ blow; r your ninefold harmony, full consort to the angelic symphony.</p> <p>such holy song our fancy long, will run back, and fetch the age of gold; hkl'd Vanity ten soon and die, prouis Sin will melt from earthly mould; ll itself will pass away, e her dolorous mansions to the peering day.</p> <p>ith and Justice then n return to men, in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing, ill sit between, in celestial sheen, adiant feet the tissued clouds down steering; ven, as at some festival, a wide the gates of her high palace hall.</p> <p>st Fate says no, t not yet be so, be yet lies in smiling infancy, the bitter cross seem our loss; r himself and us to glorify: to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep; eful trump of doom must thunder through</p> <p>h a horrid clang unt Sinai rang, [brake: the red fire and smouldering clouds out- l Earth, aghast nor of that blast, rom the surface to the centre shake; t the world's last session, [throne. dful Judge in middle air shall spread his</p> <p>at last our bliss perfect is, w begins; for, from this happy day, Dragon, under ground limits bound, If so far casts his usurped sway; th to see his kingdom fail, he scaly horror of his folded tail.</p> <p>les are dumb, or hideous hum rough the arched roof in words deceiving. om his shrine ore divine, ollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving. y trance, or breathed spell, e pale-ey'd priests from the prophetic cell.</p>	<p>The lonely mountains o'er, And the resounding shore, A voice of weeping heard and loud lament; From haunted spring and dale, Edg'd with poplar pale, The parting genius is with sighing sent; With flower-inwoven tresses torn, [mourn. The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets</p> <p>In consecrated earth, And on the holy hearth, [plaint; The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight In urns, and altars round, A drear and dying sound Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint; And the chill marble seems to sweat, While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.</p> <p>Peor and Baalim Forsake their temples dim, With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine; And mooned Ashtaroth, Heaven's queen and mother both, Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine; The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn, [mourn. In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz</p> <p>And sullen Moloch, fled, Hath left in shadows dread His burning idol all of blackest hue; In vain with cymbals' ring They call the grisly king, In dismal dance about the furnace blue: The brutish gods of Nile as fast, Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.</p> <p>Nor is Osiris seen In Memphian grove or green, [loud: Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings Nor can he be at rest Within his sacred chest; Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud; In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worship ark.</p> <p>He feels from Judah's land The dreaded infant's hand, The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn; Nor all the gods beside Longer dare abide, Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine: Our babe, to show his Godhead true, [crew. Can in his swaddling bands control the damned</p> <p>So, when the Sun in bed, Curtain'd with cloudy red, Pillows his chin upon an orient wave, The flocking shadows pale Troop to the infernal jail. Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave; And the yellow-skirted Fates [maze. Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd</p> <p>But see, the Virgin blest Hath laid her babe to rest; Time is, our tedious song should here have ending: Heaven's youngest-teemed star Hath fix'd her polish'd car, Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending. And all about the courtly stable Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.</p>
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## EDMUND WALLER.

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EDMUND WALLER, born at Coleshill, Hertfordshire, in March, 1605, was the son of Robert Waller, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family and good fortune, who married a sister of the celebrated John Hampden. The death of his father during his infancy left him heir to an estate of 3500*l.* a year, at that period an ample fortune. He was educated first at Eton, whence he was removed to King's College in Cambridge. His election to parliament was as early as between his sixteenth or seventeenth year; and it was not much later that he made his appearance as a poet: and it is remarkable that a copy of verses which he addressed to Prince Charles, in his eighteenth year, exhibits a style and character of versification as perfectly formed as those of his maturest productions. He again served in parliament before he was of age; and he continued his services to a later period. Not insensible of the value of wealth, he augmented his paternal fortune by marriage with a rich city heiress. In the long intermissions of parliament which occurred after 1628, he retired to his mansion of Beaconsfield, where he continued his classical studies, under the direction of his kinsman Morley, afterwards bishop of Winchester; and he obtained admission to a society of able men and polite scholars, of whom Lord Falkland was the connecting medium.

Waller became a widower at the age of twenty-five: he did not, however, spend much time in mourning, but declared himself the suitor of Lady Dorothea Sydney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he has immortalized under the poetical name of *Saccharissa*. She is described by him as a majestic and scornful beauty; and he seems to delight more in her contrast, the gentler *Amoret*, who is supposed to have been a Lady Sophia Murray. Neither of these ladies, however, was won by his poetic strains; and, like another man, he consoled himself in a second marriage.

When the king's necessities compelled him, in 1640, once more to apply to the representatives of the people, Waller, who was returned for Agmondesham, decidedly took part with the members who thought that the redress of grievances should precede a vote for supplies; and he made an energetic speech on the occasion. He continued during three years to vote in general with the Opposition in the Long Parliament, but did not enter into all their measures. In particular, he employed much cool argument against the proposal for the abolition of Episcopacy; and he spoke with freedom and severity against some other plans of the House. In fact, he was at length become a zealous loyalist in his inclinations; and his conduct under the difficulties into which this attachment involved him became a source of his indelible disgrace. A short narrative will suffice for the elucidation of this matter.

Waller had a brother-in-law, named Tomkyns, who was clerk of the queen's council, and possessed great influence in the city among the warm loyalists. On consulting together, they thought it would be possible to raise a powerful party, which might oblige the parliament to adopt pacific measures, by resisting the payment of the taxes levied for the support of the war. About this time Sir Nicholas Crispe formed a design of more dangerous import, which was that of exciting the king's friends in the city to an open resistance of the authority of parliament; and for that purpose he obtained a commission of array from his majesty. This plan appears to have been originally unconnected with the other; yet the commission was made known to Waller and Tomkyns, and the whole was compounded into a horrid and dreadful plot. Waller and Tomkyns were apprehended, when the pusillanimity of the former disclosed the whole secret. "He was so confounded with fear," (says Lord Clarendon,) "that he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, or seen, all that he knew of himself, and all that he suspected of others, without concealing any person, of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse which he had ever upon any occasion entertained with them." The conclusion of this business was, that Tomkyns, and Chaloner, another conspirator, were hanged, and that Waller was expelled the House, tried, and condemned; but after a year's imprisonment, and a fine of ten thousand pounds, was suffered to go into exile. He chose Ronen for his first place of foreign exile, where he lived with his wife till his removal to Paris. In that capital he maintained the appearance of a man of fortune, and entertained hospitably, supporting this style of living chiefly by the sale of his wife's jewels. At length, after the lapse of ten years, being reduced to what he called his *rump* jewel, he thought it time to apply for permission to return to his own country. He obtained this license, and was also restored to his estate, though now diminished to half its former rental. Here he fixed his abode, at a house built by himself, at Beaconsfield; and he renewed his courtly strains by adulation to Cromwell, now Protector, to whom his mother was related. To this usurper the noblest tribute of his muse was paid.

When Charles II. was restored to the crown, and past character was lightly regarded, the stains of that of Waller were forgotten, and his wit and poetry procured him notice at court, and admission to the highest circles. He had also sufficient interest to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, in all the parliaments of that reign. The king's gracious manners emboldened him to ask for the vacant place of provost of Eton college, which was granted him; but Lord Clarendon, then Lord Chancellor, refused to set the seal to the grant, alleging

the statutes laymen were excluded from roship. This was thought the reason why joined the Duke of Buckingham, in his against Clarendon. e accession of James II., Waller, then in year, was chosen representative for Saltaah. now considerably passed the usual limit of life, he turned his thoughts to devotion, and d some divine poems, the usual task in en of gaiety terminate their career. He

died at Beaconsfield in October, 1687, the 83d year of his age. He left several children by his second wife, of whom, the inheritor of his estate, Edmund, after representing Agmondesham in parliament, became a convert to Quakerism.

Waller was one of the earliest poets, who obtained reputation by the sweetness and sonorousness of his strains; and there are perhaps few masters at the present day who surpass him in this particular.

## TO AMORET.

! that you may truly know,  
ou unto Thyrsis owe;  
ill you how I do  
sa love, and you.  
alutes me, when I set  
t eyes on Amoret:  
h wonder I am strook,  
on the other look.  
eet Amoret complains,  
sense of all her pains:  
Sacharissa I  
only grieve, but die.  
at of myself is mine,  
Amoret! is thine,  
sa's captive fain  
untie his iron chain;  
se scorching beams to shun,  
gentle shadow run.  
soul had free election  
ee of her affection  
not thus long have borne  
y Sacharissa's scorn:  
sure some power above,  
controls our wills in love!  
t a love, a strong desire  
te and spread that fire  
reast, solicits me,  
us Amoret! for thee.  
amazement more than love,  
her radiant eyes do move:  
splendor wait on thine,  
y so benignly shine,  
I turn my dazzled sight  
old their milder light  
hard 'tis to destroy  
gh flame, as to enjoy:  
how early I may do,  
(as eas'ly scal'd) does know?  
ret! as sweet and good  
most delicious food,  
but tasted, does impart  
d gladness to the heart.  
rissa's beauty's wine,  
to madness doth incline:  
liquor, as no brain  
mortal can sustain.  
e can I to Heaven excuse  
otion, which I use

Unto that adored dame:  
For 'tis not unlike the same,  
Which I thither ought to send.  
So that if it could take end,  
'Twould to Heaven itself be due,  
To succeed her, and not you:  
Who already have of me  
All that's not idolatry:  
Which, though not so fierce a flame,  
Is longer like to be the same.  
Then smile on me, and I will prove  
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

## TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,  
Fram'd of many nameless stars!  
The smooth stream, where none can say,  
He this drop to that prefers!  
Amoret, my lovely foe!  
Tell me where thy strength does lie?  
Where the power that charms us so?  
In thy soul, or in thy eye?  
By that snowy neck alone,  
Or thy grace in motion seen,  
No such wonders could be done;  
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,  
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod:  
And powerful too, as either god.

## OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,  
Itself discharges on our foes;  
And sorrow too finds some relief  
In tears, which wait upon our grief:  
So every passion but fond love,  
Unto its own redress does move:  
But that alone the wretch inclines  
To what prevents his own designs;  
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,  
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;  
Postures which render him despis'd,  
Where he endeavors to be priz'd:

For women, born to be controll'd,  
 Stoop to the forward and the bold;  
 Affect the haughty and the proud,  
 The gay, the frolic, and the loud.  
 Who first the generous steed oppress,  
 Not kneeling did salute the beast;  
 But with high courage, life, and force,  
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.  
 Unwisely we the wiser East  
 Pity, supposing them oppress  
 With tyrants' force, whose law is will,  
 By which they govern, spoil, and kill:  
 Each nymph, but moderately fair,  
 Commands with no less rigor here.  
 Should some brave Turk, that walks among  
 His twenty lasses, bright and young,  
 And beckons to the willing dame,  
 Preferr'd to quench his present flame,  
 Behold as many gallants here,  
 With modest guise, and silent fear,  
 All to one female idol bend,  
 While her high pride does scarce descend  
 To mark their follies, he would swear,  
 That these her guard of cunuchs were;  
 And that a more majestic queen,  
 Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,  
 In vain I struggled with the yoke  
 Of mighty love: that conquering look,  
 When next beheld, like lightning strook  
 My blasted soul, and made me bow  
 Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink  
 Of some smooth stream, about to drink,  
 Surveying there his armed head,  
 With shame rememb'ring that he fled  
 The scorned dogs, resolves to try  
 The combat next: but, if their cry  
 Invades again his trembling ear,  
 He strait resumes his wonted care;  
 Leaves the untasted spring behind,  
 And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

## OF THE

## MARRIAGE OF THE DWARF'S.

DESIGN or Chance make others wive,  
 But Nature did this match contrive:  
 Eve might as well have Adam fled,  
 As she deny'd her little bed  
 To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame,  
 And measure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,  
 Beneath the level of all care!  
 Over whose heads those arrows fly  
 Of sad distrust and jealousy:  
 Secured in as high extreme,  
 As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show  
 Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;  
 And every man a Polypheme  
 Does to his Galatea seem:  
 None may presume her faith to prove;  
 He proffers death, that proffers love.

Ah! Chloris! that kind Nature thus  
 From all the world had sever'd us:  
 Creating for ourselves us two,  
 As Love has me for only you!

## A PANEGYRIC

## TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

*Of the Present Greatness, and Joint Interest, of  
 Highness and this Nation.*

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,  
 You bridle faction, and our hearts command,  
 Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,  
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits, still aloud complain,  
 Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign  
 And own no liberty, but where they may  
 Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,  
 To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race;  
 So has your highness, rais'd above the rest,  
 Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,  
 Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;  
 The seat of empire, where the Irish come,  
 And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet,  
 With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:  
 Your power extends as far as winds can blow,  
 Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law  
 To balance Europe, and her states to awe,)  
 In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,  
 The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,  
 By the rude ocean, from the continent,  
 Or thus created; it was sure design'd  
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,  
 Justice to crave, and succor, at your court;  
 And then your highness, not for ours alone,  
 But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies  
 Through every land, that near the ocean lies;  
 Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news  
 To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,  
 Might hope to lift her head above the rest:  
 What may be thought impossible to do  
 By us, embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we  
 Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;  
 And every coast may trouble, or relieve:  
 But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,  
 That none can at our happy seats arrive;  
 While we descend at pleasure, to invade  
 The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,  
 Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,  
 Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,  
 And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

does not on the clouds rely,  
Nile owes more than to the sky;  
our Earth, and what our Heaven, denies,  
constant friend, the sea, supplies.

of hot Arabia's spices we know,  
the scorching sun that makes it grow:  
the worm, in Persian silks we shine;  
out planting, drink of every vine.

wealth, we weary not our limbs;  
though the heaviest metal, hither swims.  
the harvest where the Indians mow,  
the deep, and reap what others sow.

the noblest kind our own soil breeds;  
our men, and warlike are our steeds:  
though her eagle through the world had flown,  
or make this island all her own.

child Edward, and the Black Prince too,  
queering Henry, squabbling, and now you;  
we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,  
under came to urge their fate.

more worlds the Macedonian cried,  
that Thetis in her lap did hide  
it: a world serv'd for you,  
none greater than that he did subdue.

might old troops to battle lead,  
unwarlike Persian and the Mede,  
sty flight did, from a bloodless field,  
is than honor to the victor yield.

conquer'd, by their clime made bold,  
Ionians, arm'd with want and cold,  
in fate indulgent to your fame,  
all ages kept for you to tame.

old Roman wall, so ill confin'd,  
we chain of garrisons you bind:  
no gold no more shall make them come;  
the iron holds them fast at home.

henceforth must be content to know  
a region than their hills of snow,  
see the sun; but must extol your grace,  
our senate hath allow'd them place.

by conquest, happily o'erthrown,  
they rise, to be with us made one:  
dictators made, when they came home,  
quish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

find the Irish, with like fate  
to be a portion of our state;  
your valor, and your bounteous mind,  
divided by the sea are join'd.

to gain your friendship, is content  
out-guard on the continent:  
her fellow-provinces would go,  
in hazard to have you her foe.

fight, when cannons did diffuse,  
the posts, the terror and the news,  
nor princes trembled at their roar:  
conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,  
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;  
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,  
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,  
Than in restoring such as are undone:  
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,  
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing, and to punish, loth,  
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both;  
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve  
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age misled,  
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;  
The only cure, which could from Heaven come down,  
Was so much power and piety in one.

One! whose extraction from an ancient line  
Gives hope again, that well-born men may shine:  
The meanest in your nature, mild and good;  
The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace  
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;  
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,  
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,  
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;  
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,  
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,  
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,  
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,  
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,  
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;  
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when without  
noise,  
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory  
Run, with amazement we should read your story:  
But living virtue, all achievements past,  
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,  
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;  
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,  
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars  
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;  
To such a tempest as now threatens all,  
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,  
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord;  
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,  
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,  
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:  
To every duty could their minds engage,  
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And angry grows, if he that first took pain  
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,  
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last  
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;  
So England now does, with like toil oppress,  
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,  
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!  
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,  
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,  
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;  
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke  
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,  
And every conqueror creates a Muse:  
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing:  
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride  
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;  
While all your neighbor princes unto you,  
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

#### OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,  
Their works shall with the world remain:  
Both bound together, live or die,  
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long  
Last, in a daily-changing tongue?  
While they are new, envy prevails;  
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,  
The matter may betray their art:  
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,  
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,  
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:  
We write in sand, our language grows,  
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,  
The glory of his numbers lost!  
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,  
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties, which adorn'd that age,  
The shining subjects of his rage,  
Hoping they should immortal prove,  
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope;  
And all an English pen can hope;  
To make the fair approve his flame,  
*That can so far extend their fame.*

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill  
If it arrive but at the date  
Of fading beauty, if it prove  
But as long-liv'd as present lo

#### THE STORY OF

#### PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

#### APPLIED.

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Fair Sagarissa lov'd, but lov'd  
Like Phœbus sung the no less ar  
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and  
With numbers he the flying ny  
With numbers, such as Phœbus  
Such is the chase, when Love ar  
O'er craggy mountains, and thro  
Invok'd to testify the lover's car  
Or form some image of his crue  
Urg'd with his fury, like a woun  
O'er these he fled; and now, ap  
Had reach'd the nymph with hi  
Whom all his charms could not  
Yet, what he sung in his immor  
Though unsuccessful, was not  
All, but the nymph that should  
Attend his passion, and approve  
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring un  
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That now she knows,  
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Tell her that's young,  
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That hadst thou sprung  
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Bid her come forth,  
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#### TO PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS! why should we  
Pleasures shorter than the  
Could we (which we neve  
Stretch our lives beyond t

Beauty like a shadow flies,  
And our youth before us dies.  
Or, would youth and beauty stay,  
Love hath wings, and will away.  
Love hath swifter wings than Time;  
Change in love to Heaven does climb:  
Gods, that never change their state,  
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us two:  
Let not you and I inquire,  
What has been our past desire;  
On what shepherd you have smil'd,  
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:  
Leave it to the planets too,  
What we shall hereafter do:  
For the joys we now may prove,  
Take advice of present love.

#### ON A GIRDLE.

That, which her slender waist confin'd,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer:  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

#### TO ZELINDA.

Fairest piece of well-form'd earth!  
Urge not thus your haughty birth;  
The power which you have o'er us, lies  
Not in your race, but in your eyes.  
None but a prince!—Alas! that voice  
Confines you to a narrow choice.  
Should you no honey vow to taste,  
But what the master-bees have plac'd  
In compass of their cells, how small  
A portion to your share would fall!

Nor all appear, among those few,  
Worthy the stock from whence they grew:  
The sap, which at the root is bred,  
In trees, through all the boughs is spread:  
But virtues, which in parent shine,  
Make not like progress through the line.  
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:  
The place does oft those graces give.  
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led;  
He,\* that the world subdued, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.  
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth  
The hidden seeds of native worth:  
They blow those sparks, and make them rise  
Into such flames as touch the skies.  
To the old heroes hence was given  
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven:  
Of mortal seed they were not held,  
Which other mortals so excell'd.  
And beauty too, in such excess  
As yours, Zelinda! claims no less.  
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,  
Henceforth, to be of princes born.  
I can describe the shady grove,  
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,  
And yet excuse the faultless dame,  
Caught with her spouse's shape and name:  
Thy matchless form will credit bring  
To all the wonders I shall sing.

#### TO A LADY,

##### SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,  
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,  
That, like a spirit, with this spell  
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which, on the shaft that made him die,  
Espy'd a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace  
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,  
Not for reflection of his face,  
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

\* Alexander.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And angry grows, if he that first took pain  
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,  
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the ver'd world, to find repose, at last  
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;  
So England now does, with like toil oppress,  
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,  
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!  
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,  
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,  
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;  
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke  
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,  
And every conqueror creates a Muse:  
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing:  
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride  
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;  
While all your neighbor princes unto you,  
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

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Last, in a daily-changing tongue?  
While they are now, envy prevails;  
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,  
The matter may betray their art:  
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,  
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,  
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:  
We write in sand, our language grows,  
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

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To make the fair approve his flame,  
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If it arrive but at the date  
Of fading beauty, if it prove  
But as long-liv'd as present love.

#### THE STORY OF

#### PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE

#### APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,  
Fair Sagarissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:  
Like Phoebus sung the no less amorous boy;  
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!  
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues  
With numbers, such as Phoebus' self might  
Such is the chase, when Love and Fancy lead  
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery  
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,  
Or form some image of his cruel fair.  
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,  
O'er these he fled; and now, approaching me  
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious  
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay  
Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,  
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain  
All, but the nymph that should redress his woe  
Attend his passion, and approve his song.  
Like Phoebus thus, acquiring unsought praise  
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with

#### SONG.

Go, lovely Rose!  
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee:  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

#### TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay  
Pleasures shorter than the day?  
Could we (which we never can)  
Stretch our lives beyond their span,

Beauty like a shadow flies,  
And our youth before us dies.  
Or, would youth and beauty stay,  
Love hath wings, and will away.  
Love hath swifter wings than Time;  
Change in love to Heaven does climb:  
Gods, that never change their state,  
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us two:  
Let not you and I inquire,  
What has been our past desire;  
On what shepherd you have smil'd,  
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:  
Leave it to the planets too,  
What we shall hereafter do:  
For the joys we now may prove,  
Take advice of present love.\*

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THAT, which her slender waist confin'd,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer:  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

#### TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!  
Urge not thus your haughty birth;  
The power which you have o'er us, lies  
Not in your race, but in your eyes.  
None but a prince!—Alas! that voice  
Confines you to a narrow choice.  
Should you no honey vow to taste,  
But what the master-bees have plac'd  
In compass of their cells, how small  
A portion to your share would fall!

Nor all appear, among those few,  
Worthy the stock from whence they grew:  
The sap, which at the root is bred,  
In trees, through all the boughs is spread:  
But virtues, which in parent shine,  
Make not like progress through the line.  
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:  
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Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led;  
He,\* that the world subdued, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.  
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth  
The hidden seeds of native worth:  
They blow those sparks, and make them rise  
Into such flames as touch the skies.  
To the old heroes hence was given  
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven:  
Of mortal seed they were not held,  
Which other mortals so excell'd.  
And beauty too, in such excess  
As yours, Zelinda! claims no less.  
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,  
Henceforth, to be of princes born.  
I can describe the shady grove,  
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,  
And yet excuse the faultless dame,  
Caught with her spouse's shape and name:  
Thy matchless form will credit bring  
To all the wonders I shall sing.

#### TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,  
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,  
That, like a spirit, with this spell  
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

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Which, on the shaft that made him die,  
Epy'd a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he went to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace  
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,  
Not for reflection of his face,  
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

\* Alexander.



## JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was born, probably in 1631, in the parish of Aldwinkle-Allsaints, in Northamptonshire. His father possessed a small estate, acted as a justice of the peace during the usurpation, and seems to have been a Presbyterian. John, at a proper age, was sent to Westminster school, of which Busby was then master; and was thence elected to a scholarship in Trinity college, Cambridge. He took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts in the university; but though he had written two short copies of verses about the time of his admission, his name does not occur among the academical poets of this period. By his father's death, in 1654, he succeeded to the estate, and, removing to the metropolis, he made his entrance into public life, under the auspices of his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, one of Cromwell's council and house of lords, and staunch to the principles then predominant. On the death of Cromwell, Dryden wrote some "Heroic Stanzas," strongly marked by the loftiness of expression and variety of imagery which characterized his more mature efforts. They were, however, criticised with some severity.

At the Restoration, Dryden lost no time in oblitterating former stains; and, as far as it was possible, rendered himself peculiarly distinguished for the baseness of his strains. He greeted the king's return by a poem, entitled "*Astræa Redux*," which was followed by "A Panegyric on the Coronation;" nor did Lord Chancellor Clarendon escape his encomiastic lines. His marriage with Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, is supposed to have taken place in 1665. About this time he first appears as a writer for the stage, in which quality he composed several pieces; and though he did not display himself as a prime favorite of the dramatic muse, his facility of harmonious versification, and his splendor of poetic diction, gained him admirers. In 1667 he published a singular poem, entitled "*Annus Mirabilis*," the subjects of which were, the naval war with the Dutch, and the fire of London. It was written in four-line stanzas, a form which has since gone into disuse in heroic subjects; but the piece abounded in images of genuine poetry, though intermixed with many extravagances.

At this period of his life, Dryden became professionally a writer for the stage, having entered into a contract with the patentees of the King's Theatre, to supply them with three plays in a year, upon the condition of being allowed the profit of one share and a quarter out of twelve shares and three quarters, into which the theatrical stock was divided. Of the plays written upon the above contract, a small proportion have kept their place on the stage, or in the closet. On the death of Sir W. Davenant, in 1668, Dryden obtained the

post of poet-laureate, to which was added the sinecure place of historiographer royal; the joint salaries of which amounted to 200*l*.

The tragedies composed by Dryden were written in his earlier periods, in rhyme, which circumstance probably contributed to the poetical rant by which they were too much characterized. For the correction of this fault, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in conjunction with other wits, wrote the celebrated burlesque drama, entitled "*The Rehearsal*," of which Dryden, under the name of Bayes, was made the hero; and, in order to point the ridicule, his dress, phraseology, and mode of recitation, were exactly imitated by the actor. It does not, however, appear that his solid reputation as a poet was injured by this attack. He had the candor to acknowledge that several of the strokes were just, and he wisely refrained from making any direct reply.

In 1681, and, as it is asserted, at the king's express desire, he wrote his famous political poem, entitled "*Absalom and Achitophel*;" in which the incidents in the life of David were adapted to those of Charles II. in relation to the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftesbury. Its poetry and its severity caused it to be read with great eagerness; and as it raised the author to high favor with the court party, so it involved him in irreconcilable enmity with its opponents. These feelings were rendered more acute by his "*Medal, a Satire on Seditious*," written in the same year, on occasion of a medal struck by the whigs, when a grand jury returned *Ignoramus* to an indictment preferred against Lord Shaftesbury, for high treason. The rancor of this piece is not easily to be paralleled among party poems. In 1682 he published "*Mac-Flecknoe*," a short piece, throwing ridicule upon his very unequal rival, Shadwell. In the same year, one of his most serious poems, the "*Religio Laici*," made its appearance. Its purpose was to give a compendious view of the arguments for revealed religion, and to ascertain in what the authority of revelation essentially consists.

Soon after this time, he ceased to write for the stage. His dramatic vein was probably exhausted, and his circumstances were distressed. To this period Mr. Malone refers a letter written by him to Hyde, Earl of Rochester, in which, with modest dignity, he pleads merit enough not to deserve to starve, and requests some small employment in the customs or excise, or, at least, the payment of half a year's pension for the supply of his present necessities. He never obtained any of the requested places, and was doomed to find the booksellers his best patrons.

Charles II. died in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James II., who openly declared his attachment to the religion of Rome. It was not long

ydén conformed to the same religion. has been the cause of much obloquy on and has found much excuse on the other; considered, from a view of his past life, angling his religious profession, he could little difficulty to encounter, it will appear of candor to suppose that his immediate as nothing more than personal interest. rd he obtained for his compliance was an his pension of 100*l.* per annum. Some he was engaged in a work which was the ible piece he ever composed. This was ate controversial poem of "The Hind er." When completed, notwithstanding nising subject, and signal absurdity of was the power of Dryden's verse, that it with avidity, and bore every mark of oc- the public attention. The birth of a led forth a congratulatory poem from Dry- led "Britannia Rediviva," in which he o use a poet's privilege of prophecy, fore- commencing era of prosperity to the nation urch from this auspicious event; but in the revolution took place within a few d the hopes of the party were blasted for

was a severe sufferer from the change: and pensions were taken away, and the yrel was conferred upon his insignificant dwell. He was now, in advanced life, to on his own exertions for a security from adigence. His faculties were equal to eney; and it will surprise some theorists

to be told, that the ten concluding years of his life, in which he wrote for bread, and composed at a certain rate per line, were those of many of the pieces which have most contributed to immortalize his name. They were those of his translation of Juvenal and Persius; of that of Virgil entire, a work which enriches the English language, and has greatly promoted the author's fame; of his celebrated Alexander's Feast; and of his Fables, containing some of the richest and most truly poetical pieces which he ever composed. Of these, several will appear in the subsequent collection of his works. Nor ought his prose writings to be neglected, which, chiefly consisting of the critical essays prefixed to his poems, are performances of extraordinary vigor and comprehension of mind, and afford, perhaps, the best specimens of genuine English.

Dryden died of a spreading inflammation in one of his toes, on the first of May, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, next to the tomb of Chaucer. No monument marked his grave, till a plain one, with his bust, was erected, at the expense of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. He left behind him three sons, all brought up to letters. His own character was cold and reserved, backward in personal advances to the great, and rather heavy in conversation. In fact, he was too much engaged in literature to devote much of his time to society. Few writers of his time delighted so much to approach the verge of profaneness; whence it may be inferred, that though religion was an interesting topic of discussion to him, he had very little of its spirit in his heart.

## ANNUS MIRABILIS:

### THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1686.

g arts long time had Holland grown,  
ing at home and cruel when abroad:  
iving us the means to claim our own;  
g they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

nich like blood should circularly flow,  
in their channels, found its freedom lost:  
ie wealth of all the world did go,  
sm'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

alone the Heavens had kindly heat;  
rn quarries ripening precious dew:  
the Idumean balm did sweat,  
hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

but seem'd the laborer of the year;  
xing Moon supplied her watery store,  
those tides which from the line did bear  
rim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

pty in her ships, stood Carthage long,  
ept the riches of the world from far;  
d to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong:  
is may prove our second Punic war.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?  
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)  
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;  
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

Behold two nations, then, engag'd so far,  
That each seven years the fit must shake each land:  
Where France will side to weaken us by war,  
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,  
To render us his timely friendship vain:  
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,  
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay  
O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in hand;  
And prudently would make them lords at sea,  
To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our king; and long within his breast  
His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:  
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,  
And he less for it than usurpers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew  
Of fame and honor, which in dangers lay;  
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,  
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;  
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war:  
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,  
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,  
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;  
Yet judg'd, like vapors that from limbecs rise,  
It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd t' assert the watery ball,  
He in himself did whole armados bring:  
Him aged seamen might their master call,  
And choose for general, were he not their king.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,  
His awful summons they so soon obey;  
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,  
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,  
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;  
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,  
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,  
Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone;  
Or each some more remote and slippery star,  
Which loses footing when to mortals shown:

Or one, that bright companion of the Sun,  
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king;  
And now, a round of greater years begun,  
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did first with fam'd success,  
To his known valor make the Dutch give place:  
Thus Heaven our monarch's fortune did confess,  
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,  
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,  
Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,  
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,  
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:  
Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,  
He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,  
To which his pride presum'd to give the law:  
The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,  
And all was Britain's the wide ocean saw.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,  
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:  
So reverently men quit the open air,  
When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught  
With all the riches of the rising Sun:  
And precious sand from southern climates brought,  
The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store, [bring:  
Their waylaid wealth to Norway's coasts they  
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,  
And Winter brooded on the eastern Spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,  
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie:  
And round about their murdering cannon lay,  
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard  
The English undertake th' unequal war:  
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,  
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:  
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy:  
And to such height their frantic passion grows,  
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,  
And now their odors arm'd against them fly:  
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,  
And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,  
In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:  
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valor left,  
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;  
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:  
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,  
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain  
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:  
When what was brought so far, and with such pain  
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

The son, who twice three months on th' ocean was  
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,  
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,  
And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away,  
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn:  
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day  
On which their father promis'd to return.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,  
And so we suffer shipwreck everywhere!  
Alas, what port can such a pilot find,  
Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,  
Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides:  
And draws them in contempt of human skill,  
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,  
In whom we seek the German faith in vain:  
Alas, that he should teach the English first,  
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign.

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,  
Whose friendship's in his interest understood!  
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,  
When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;  
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand:  
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jew,  
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

ach guardian of rich Holland's trade,  
vies us what he wants power t' enjoy ;  
useful valor does no foe invade,  
ask assistance will his friends destroy.

that we fought without his leave,  
as this time his secret hate to show :  
aries does with a mind so calm receive,  
that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

nce, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite :  
as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.  
with one three nations join to fight,  
lently confess that one more brave.

I chas'd the English from his shore ;  
aries the French as subjects does invite :  
eaven for each some Solomon restore,  
y their mercy, may decide their right !

jects so best only by their choice,  
s from birth did forc'd dominion take,  
e alone would have the public voice ;  
his neighbors' realms would deserts make.

ut fear a dangerous war pursues,  
without rashness he began before :  
made himself first the danger choose,  
he makes it good on virtue's score.

led charge his subjects' love supplies,  
that bounty to themselves are kind :  
gyptians see their Nile rise,  
his plenty their abundance find.

al power he does two chiefs create,  
ach as each seem'd worthiest when alone ;  
e to sustain a nation's fate,  
oth had found a greater in their own.

it in courage, conduct, and in fame,  
ither envious of the other's praise ;  
ty, faith, and interest too the same,  
nighty partners equally their raise.

ce long time had courted Fortune's love,  
ce possess'd did absolutely reign :  
h their Amazons the heroes strove,  
nquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,  
'arthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more ;  
sk aloft the fasces of the main,  
ht those slaves with what they felt before.

to the watery camp they haste,  
matrons passing to their children show :  
irst vows for them to Heaven are cast,  
ture people bless them as they go.

m no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,  
ct a navy with their gaudy fears ;  
slow fights, and victories but vain :  
r severely like itself appears.

of themselves, where'er they pass,  
make that warmth in others they expect :  
or works like bodies on a glass,  
es its image on their men project.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,  
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold :  
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,  
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The duke, less numerous, but in courage more,  
On wings of all the winds to combat flies :  
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,  
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight ;  
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air :  
Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,  
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,  
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move :  
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,  
But lands unfir'd, and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack ;  
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind :  
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,  
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-rai'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,  
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go :  
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied  
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

And as the built, so different is the fight :  
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd ;  
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,  
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,  
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives :  
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,  
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought ;  
But he who meets all danger with disdain,  
Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,  
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,  
The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw :  
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,  
Who on high chairs the godlike fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,  
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek ;  
Ours o'er the duke their pious wings display,  
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,  
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore ;  
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,  
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,  
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide :  
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,  
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea  
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet  
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,  
Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue  
The combat still, and they asham'd to leave :  
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,  
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,  
And loud applause of their great leader's fame :  
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,  
And slumbering smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,  
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie :  
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run !  
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread :  
Or, shipwreck'd, labor to some distant shore :  
Or in dark churches walk among the dead ;  
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,  
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear  
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,  
And in their colors Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far :  
This mighty succor, which made glad the foe :  
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,  
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,  
Never till now unwilling to obey ;  
They, not their wounds, but want of strength, deplore,  
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, " Rejoice," said he, " to-day ;  
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies :  
Among so brave a people, you are they  
Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

" If number English courages could quell,  
We should at first have shunn'd, not met our foes :  
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell :  
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers grows."

He said, nor needed more to say : with haste  
To their known stations cheerfully they go ;  
And all at once, disdain'g to be last,  
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,  
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood :  
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,  
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,  
That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought :  
The combat only seem'd a civil war,  
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought :

Never had valor, no not ours, before  
Done aught like this upon the land or main,  
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more  
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,  
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,  
To see this fleet among unequal foes, [rise.  
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles should

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear, [saw :  
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they  
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,  
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent, in smoke of cannon they come on :  
Such vapors once did fiery Cacus hide :  
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,  
Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,  
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,  
Two grappling Etnas on the ocean meet,  
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less ;  
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main :  
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,  
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,  
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,  
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,  
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind !

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,  
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,  
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,  
Who safe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare :  
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly ;  
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,  
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,  
To see those periah who so well had fought :  
And generously with his despair he strove,  
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,  
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd :  
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,  
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,  
On which the foe his fruitless force employs :  
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore  
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,  
And following smoke obscur'd them from the sight :  
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,  
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,  
But here our courages did theirs subdue :  
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,  
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approach'd ; and one for his bold aim  
Was sunk ; as he that touch'd the ark was slain :  
The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,  
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood :  
As if they had been there as servants set,  
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,  
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

untamen, on some sandy plain,  
by coverts rous'd, the lion chase :  
leat roars out with loud disdain,  
y moves, unknowing to give place.

one approach to dare his force,  
his tail, and swiftly turns him round :  
w seizes on his trembling horse,  
the other tears him to the ground.

toils succeeds the balmy night ;  
ng waters the quench'd guns restore ;  
waves, withdrawing from the fight,  
and panting on the silent shore.

none clear on the becalmed flood,  
like her beams like glittering silver play,  
ck our careful general stood,  
y mus'd on the succeeding day.

7 Sun," said he, "will rise again,  
e victorious did our navy see :  
must view him rise in vain,  
ne ray of all his star for me.

1 English general will I die,  
e ocean make my spacious grave :  
cowards on the land may lie ;  
a tomb that's proper for the brave."

ass'd the remnant of the night,  
eah air proclaim'd the morning nigh :  
ships, the martyrs of the fight,  
r fires beheld the eastern sky.

stores of ammunition spent,  
valor is his only guard :  
rs are from his dumb cannon sent,  
ry guns are scarcely heard.

Fortune power, he forc'd to stay,  
r durst with Virtue be at strife :  
som Albemarle did pay,  
glories of so great a life.

ve Rupert from afar appears,  
ving streamers the glad general knows :  
ead sails his eager navy steers,  
ship in swift proportion grows.

prince had heard the cannon long,  
that length of time dire omens drew,  
vermatch'd, and Dutch too strong,  
r fought three days, but to pursue.

eagle, who with pious care  
ng widely on the wing for prey,  
silent cyry does repair,  
her callow infants forc'd away :

er love, she stoops upon the plain,  
n air loud whistling as she flies :  
d listens, and shoots forth again,  
s her pinions by her young ones' cries.

ind passion hastes the prince to fight,  
ds his flying canvas to the sound :  
no danger, were he there, could fright,  
at every little noise can wound.

As in 'a drought the thirsty creatures cry,  
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain :  
And first the martlet meets it in the sky.  
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train :

With such glad hearts did our despairing men  
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet ;  
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,  
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,  
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,  
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,  
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the prince's passage, hills of sand,  
And dangerous flats, in secret ambush lay,  
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,  
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd  
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,  
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,  
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,  
Secure of fame when'er he please to fight :  
His cold experience tempers all his heat,  
And inbred worth doth boasting valor slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,  
And he the substance, not th' appearance, chose :  
To rescue one such friend, he took more pride,  
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,  
Rupert and Albemarle together grow :  
He joys to have his friend in safety found,  
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,  
Now long to execute their spleenful will :  
And, in revenge for those three days they tried,  
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the Sun stood still.

Thus reinforce'd, against the adverse fleet,  
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way :  
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,  
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,  
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men :  
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,  
And Death new-pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,  
And matchless courage, since the former fight ;  
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did show,  
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends  
His open side, and high above him shows :  
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,  
And doubly harm'd he double harms bestows.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,  
And sullenly to his revenge he sails :  
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,  
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,  
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:  
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,  
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,  
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:  
So sick'ning Moons too near the Sun,  
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,  
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;  
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,  
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest  
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;  
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,  
And flew so home they could not rise again.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,  
In vain upon the passing winds they call:  
The passing winds through their torn canvas play,  
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,  
Dreadful as day let into shades below;  
Without grim Death rides barefac'd in their sight,  
And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,  
Close by the board the prince's main-mast bore:  
All three now helpless by each other lie,  
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain  
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay:  
Who stretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,  
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;  
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;  
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,  
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,  
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;  
For what they to his courage did refuse,  
By mortal valor never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,  
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:  
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,  
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,  
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:  
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right;  
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,  
And sighs to see him quit the watery field:  
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,  
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,  
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch:  
He only does his conquest disavow,  
And thinks too little what they found too much.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;  
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;  
Domestic joys and cares he puts away; [guide.  
For realms are households which the great must

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,  
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,  
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,  
And know it will be gold another day.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,  
Th' essay and rudiments of great success:  
Which all-maturing Time must bring to light,  
While he like Heaven does each day's labor bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,  
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:  
God and kings work, when they their work survey,  
A passive aptness in all subjects find.

In burthen'd vessels first, with speedy care,  
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:  
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,  
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

With cord and canvas, from rich Hamburg sent,  
His navy's moulted wings he imps once more:  
Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent,  
And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, restore.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:  
Like laboring bees on a long summer's day,  
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,  
And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay  
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung:  
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,  
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,  
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift:  
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,  
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,  
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instop:  
Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,  
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby marline bind,  
Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coat:  
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,  
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,  
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:  
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,  
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,  
And ships which all last winter were abroad;  
And such as fitted since the fight had been,  
Or new from stocks, were fall'n into the road.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,  
The Phenix, daughter of the vanish'd old,  
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,  
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

oft spread ruffling to the wind,  
guine streamers seem the flood to fire :  
er, charm'd with what his loom design'd,  
to sea, and knows not to retire.

y decks, her guns of mighty strength,  
low-laid mouths each mounting billow  
aves :  
r draught, and warlike in her length,  
as a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

al present, piously design'd,  
il city give their best-lov'd king :  
i bounty ample as the wind,  
ted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

g Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art,  
ighty things from small beginnings grow :  
i first to shipping did impart,  
il the rudder, and their head the prow.

erhaps upon the waters swam,  
as drift, which, rudely cut within,  
v'd first, a floating trough became,  
as some rivulet passage did begin.

such as this, the Irish kern  
ought Indian on the stream did glide :  
keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,  
as oars did spread from either side.

sail, and Saturn so appear'd,  
om lost empire he to exile went,  
he golden age to Tyber steer'd,  
oin and commerce first he did invent.

air ships was navigation then ;  
il compass or meridian known ;  
hey kept the land within their ken,  
w no north but when the Pole-star shone.

since have us'd the open sea,  
bold English none more fame have won :  
year, and out of Heaven's high way,  
like discoveries where they see no Sun.

o long in vain, and yet unknown,  
mankind's benighted wit is sought,  
is age to Britain first be shown,  
ce be to admiring nations taught.

f tides and their mysterious flow,  
Art's elements, shall understand,  
line upon the ocean go,  
aths shall be familiar as the land.

ships shall sail to quick commerce,  
h remotest regions are allied ;  
as one city of the universe,  
one may gain, and all may be supplied.

pon our globe's last verge shall go,  
w the ocean leaning on the sky :  
as our rolling neighbors we shall know,  
he lunar world securely pry.

tell from your auspicious care,  
at in search of God and Nature grow ;  
your wise Creator's praise declare,  
at to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal ! who behold the law  
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind :  
And thence, like limbeck, rich ideas draw,  
To fit the levell'd use of human-kind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,  
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas :  
War makes the valiant of his right secure,  
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,  
Whose fleet more mighty every day became  
By late success, which they did falsely boast,  
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,  
They knew to manage war with wise delay :  
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,  
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

Nor staid the English long ; but well supplied,  
Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe :  
The combat now by courage must be tried,  
And the success the braver nation show.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,  
Which in the Straits last winter was abroad ;  
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,  
And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,  
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet :  
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,  
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight ;  
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold :  
As once old Cato in the Roman sight  
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,  
Whom his high courage to command had brought :  
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,  
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,  
Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds :  
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,  
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,  
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn :  
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well,  
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail :  
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,  
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,  
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,  
That Heaven and Earth and the Wide Ocean  
rings :

A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,  
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,  
And durst not bide it on the English coast :  
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,  
And there lay snares to catch the British host.



So the false spider, when her nets are spread,  
 Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie :  
 And feels far off the trembling of her thread,  
 Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,  
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But with a fore-wind pushing them above,  
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 O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,  
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It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,  
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To the pale foe they suddenly draw near.  
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 But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,  
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 With such alacrity they bore away,  
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 To Philip's manes did an offering bring :  
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 And givo no chase, but swallow in the fry,  
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 Triumphant flames upon the water float,  
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 Each vessel freighted with a several load,  
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 Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear :  
 Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,  
 For folded turbans finest Holland bear.

Some English wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,  
 And into cloth of spungy softness made,  
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One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,  
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,  
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,  
The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,  
And slowly eats his way against the wind:  
But the main body of the marching foe  
Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,  
Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest:  
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,  
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke  
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;  
Whose little intervals of night are broke  
By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,  
And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower:  
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;  
So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,  
And what so well had merited his love:  
For never prince in grace did more excel,  
Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:  
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;  
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,  
And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,  
And orders all the succors which they bring:  
The helpful and the good about him run,  
And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,  
That where it seizes all relief is vain:  
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste  
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the Fire:  
Th' amazed Flames stand gather'd on a heap;  
And from the precipice's brink retire,  
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting Fires awhile themselves consume,  
But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,  
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,  
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapors fly.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind  
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:  
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,  
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood side,  
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;  
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,  
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the Fire  
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:  
And scarce the wealthy can one-half retire,  
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud.  
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:  
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,  
When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold  
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,  
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,  
And seek the tempests which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair,  
And what's permitted to the flames invade;  
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,  
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labor spent;  
And when the weary king gave place to night,  
His beams he to his royal brother lent,  
And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,  
A dismal picture of the general doom;  
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,  
And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,  
To a last lodging call their wandering friends:  
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,  
To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,  
And with full eyes each wonted room require:  
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,  
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,  
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;  
And while through burning labyrinths they roam,  
With lothing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,  
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;  
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,  
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess  
What streets are burning now, and what are new;  
An infant waking to the paps would press,  
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's care,  
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing:  
Ev'n those, whom want might drive to just despair,  
Think life a blessing under such a king.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,  
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint:  
All the long night he studies their relief,  
How they may be supplied and he may want.

"O God," said he, "thou patron of my days,  
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!  
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,  
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

"Be thou my judge, with what unwearied care  
I since have labor'd for my people's good;  
To bind the bruises of a civil war,  
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

hast taught me to forgive the ill,  
 spense as friends the good misled ;  
 a precept of thy will,  
 at mercy on thy servant's head.

eedless youth has stepp'd astray,  
 forgetful of thy gracious hand ;  
 thy just displeasure lay,  
 by judgments from this mourning land.

e sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,  
 earth from whence at first we came :  
 hades before the clouds we show,  
 k like parchment in consuming flame.

enough what thou hast done ; [street,  
 ted Deaths ran arm'd through every  
 d darts which not the good could shun,  
 y could outfly, or valiant meet.

few, and frequent funerals then,  
 thy wrath on this forsaken place ;  
 we few who are return'd again,  
 ning judgments to their dwellings trace.

Lord, an absolute decree,  
 y sentence unconditional :  
 ntence our remorse foreseee,  
 at foresight this thy doom recall.

enings, Lord, as thine thou may'st re-  
 te :  
 nutable and fix'd they stand,  
 l thyself to give the stroke,  
 t foreign foes oppress thy land."

heard, and from the heavenly quire  
 the cherub with the flaming sword ;  
 m swiftly drive th' approaching Fire  
 re our naval magazines were stor'd.

minister his wings display'd,  
 shooting star he cleft the night :  
 he flames, and those that disobey'd  
 to duty with his sword of light.

Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey  
 structures, by our fathers rear'd ;  
 Heaven they did affect the way,  
 n churchmen without works was heard.

orphans saw, with watery eyes,  
 xters' charity in dust laid low ;  
 God their ever-answer'd cries,  
 xpects the poor, who made them so.

y fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,  
 ou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise :  
 e immortal by a poet's song ;  
 ' songs the Theban walls could raise.

James peep'd in, and saw from far  
 l beauties of the sacred quire :  
 was profan'd by civil war,  
 ought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

he narrow streets it swiftly came,  
 ly opening did on both sides prey :  
 we sadly owe the flame,  
 in must enlarge our way.

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes :  
 Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire :  
 It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,  
 And further from the feverish North retire.

In th' empyrean Heaven, the bless'd abode,  
 The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,  
 Not daring to behold their angry God ;  
 And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,  
 And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast :  
 He saw the town's one-half in rubbish lie,  
 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,  
 In firmamental waters dipt above :  
 Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,  
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every place,  
 Or full with feeding sink into a sleep :  
 Each household genius shows again his face,  
 And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds ;  
 With sober joy his heart and eyes abound :  
 To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,  
 And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,  
 A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain ;  
 And first the tender blade peeps up to birth, [grain :  
 And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew  
 In every heart which fear had froze before :  
 The standing streets with so much joy they view,  
 That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The father of the people open'd wide  
 His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed :  
 Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,  
 And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,  
 And in their minds so deep did print the sense,  
 That if their ruins sadly they regard,  
 'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

But so may he live long, that town to sway,  
 Which by his auspice they will nobler make,  
 As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,  
 And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire ;  
 Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,  
 That from his wars they poorly would retire,  
 Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews, of old  
 By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,  
 Their royal city did in dust behold,  
 Or with more vigor to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of the stars is past, [town,  
 And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the  
 In their own plague and fire have breath'd the last,  
 Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,  
And high-raised Jove from his dark prison freed,  
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,  
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,  
I see a city of more precious mould :  
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,  
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already laboring with a mighty fate,  
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,  
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,  
Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,  
Now deified she from her fires does rise :  
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,  
And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before she like some shepherdess did show,  
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;  
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,  
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold,  
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come ;  
The East with incense, and the West with gold,  
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,  
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train ;  
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,  
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,  
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,  
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,  
Shall find her lustro stain'd, and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant, who design'd more far,  
And touches on our hospitable shore,  
Charm'd with the splendor of this northern star,  
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,  
The wealth of France or Holland to invade ;  
The beauty of this town without a fleet,  
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,  
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,  
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,  
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,  
And the less dangerous part is left behind :  
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,  
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,  
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more ;  
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,  
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S :

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne :  
His valiant peers were plac'd around  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd  
The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair

Timotheus, plac'd on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
(Such is the power of mighty love.)  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
And while he sought her snowy brea  
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign  
The listening crowd admire the lofty sou  
A present deity, they shout around :  
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound  
With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.  
The praise of Bacchus then the sweet music  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :  
The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums  
Flush'd with a purple grace,  
He shows his honest face ;  
Now give the hautboys breath : he comes, t  
Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure ;  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS.

His blessings are a treasure,  
 Sing is the soldier's pleasure;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure;  
 'Tis pleasure after pain.

With the sound, the king grew vain;  
 At all his battles o'er again; [the slain.  
 He routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
 His master saw the madness rise;  
 Flowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 While he Heaven and Earth defied,  
 He'd his hand, and check'd his pride.  
 He chose a mournful Muse,  
 To pity to infuse:  
 Sing Darius great and good,  
 Too severe a fate,  
 He, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 From his high estate,  
 He weltering in his blood;  
 He, at his utmost need,  
 He saw his former bounty fed:  
 He bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 Not a friend to close his eyes.  
 Downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of Chance below;  
 He, now and then, a sigh he stole;  
 And tears began to flow.

## CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of Chance below;  
 He, now and then, a sigh he stole;  
 And tears began to flow.

His mighty master smil'd, to see  
 Love was in the next degree:  
 But a kindred sound to move,  
 It melts the mind to love.  
 Sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 He sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 He sung, is toil and trouble;  
 But an empty bubble;  
 Ever ending, still beginning,  
 He still, and still destroying;  
 He would be worth thy winning,  
 O think, it worth enjoying:  
 He, Thais sits beside thee,  
 He the good the gods provide thee.  
 He end the skies with loud applause;  
 He crown'd, but Music won the cause.  
 He, once, unable to conceal his pain,  
 He, x'd on the fair  
 He, who caus'd his care,  
 He, sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 He, and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 He, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 He, the victor sunk upon her breast.

## CHORUS.

Once, unable to conceal his pain,  
 He, x'd on the fair  
 He, who caus'd his care,  
 He, sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 He, and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
 Has rais'd up his head!  
 As awak'd from the dead,  
 And, amaz'd, he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise:  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

## CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute;  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.



## PALAMON AND ARCITE:

## OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

## Book I

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,  
 A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:  
 A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,  
 The rising nor the setting Sun beheld.  
 Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,  
 And added foreign countries to his crown.  
 In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,  
 Whom first by force he conquered, then by love;  
 He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,  
 With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.  
 With honor to his home let Theseus ride,  
 With Love to friend, and Fortune for his guide,  
 And his victorious army at his side.  
 I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,  
 Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way.  
 But, were it not too long, I would recite  
 The foats of Amazons, the fatal fight  
 Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;  
 The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost  
 The female army and th' Athenian host;  
 The spouses of Hippolita, the queen;  
 What tilts and tourneys at the feast were seen;  
 The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:  
 But these, and other things, I must forbear.  
 The field is spacious I design to sow,  
 With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:  
 The remnant of my tale is of a length  
 To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;  
 And trivial accidents shall be forborne,  
 That others may have time to take their turn;  
 As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,  
 That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,  
 Should win his supper at our common cost.

And therefore where I left, I will pursue  
 This ancient story, whether false or true,  
 In hope it may be mended with a new.  
 The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,  
 In this array drew near th' Athenian town;  
 When, in his pomp and utmost of his pride,  
 Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,  
 And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay  
 By two and two across the common way:  
 At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,  
 And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,  
 Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last  
 His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.

"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence  
 you are,

And why this funeral pageant you prepare?  
 Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,  
 To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?  
 Or envy you my praise, and would destroy  
 With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?  
 Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?  
 Name your request, and I will ease your grief."

The most in years of all the mourning train  
 Began (but swooned first away for pain);  
 Then scarce recover'd spoke: "Nor envy we  
 Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;  
 'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,  
 And Fame has fill'd the world with thy success:  
 We, wretched women, sue for that alone,  
 Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;

Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,  
 If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:  
 For none of us, who now thy grace implore,  
 But held the rank of sovereign queen before;  
 Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears  
 That mortal bliss should last for length of years,  
 She cast us headlong from our high estate,  
 And here in hope of thy return we wait:  
 And long have waited in the temple nigh,  
 Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.  
 But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,  
 Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears.  
 I, wretched I, have other fortunes seen,  
 The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:  
 At Thebes he fell, curst be the fatal day!  
 And all the rest thou seest in this array  
 To make their moan, their lords in battle lost  
 Before that town, besieg'd by our confederate host:  
 But Creon, old and impious, who commands  
 The Theban city, and usurps the lands,  
 Denies the rites of funeral fires to those  
 Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.  
 Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;  
 Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;  
 No friend has leave to bear away the dead,  
 But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed."  
 At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train  
 Echo'd her grief, and, grovelling on the plain,  
 With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,  
 Besought his pity to their helpless kind!

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,  
 And, as his tender heart would break in two,  
 He sigh'd, and could not but their fate deplore,  
 So wretched now, so fortunate before.  
 Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,  
 And raising, one by one, the suppliant crew,  
 To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,  
 That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,  
 And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,  
 He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:  
 That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd;  
 And cruel Creon find his just reward.  
 He said no more, but, shunning all delay,  
 Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:  
 But left his sister and his queen behind,  
 And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:  
 Where in an ardent field the god of war  
 Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;  
 Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,  
 And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;  
 Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,  
 And the green grass was dyed to sanguine hue.  
 High on his pointed lance his pennon bore  
 His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:  
 The soldiers shout around with generous rage  
 And in that victory their own passage.  
 He prais'd their ardor; only pleas'd to see  
 His host the flower of Grecian chivalry.  
 All day he march'd; and all th' ensuing night;  
 And saw the city with returning light.  
 The process of the war I need not tell,  
 How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:  
 Or after, how by storm the walls were won,  
 Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town:  
 How to the ladies he restor'd again  
 The bodies of their lords in battle slain:  
 And with what ancient rites they were interr'd;  
 All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd:  
 I spare the widows' tears, their woful cries,  
 And howling at their husbands' obsequies;

at these funerals did assist,  
 at gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.  
 the victor chief had Creon slain,  
 'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain  
 amp, and, when the day return'd,  
 wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,  
 pillagers, to rapine bred,  
 rol to strip and spoil the dead.  
 a heap of slain, among the rest  
 il knights they found beneath a load  
 press'd  
 'd foes, whom first to death they sent,  
 of their strength, a bloody monument.  
 d both of royal blood they seem'd,  
 en to the crown the heralds deem'd;  
 equal arms they fought for fame;  
 t, their shields, their surcoats, were the  
 ne.  
 h other laid, they press'd the ground,  
 e bosoms pierc'd with many a grisly  
 and;  
 ve, nor wholly dead, they were,  
 at signs of feeble life appear:  
 ing breath was on the wing to part,  
 e pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.  
 ere sisters' sons; and Arcite one,  
 in fields, with valiant Palamon.  
 heir costly arms the spoilers rent,  
 oth convey'd to Theseus' tent:  
 rn of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,  
 y sent as prisoners of the war,  
 ransom, and condemn'd to lie  
 doom'd a lingering death to die.  
 e march'd away with warlike sound,  
 thens turn'd with laurels crown'd,  
 y long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more  
 town'd.  
 er, and never to be loos'd,  
 aptive kinsmen are inclos'd.  
 ' by year they pass, and day by day,  
 vas on the morn of cheerful May,  
 Emilia, fairer to be seen  
 r lily on the flowery green,  
 han May herself in blossoms new,  
 e rosy color strove her hue,  
 er custom was, before the day,  
 ervice due to sprightly May:  
 ' May commands our youth to keep  
 hennight, and breaks their sluggard sleep;  
 breath with kindly warmth she moves;  
 ' flames, revives extinguish'd loves.  
 mbrace Emily, ere day,  
 less'd herself in rich array;  
 month, and as the morning fair;  
 shoulders fell her length of hair:  
 id the braided tresses bind,  
 s loose, and wanton'd in the wind.  
 but newly chas'd the night,  
 o'er the sky with blushing light,  
 garden walk she took her way,  
 trip along in cool of day,  
 iden vows in honor of the May.  
 turn, she made a little stand,  
 among the thorns her lily hand  
 rose; and every rose she drew,  
 e stalk, and brush'd away the dew:  
 color'd flowers of white and red  
 o make a garland for her head:  
 he sung and carol'd out so clear,  
 id angels might rejoice to hear:

Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing,  
 And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring.  
 The tower, of which before was mention made,  
 Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,  
 Built of a large extent, and strong withal,  
 Was one partition of the palace wall:  
 The garden was inclos'd within the square,  
 Where young Emilia took the morning air.  
 It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,  
 Restless for woe, arose before the light,  
 And with his gaoler's leave desir'd to breathe  
 An air more wholesome than the damps beneath:  
 This granted, to the tower he took his way,  
 Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:  
 Then cast a languishing regard around,  
 And saw with hateful eyes the temple crown'd  
 With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.  
 He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew  
 'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:  
 Then look'd below, and, from the castle's height  
 Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight,  
 The garden, which before he had not seen,  
 In Spring's new livery clad of white and green,  
 Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks  
 between.  
 This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across  
 He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;  
 Himself an object of the public scorn,  
 And often wish'd he never had been born.  
 At last, for so his destiny requir'd,  
 With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,  
 He through a little window cast his sight,  
 Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:  
 But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to decry  
 Th' inevitable charms of Emily.  
 Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden smart,  
 Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;  
 Struck blind with overpowering light, he stood,  
 Then started back amaz'd, and cried aloud.  
 Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,  
 To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;  
 And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,  
 And whence and how his change of cheer began,  
 Or who had done th' offence? "But if," said he,  
 "Your grief alone is hard captivity,  
 For love of Heaven, with patience undergo  
 A cureless ill, since Fate will have it so:  
 So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,  
 And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,  
 Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,  
 When all the friendly stars were under Earth:  
 Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done;  
 And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun."  
 "Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,  
 "Nor of unhappy planets I complain;  
 But when my mortal anguish caus'd me cry,  
 That moment I was hurt through either eye;  
 Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,  
 And perish with insensible decay:  
 A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,  
 Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.  
 Look how she walks along yon shady space.  
 Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;  
 And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.  
 If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess  
 That face was form'd in Heaven, nor art thou less;  
 Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)  
 O help us captives from our chains t' escape;  
 But if our doom be past, in bonds to lie  
 For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die.

Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,  
And show compassion to the Theban race,  
Oppress'd by tyrant power!" While yet he spoke,  
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;  
The fatal dart a ready passage found,  
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:  
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,  
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:  
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,  
"The beauty I behold has struck me dead:  
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance;  
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance.  
O, I must ask, nor ask alone, but move  
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,  
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes):  
"Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?"  
"Jesting," said Arcite, "suits but ill with pain."  
"It suits far worse" (said Palamon again,  
And bent his brows) "with men who honor weigh,  
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;  
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,  
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.  
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,  
That one should be the common good of both;  
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove  
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?  
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,  
And nothing but our death can break the bands.  
This binds thee, then, to further my design;  
As I am bound by vow to further thine:  
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain  
Approach my honor, or thine own maintain,  
Since thou art of my council, and the friend  
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:  
And wouldst thou court my lady's love, which I  
Much rather than release would choose to die?  
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain  
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:  
For first my love began ere thine was born;  
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,  
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,  
Or justly to be deem'd a perjurd knight."

Thus Palamon: but Arcite, with disdain,  
In haughty language, thus replied again:  
"Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name  
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.  
If love be passion, and that passion nurst  
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.  
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd  
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?  
Thine was devotion to the blest above,  
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;  
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend  
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.  
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire  
A moment elder than my rival fire;  
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?  
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love?  
Law is to things, which to free choice relate;  
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;  
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,  
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.  
Each day we break the bond of human laws  
For love, and vindicate the common cause.  
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,  
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general  
waste:  
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;  
*The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.*

If then the laws of friendship I transgress,  
I keep the greater, while I break the less;  
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.  
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more  
To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er."

Like *Æop's* hounds contending for the bone,  
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:  
The fruitless fight continued all the day:  
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.  
"As courtiers therefore jostle for a grant,  
And, when they break their friendship, plead their  
want,

So, thou, if Fortune will thy suit advance,  
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:  
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try  
My fate, or failing in th' adventure, die."

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,  
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:  
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;  
But when they met, they made a surly stand;  
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,  
And wish'd that every look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend  
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;  
Their love in early infancy began,  
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man:  
Companions of the war, and lov'd so well,  
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,  
His fellow to redeem him went to Hell.

But to pursue my tale: to welcome home  
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:  
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,  
And honor'd by this young Thessalian prince.  
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,  
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,  
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,  
But on these hard conditions I recite:  
That if hereafter Arcite should be found  
Within the compass of Athenian ground,  
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,  
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.  
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,  
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,  
At his own peril; for his life must pay.  
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,  
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late!  
"What have I gain'd," he said, "in prison pent,  
If I but change my bonds for banishment?  
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more  
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before:  
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to live:  
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:  
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides;  
And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.  
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,  
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:  
Had I not known that prince, I still had been  
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:  
For, though I never can her grace deserve,  
'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.  
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,  
How much more happy fates thy love attend!  
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:  
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:  
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes.  
In prison, no; but blissful Paradise!  
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine.  
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.  
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;

can tell but since thou hast her sight,  
 comely, young, and valiant knight,  
 a various power) may cease to frown,  
 some ways unknown thy wishes crown?  
 most forlorn of human-kind,  
 can hope, nor remedy can find;  
 I'd to drag my lothesome life in care,  
 e'erward, must end it in despair.  
 er, air, and earth, and force of fates  
 erns all, and Heaven that all creates,  
 nor Nature's hand can ease my grief;  
 but death, the wretch's last relief:  
 swell youth, and all the joys that dwell,  
 th and life, and life itself farewell.  
 ay, alas! do mortal men in vain  
 ne, Fate, or Providence complain?  
 us what he knows our wants require,  
 er things than those which we desire:  
 y for riches; riches they obtain;  
 th'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain;  
 y from prison to be freed; and come,  
 ily of their vows, to fall at home;  
 by those they trusted with their life,  
 servant, or a bosom wife.  
 r-bought blessings happen every day,  
 we know not for what things to pray.  
 aken sots about the street we roam:  
 ws the sot he has a certain home;  
 s not how to find th'uncertain place,  
 ders on, and staggers every pace.  
 seek happiness; but few can find,  
 e greater part of men are blind.  
 y case, who thought our utmost good  
 ne word of freedom understood:  
 l blessing came: from prison free,  
 abroad, and lose the sight of Emily."  
 Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore  
 rings, Palamon yet suffers more.  
 he knew his rival freed and gone,  
 s with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:  
 he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;  
 ow-tower with clamors rings around:  
 ny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,  
 at all o'er with agony of sweat.  
 he cried, "I wretch in prison pine,  
 y rival, while the fruit is thine:  
 'et at large, thou draw'st thy native air,  
 ith thy freedom, proud of my despair:  
 yst, since thou hast youth and courage join'd,  
 behavior, and a solid mind,  
 ours, and all the Theban race,  
 cate on Athens thy disgrace;  
 r, by some treaty made, possess  
 ily, the pledge of lasting peace.  
 shall be the beautiful prize, while I  
 guish in despair, in prison die.  
 th'advantage of the strife is thine,  
 ion double joys, and double sorrows mine."  
 age of jealousy then fir'd his soul,  
 face kindled like a burning coal:  
 d Despair, succeeding in her stead,  
 paleness turns the glowing red.  
 l, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,  
 ter which the freezing wind constrains.  
 he said: "Eternal deities,  
 e the world with absolute decrees,  
 e whatever time shall bring to pass,  
 e of adamant, on plates of brass;  
 the race of human-kind your care,  
 what all his fellow-creatures are!

He with the rest is liable to pain,  
 And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.  
 Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,  
 All these he must, and, guiltless, oft endure;  
 Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,  
 When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?  
 What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,  
 If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?  
 Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;  
 Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;  
 We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,  
 And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;  
 Then when the creature is unjustly slain,  
 Yet after death at least he feels no pain;  
 But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,  
 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.  
 A serpent shoots his sting at unawares;  
 An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:  
 The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake,  
 One gains the thickets, and one thrills the brake.  
 This let divines decide; but well I know,  
 Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,  
 Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,  
 And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;  
 Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move  
 My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."  
 Let Palamon, oppress'd in bondage, mourn,  
 While to his exile rival we return.  
 By this, the Sun, declining from his height,  
 The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:  
 The lengthen'd night gave length of misery  
 Both to the captive lover and the free;  
 For Palamon in endless prison mourns,  
 And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:  
 The banish'd never hopes his love to see,  
 Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:  
 'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:  
 One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:  
 One free, and all his motions uncontroll'd,  
 Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would be-  
 hold.  
 Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell  
 What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.  
 When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,  
 The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;  
 What could be worse, than never more to see  
 His life, his soul, his charming Emily?  
 He rav'd with all the madness of despair,  
 He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.  
 Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,  
 For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:  
 His eyeballs in their hollow sockets sink:  
 Bereft of sleep, he loathes his meat and drink:  
 He withers at his heart, and looks as wan  
 As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:  
 That pale turns yellow, and his face receives  
 The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:  
 In solitary groves he makes his moan,  
 Walks early out, and ever is alone:  
 Nor mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,  
 But sighs when songs and instruments he hears:  
 His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,  
 He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,  
 Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:  
 Uncomb'd his locks, and equal'd his attire,  
 Unlike the trim of Love and gay Desire:  
 But full of museful moping, which preface  
 The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.  
 This when he had endur'd a year and more,  
 Now wholly chang'd from what he was before.

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 Uncomb'd his locks, and aqualid his attire,  
 Unlike the trim of Love and gay Desire:  
 But full of museful mopings, which prestage  
 The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.  
 This when he had endur'd a year and more,  
 Now wholly chang'd from what he was before.

It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay,  
 He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)  
 That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,  
 And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:  
 His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,  
 And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod:  
 Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,  
 On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.  
 "Arise," he said, "to conquering Athens go,  
 There Fate appoints an end to all thy woe."  
 The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,  
 Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart;  
 But soon he said, with scarce recover'd breath,  
 "And thither will I go, to meet my death,  
 Sure to be slain, but death is my desire,  
 Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."  
 By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,  
 And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;  
 Wondering, he saw his features and his hue  
 So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.

A sudden thought then starting in his mind,  
 "Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,  
 The world may search in vain with all their eyes,  
 But never penetrate through this disguise.  
 Thanks to the change which grief and sickness

give,  
 In low estate I may securely live,  
 And see unknown my mistress day by day."  
 He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse array:  
 A laboring hind in show, then forth he went,  
 And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent:  
 One squire attended in the same disguise,  
 Made conscious of his master's enterprise.  
 Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,  
 Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:  
 Proffering for hire his service at the gate,  
 To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.

So fair befell him, that for little gain  
 He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain:  
 And, watchful all advantages to spy,  
 Was still at hand, and in his master's eye:  
 And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,  
 Refus'd no toil, that could to slaves belong;  
 But from deep wells with engines water drew,  
 And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.  
 He pass'd a year at least attending thus  
 On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.  
 But never was there man of his degree  
 So much esteem'd, so well belov'd, as he.  
 So gentle of condition was he known,  
 That through the court his courtesy was blown:  
 All think him worthy of a greater place,  
 And recommend him to the royal grace,  
 That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,  
 His virtues more conspicuous might appear.  
 Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,  
 And by great Theseus to high favor rais'd:  
 Among his menial servants first enroll'd,  
 And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:  
 Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,  
 Of his own income, and his annual rent:  
 This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,

But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.  
 Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,  
 In arms of honor, and esteem in peace;  
 'Till Theseus' person he was ever near;  
 And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

## Book II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns  
 Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.  
 For six long years immur'd, the captiv'd knight  
 Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light  
 Lost liberty, and love, at once he bore:  
 His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:  
 Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,  
 Nor ever wishes to be free from love.

But when the sixth revolving year was run,  
 And May within the Twins receiv'd the Sun,  
 Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,  
 Which forms in causes first what'er shall be,  
 Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,  
 This Palamon from prison took his flight:  
 A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before  
 Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store  
 Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,  
 Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,  
 And smor'd secure till morn, his senses bound  
 In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.  
 Short was the night, and careful Palamon  
 Sought the next covert ere the rising Sun.  
 A thick-spread forest near the city lay,  
 To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way,  
 (For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).  
 Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,  
 Till the brown shadows of the friendly night  
 To Thebes might favor his intended flight.  
 When to his country come, his next design  
 Was all the Theban race in arms to join,  
 And war on Theseus, till he lost his life  
 Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.  
 Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile  
 To gentle Arcite let us turn our style:  
 Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,  
 Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the snare.  
 The morning-lark, the messenger of Day,  
 Saluted in her song the morning grey;  
 And soon the Sun arose with beams so bright,  
 That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight  
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,  
 And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dew  
 When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay  
 Obedience to the month of merry May:  
 Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,  
 That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:  
 At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,  
 Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,  
 The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,  
 A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;  
 Then turn'd his face against the rising day,  
 And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May. (was

"For thee, sweet month, the groves green live  
 If not the first, the fairest of the year:  
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
 And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:  
 When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun  
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly at  
 So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,  
 Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite.  
 As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find  
 The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."

His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd  
 Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd  
 His steps where secret Palamon was laid.  
 Full little thought of him the gentle knight,  
 Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight.

ad brambles hid, and shunning mortal  
ght :

knew him for his hated foe,  
im as a man he did not know.  
s been said of ancient years,  
are full of eyes, and woods have ears ;  
wise are ever on their guard,  
een, they say, is unprepar'd.  
Arcite thought himself alone,  
an all suspected Palamon, [grove,  
ing, heard him, while he search'd the  
sung his roundelay of love :  
udden stopp'd, and silent stood,  
ften muse, and change their mood ;  
s Heaven, and then as low as Hell ;  
w down, as buckets in a well :  
like her day, will change her cheer,  
shall we see a Friday clear.  
s, having sung, with alter'd hue  
ground, and from his bosom drew  
sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,  
Juno's unrelenting hate.  
the day when first I did appear ;  
otted from the calendar,  
ite the month, and poison all the year.  
e jealous queen pursue our race !  
lead, the Theban city was :  
not her hate : for all who come  
as are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.  
my blood : unjust decree !  
ies another's crime on me.  
ate I serve my mortal foe,  
ho caus'd my country's overthrow.  
all ; for Juno, to my shame,  
me to forsake my former name ;  
a, Philostratus I am.  
f Heaven is all my enemy :  
Thebes : his mother ruin'd me.  
royal race remains but one  
self, the unhappy Palamon,  
seus holds in bonds, and will not free ;  
crime, except his kin to me.  
nd all the rest, I could endure ;  
malady without a cure ;  
s has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,  
thin, and hisses at my heart.  
fair Emily, my fate pursue ;  
the rest, I die for you.  
yoddes no time leaves record,  
l the temple where she was ador'd :  
urn, I never will complain,  
s my sufferings, if you knew my pain."  
sickly qualm his heart assail'd,  
g inward, and his senses fail'd.  
is'd Palamon of all he spoke,  
deadly pale he chang'd his look :  
d every limb, and felt a smart,  
steel had glided through his heart :  
said, but starting from his place,  
stood, and shov'd his hostile face :  
or Arcite, traitor to thy blood,  
by sacred oath to seek my good,  
u found forsworn, for Emily ;  
attempt her love, for whom I die.  
s cheated Theseus with a wile,  
vow, returning to beguile  
row'd name : as false to me,  
u art to him who set thee free :  
ur'd, that either thou shalt die,  
unce thy claim in Emily :

For, though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)  
Am here without my sword, or pointed lance ;  
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,  
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe."

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,  
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began :  
" Now by the gods who govern Heaven above,  
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,  
That word had been thy last, or in this grove  
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.  
The surety which I gave thee, I defy :  
Fool, not to know, that love endures no tie,  
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.  
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite ;  
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,  
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove  
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love :  
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone (known ;  
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both un-  
With arms of proof both for myself and thee ;  
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.  
And, that a better ease thou may'st abide,  
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,  
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be  
A conquest better won, and worthy me."  
His promise Palamon accepts ; but pray'd,  
To keep it better than the first he made.  
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,  
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.  
O Love ! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,  
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,  
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.  
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon ;  
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.  
Arcite return'd, and, as in honor tied,  
His foe with bedding and with food supplied :  
Then, ere the day, two suits of armor sought,  
Which borne before him on his steed he brought :  
Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,  
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.  
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,  
The challenger and challeng'd face to face  
Approach ; each other from afar they knew,  
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.  
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,  
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,  
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees  
His course at distance by the bending trees,  
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,  
And either he must fall in fight, or I :  
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart ;  
A generous chillness seizes every part ;  
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.  
Thus pale they meet ; their eyes with fury burn ;  
None greets ; for none the greeting will return :  
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care  
His foe protest, as brother of the war :  
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance  
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance :  
They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive to bore  
Their corselets, and the thinnest parts explore.  
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,  
And wounded, wound ; till both were bath'd in  
blood ;  
And not a foot of ground had either got,  
As if the world depended on the spot.  
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,  
And like a lion Palamon appear'd :  
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,  
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,



Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound,  
 With grunts and groans the forest rings around :  
 So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,  
 Till Fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.  
 The power that ministers to God's decrees,  
 And executes on Earth what Heaven foresees,  
 Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway, [way.  
 Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her  
 Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,  
 One moment can retard th' appointed hour.  
 And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,  
 Which happen'd not in centuries of years :  
 For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,  
 Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above ;  
 They move our appetites to good or ill,  
 And by foresight necessitate the will.  
 In Theseus this appears ; whose youthful joy  
 Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy.  
 This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,  
 Forsook his easy couch at early day,  
 And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.  
 Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,  
 And Emily attir'd in lively green,  
 With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,  
 To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh :  
 And as he follow'd Mars before, so now  
 He serves the goddess of the silver bow.  
 The way that Theseus took was to the wood  
 Where the two knights in cruel battle stood :  
 The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place  
 In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chase.  
 Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,  
 That, shaded by the fern, in harbor lay ;  
 And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,  
 For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.  
 Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,  
 He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,  
 In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,  
 Like lightning flam'd their falchions to and fro,  
 And shot a dreadful gleam : so strong they strook,  
 There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak :  
 He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,  
 Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight :  
 Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery steed  
 With goring rowels to provoke his speed.  
 The minute ended that began the race,  
 So soon he was betwixt them on the place ;  
 And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life  
 Commands both combatants to cease their strife :  
 Then with imperious tone pursues his threat :  
 " What are you ? why in arms together met ?  
 How dares your pride presume against my laws,  
 As in a listed field to fight your cause ?  
 Unask'd the royal grant ; no marshal by,  
 As knightly rites require ; nor judge to try ?"  
 Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,  
 Thus hasty spoke : " We both deserve the death,  
 And both would die ; for look the world around,  
 A pair so wretched is not to be found :  
 Our life's a load ; encumber'd with the charge,  
 We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.  
 Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree  
 The rightful doom of death to him and me,  
 Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.  
 Me first, O kill me first ; and cure my woe ;  
 Then sheathe the sword of Justice on my foe :  
 Or kill him first ; for when his name is heard,  
 He foremost will receive his due reward.  
 Arcite of Thebes is he ; thy mortal foe :  
 On whom thy grace did liberty bestow ;

But first contracted, that if ever found  
 By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,  
 His head should pay the forfeit ; see return'd  
 The perjurd knight, his oath and honor scorn'd.  
 For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name  
 And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,  
 Now call'd Philostratus : retain'd by thee,  
 A traitor trusted, and in high degree,  
 Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.  
 My part remains ; from Thebes my birth I own,  
 And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.  
 Think me not like that man ; since no disgrace  
 Can force me to renounce the honor of my race.  
 Know me for what I am : I broke my chain,  
 Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain :  
 The love of liberty with life is given,  
 And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.  
 Thus without crime I fled ; but farther know,  
 I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe :  
 Then give me death, since I thy life pursue ;  
 For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.  
 More wouldst thou know ? I love bright Emily,  
 And for her sake and in her sight will die :  
 But kill my rival too ; for he no less  
 Deserves ; and I thy righteous doom will bless.  
 Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess."  
 To this replied the stern Athenian prince,  
 And sourly smil'd : " In owning your offence,  
 You judge yourself ; and I but keep record  
 In place of law, while you pronounce the word.  
 Take your desert, the death you have decreed ;  
 I seal your doom, and ratify the deed :  
 By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."  
 He said ; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.  
 The queen above the rest, by nature good,  
 (The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)  
 For tender pity wept : when she began,  
 Through the bright guise th' infectious virtue ran,  
 All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid,  
 And thus among themselves they softly said :  
 " What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight !  
 Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,  
 The mastership of Heaven in face and mind,  
 And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind :  
 See their wide streaming wounds ; they neither care  
 For pride of empire, nor desire of fame ;  
 Kings for kingdoms, madmen for applause ;  
 But love for love alone ; that crowns the lover's  
 cause."  
 This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,  
 Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,  
 They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place  
 From the fierce king implor'd th' offenders' grace.  
 He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood  
 (For yet his rage was boiling in his blood) ;  
 But soon his tender mind th' impression felt,  
 (As softest metals are not slow to melt,  
 And pity soonest runs in softest minds) :  
 Then reasons with himself ; and first he finds  
 His passion cast a mist before his sense,  
 And either made, or magnified th' offence.  
 " Offence ! of what ? to whom ? who judg'd the  
 cause ?  
 The prisoner freed himself by Nature's laws :  
 Born free, he sought his right : the man he freed  
 Was perjurd, but his love excus'd the deed."  
 Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,  
 And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries  
 Which mov'd compassion more ; he shook his head  
 And, softly sighing, to himself he said ;

on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears  
can draw  
orse; who rules by lions' law;  
to prayers, by no submission bow'd,  
alike; the penitent, and proud."  
ith look serene, he rais'd his head;  
sum'd her place, and Passion fled:  
aloud he spoke: "The power of Love,  
and seas, and air, and Heaven above,  
esisted, with an awful nod;  
miracles declar'd a god:  
the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;  
ds and stamps anew the lover's mind.  
at Arcite, and this Palamon,  
n my fetters, and in safety gone,  
ler'd either in their native soil  
reap the harvest of their toil;  
their lord, did otherwise ordain,  
ght them in their own despite again,  
death deserv'd; for well they know,  
power, and I their deadly foe;  
rb holds, that to be wise and love,  
granted to the gods above.  
he madmen bleed; behold the gains  
h their master, Love, rewards their pains;  
long years, on duty every day,  
bedience, and their monarch's pay:  
duty bound, they serve him on;  
the fools, they think it wisely done;  
nor wealth, nor life itself regard,  
eir maxim, love is love's reward.  
t all; the fair for whom they strove  
before, nor could suspect their love,  
ght, when she beheld the fight from far,  
ty was th' occasion of the war.  
a general doom on man is past,  
re fools and lovers, first or last:  
by others and myself I know,  
e serv'd their sovereign long ago;  
been caught within the winding train  
: snared, and felt the lover's pain, [strain.  
i'd how far the god can human hearts con-  
membrance, and the prayers of those  
h' offending warriors interpose,  
ir forfeit lives; on this accord,  
homage as their sovereign lord;  
y vassals, to their utmost might,  
person, and assert my right."  
y sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.  
s the king his secret thoughts explain'd:  
th, or honor, or a royal race,  
or all, may win a lady's grace,  
er of you knights may well deserve  
s born; and such is she you serve:  
y is sister to the crown,  
oo well to both her beauty known:  
d you combat till you both were dead,  
rs cannot share a single bed:  
re both are equal in degree,  
f both be left to Destiny.  
: th' award, and happy may it prove  
nd him who best deserves her love!  
nn hence in peace, and free as air,  
s wide world, and where you please repair;  
e day when this returning Sun  
me point through every sign has run,  
h of you his hundred knights shall bring,  
ists, to fight before the king;  
the knight, whom Fate or happy Chance  
his friends to victory advance,

And grace his arms so far in equal fight,  
From out the bars to force his opposite,  
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,  
The prize of valor and of love shall gain;  
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,  
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.  
The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,  
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;  
And take the patron's place of either knight,  
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;  
And Heaven of me so judge, as I shall judge aright.  
If both are satisfied with this accord,  
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword."  
Who now but Palamon exults with joy!  
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:  
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,  
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell  
To bless the gracious king. The knights, with leave  
Departing from the place, his last commands receive;  
On Emily with equal ardor look,  
And from her eyes their inspiration took:  
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,  
Each to provide his champions for the day.  
It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,  
Or too much negligence or want of art,  
If he forgot the vast magnificence  
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.  
He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,  
The whole circumference a mile around;  
The form was circular; and all without  
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.  
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,  
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd;  
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,  
Height was allow'd for him above to see.  
Eastward was built a gate of marble white;  
The like adorn'd the western opposite.  
A nobler object than this fabric was,  
Rome never saw: nor of so vast a space:  
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,  
All arts and artists Theseus could command:  
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,  
The master-painters, and the carvers, came.  
So rose within the compass of the year  
An age's work, a glorious theatre.  
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd, above,  
A temple, sacred to the queen of love;  
An altar stood below; on either hand  
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.  
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,  
And on the north a turret was inclos'd  
Within the wall, of alabaster white,  
And crimson coral, for the queen of night,  
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.  
Within these oratories might you see  
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:  
Where every figure to the life express'd  
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.  
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen  
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,  
Prayers, that even spoke, and pity seem'd to call,  
And issuing sighs, that smok'd along the wall,  
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's Hell,  
And scalding tears, that wore a channel where they  
fell:  
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties  
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies;  
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.  
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,  
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;

And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers,  
 And sigils, fram'd in planetary hours:  
 Expense, and Afterthought, and idle Care,  
 And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair;  
 Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,  
 And Jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,  
 Discoloring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,  
 Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.  
 Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance  
 The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,  
 Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,  
 And balls by nights, and tournaments by day.  
 All these were painted on the wall, and more:  
 With acts and monuments of times before:  
 And others added by prophetic doom,  
 And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:  
 For there th' Italian mount, and Citheron,  
 The court of Venus was in colors drawn:  
 Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,  
 And loose array, sat portress Idleness:  
 There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone:  
 There Samson was; with wiser Solomon,  
 And all the mighty names by love undone.  
 Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,  
 With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beasts.  
 Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,  
 And prowess, to the power of love submit:  
 The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;  
 And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.  
 The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;  
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:  
 From ocean as she first began to rise,  
 And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies,  
 She trod the brine, all bare below the breast,  
 And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;  
 A lute she hold; and on her head was seen  
 A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;  
 Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;  
 And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,  
 With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded  
 o'er;

His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,  
 Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.  
 But in the dome of mighty Mars the red  
 With different figures all the sides were spread;  
 This temple, less in form, with equal grace,  
 Was imitative of the first in Thrace:  
 For that cold region was the lov'd abode  
 And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.  
 The landscape was a forest wide and bare,  
 Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;  
 The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,  
 And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.  
 A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,  
 And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;  
 Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old;  
 Headless the most, and hideous to behold:  
 A rattling tempest through the branches went,  
 That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.  
 Heaven fruze above, severe, the clouds congeal,  
 And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing  
 hail.

Such was the face without; a mountain stood  
 Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood:  
 Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,  
 The temple stood of Mars armipotent:  
 The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare  
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.  
 A straight long entry to the temple led,  
*Blind with high walls, and Horror over-head:*

Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,  
 As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;  
 In through that door, a northern light there shone;  
 'Twas all it had, for windows there were none;  
 The gate was adamant, eternal frame!  
 Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries  
 came,

The labor of a god; and all along  
 Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.  
 A tun about was every pillar there;  
 A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.  
 There saw I how the secret felon wrought,  
 And Treason laboring in the traitor's thought:  
 And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder  
 brought.

There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;  
 Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,  
 Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,  
 But hid the dagger underneath the gown:  
 Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend,  
 And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.  
 On t' other side there stood Destruction bare,  
 Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war.  
 Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,  
 And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.  
 Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,  
 And bawling Infamy, in language base: [place  
 Till sense was lost in sound, and Silence fled the  
 The slayer of himself yet saw I there,  
 The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:  
 With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth, he lay,  
 And grim, as when he breath'd his sudden soul  
 away.

In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sate,  
 And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,  
 And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;  
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft; and cries of Blood.  
 There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,  
 And violent Death in thousand shapes display'd;  
 The city to the soldiers' rage resign'd;  
 Successless wars, and Poverty behind;  
 Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,  
 And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:  
 The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;  
 And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.  
 All ill of Mars's nature, flame and steel;  
 The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel  
 Of his own car; the ruin'd house, that falls  
 And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:  
 The whole division, that to Mars pertains,  
 All trades of death, that deal in steel for gains,  
 Were there: the butcher, armorer, and smith,  
 Who forges sharpen'd falchions, or the scythe.  
 The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd,  
 With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd:  
 A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,  
 Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.  
 There saw I Mars's idea, the Capitol,  
 The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;  
 The last triumphs, and the wars they move,  
 And Antony, who lost the world for love.  
 These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;  
 Their fates were painted, ere the men were born.  
 All copied from the Heavens, and ruling force  
 Of the red star, in his revolving course.  
 The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,  
 All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:  
 Two geomantic figures were display'd  
 Above his head, a warrior and a maid;  
 One when direct, and one when retrograde.

with deformities of death, I haste  
 third temple of Diana chaste.  
 n scene with various greens was drawn,  
 on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:  
 er Cynthia, with her nymphs around,  
 the flying deer, the woods with horns re-

sound:  
 here stood manifest of shame,  
 m'd a bear, the northern star became:  
 was next, and, by peculiar grace,  
 old circle held the second place:  
 g Acteon in the stream had spied  
 ted huntress, and, for seeing, died:  
 nds, unknowing of his change, pursue  
 se, and their mistaken master alew.  
 Daphne too was there to see,  
 love before, and now his tree:  
 xining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,  
 nting of the Caledonian beast.  
 ' valor, and his envied prize;  
 al power of Atalanta's eyes;  
 vengeance on the victor shown,  
 rderess mother, and consuming son;  
 lescian queen extended on the plain;  
 ason punish'd, and the traitor slain.  
 t were various huntings, well design'd,  
 age beasts destroy'd, of every kind.  
 ceeful goddess was array'd in green;  
 er feet were little beagles seen,  
 tch'd with upward eyes the motions of their  
 queen.

s were buskin'd, and the left before;  
 o shoot, a silver bow she bore,  
 her back a painted quiver wore.  
 l a waxing moon, that soon would wane,  
 nking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;  
 wncast eyes, as seeming to survey  
 k dominions, her alternate sway.  
 er stood a woman in her throes,  
 l'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.  
 e the painter drew with such command,  
 sture snatch'd the pencil from his hand,  
 l and angry that his art could feign  
 nd the tortures of a mother's pain.  
 beheld the fanes of every god,  
 ight his mighty cost was well bestow'd.  
 es now their poets should regard;  
 can write, and fewer can reward.  
 heatre thus rais'd, the lists inclos'd,  
 with vast magnificence dispos'd,  
 re the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring  
 ghts to combat; and their arms to sing.

### Book III.

y approach'd when Fortune should decide  
 ortant enterprise, and give the bride;  
 r, the rivals round the world had sought,  
 h his rival, well appointed, brought.  
 ions, far and near, contend in choice,  
 d the flower of war by public voice;  
 er, or before, were never known  
 iefs, as each an army seem'd alone:  
 he champions, all of high degree,  
 ighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,  
 d to the lists, and envied to behold  
 ces of others, not their own, enroll'd.  
 as it strange; for every noble knight  
 res the fair, and is endu'd with might,  
 a quarrel would be proud to fight.

There breathes not scarce a man on British ground  
 (An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)  
 But would have sold his life to purchase fame,  
 To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:  
 And had the land selected of the best,  
 Half had come hence, and let the world provide the  
 rest.

A hundred knights with Palamon there came,  
 Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;  
 Their arms were several, as their nations were,  
 But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.  
 Some wore coat armor, imitating scale;  
 And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.  
 Some wore a breast-plate and a light jupon,  
 Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison:  
 Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,  
 Of folded hides; and others shields of pruce.  
 One hung a pole-ax at his saddle-bow,  
 And one a heavy mace to shun the foe.  
 One for his legs and knees provided well,  
 With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of steel.  
 This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,  
 And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.  
 With Palamon, above the rest in place,  
 Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;  
 Black was his beard, and manly was his face;  
 The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,  
 And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:  
 He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,  
 And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair:  
 Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,  
 Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.  
 Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)  
 Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.  
 Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,  
 Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.  
 His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;  
 His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.  
 His ample forehead bore a coronet,  
 With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:  
 Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,  
 And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his  
 chair,

A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear:  
 With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,  
 And collars of the same their necks surround.  
 Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way:  
 His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud  
 array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came  
 Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,  
 On a bay courser, goodly to behold,  
 The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous  
 gold.

Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;  
 His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,  
 Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;  
 His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.  
 His shoulders large, a mantle did attire,  
 With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:  
 His amber-color'd locks in ringlets run,  
 With graceful negligence, and shone against the Sun.  
 His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,  
 Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:  
 Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,  
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:  
 His awful presence did the crowd surprise,  
 Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,  
 Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway.  
 So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.

His age in Nature's youthful prime appear'd,  
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.  
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,  
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:  
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;  
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd  
between.

Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,  
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white,

His hundred knights attend him to the war,  
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.  
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,  
And pleasing was the terror of the field.

For kings, and dukes, and barons you might see,  
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,  
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.  
Before the king tame leopards led the way,  
And troops of lions innocently play.

So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,  
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.

In this array the war of either side  
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.  
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;  
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the  
posts adorn.

The town was all a jubilee of feasts;  
So Theseus will'd, in honor of his guests;  
Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,  
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.  
No harbinger was needful for a night,  
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.

I pass the royal treat, nor must relate  
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sat;  
Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd  
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;  
Whose voice, whose graceful dance, did most sur-  
prise;

Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.  
The rivals call my Muse another way,  
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.

'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night,  
And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,  
Promis'd the Sun, ere day began to spring;  
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing, [sing:  
And, flickering on her nest, made short essays to  
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,  
Took, to the royal lists, his early way,  
To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray.

There, falling on his knees before her shrine,  
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.  
"Creator Venus, genial power of love,  
The bliss of men below, and gods above!  
Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy race,  
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.  
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,  
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.  
Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,  
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,  
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.  
For thee the lion lothes the taste of blood,  
And roaring hunts his female through the wood:  
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,  
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:  
All nature is thy province, life thy care;  
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.  
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,  
Increase of Jove, companion of the Sun;  
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,  
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;  
To vent my sorrow, would be some relief;  
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;  
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.  
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,  
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.  
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,  
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;  
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,  
A foe profess't to barren chastity.

Nor ask I fame nor honor of the field,  
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:  
In my divine Emilia make me blest,  
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest;  
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;  
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.  
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,  
On whom he favors to confer the prize;  
With smiling aspect you serenely move  
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.  
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,  
The finest of the wool is left for you.

Spare me but one small portion of the twine,  
And let the sisters cut below your line:  
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,  
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.  
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,  
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality)

Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,  
And, I once dead, let him possess her charms."  
Thus ended he; then, with observance due,  
The sacred incense on her altar threw:

The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;  
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;  
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,  
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine:  
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:  
For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing smoke,  
He knew his boon was granted; but the day  
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long  
delay.

Now Morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky,  
Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily;  
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,  
In state attended by her maiden train,  
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,  
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.  
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,  
Nor wanted aught besides in honor of the Moon.  
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam,  
They wash the virgin in a living stream:

The secret ceremonies I conceal,  
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal:  
But such they were as pagan use requir'd,  
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,  
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites  
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.

Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,  
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.  
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,  
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:  
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid  
Had kindling fires on either altar laid,  
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,  
By Statius in his Theban story told.)

Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,  
Thus lowly she prefer'd her chaste request.  
"O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,  
To whom both Heaven and Earth and seas are seen;  
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year

beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;  
 of maids, and conscious of our hearts,  
 ne from the vengeance of thy darts,  
 iobe's devoted issue felt, [were dealt,  
 sing through the skies the feather'd death  
 re to live a virgin life,  
 the name of mother or of wife.  
 as from my tender years I am,  
 like thee, the woods and sylvan game.  
 h, thou know'st, I loathe the nuptial state,  
 the tyrant of our sex, I hate,  
 servant, but a lofty mate:  
 ve is duty on the female side, [pride.  
 mere sensual gust, and sought with surl  
 thy triple shape, as thou art seen  
 n, Earth, Hell, and everywhere a queen,  
 my first desire: let discord cease,  
 e betwixt the rivals lasting peace:  
 heir hot fire, or far from me remove  
 e, and turn it on some other love:  
 frowning stars have so decreed,  
 must be rejected, one succeed,  
 a my lord, within whose faithful breast  
 y image, and who loves me best.  
 ev'n that avert! I choose it not,  
 it as the least unhappy lot.  
 am, and of thy virgin train;  
 e still that spotless name retain!  
 the forests, thy chaste will obey,  
 make the beasts of chase my prey!"  
 mes ascend on either altar clear,  
 as the blameless maid address'd her prayer.  
 ! the burning fire that shone so bright,  
 all sudden, with extinguish'd light,  
 me altar dark, a little space,  
 mid self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;  
 : victor-flame a moment stood,  
 , and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood;  
 lost, th' irrevocable light  
 se blackening coals, and sunk to night:  
 end it whistled as it flew,  
 e brands were green, so dropp'd the dew,  
 as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.  
 aid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,  
 loud shrieks and clamors rent the skies,  
 : what signified the boding sign, [divine.  
 the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath  
 hook the sacred shrine, and sudden light  
 rough the vaulted roof, and made the  
 temple bright.  
 wer, behold! the power in glory shone,  
 nt bow and her keen arrows known;  
 a huntress issuing from the wood,  
 on her cornel spear she stood.  
 cious thus began: "Dismiss thy fear,  
 ren's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:  
 erful gods have torn thee from my side,  
 ; to resign, and doom'd a bride:  
 contending knights are weigh'd above;  
 protects, and one the queen of love:  
 a the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;  
 rounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.  
 that once extinct reviv'd again,  
 s the love allotted to remain:  
 " she said, and vanish'd from the place;  
 f of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.  
 this, the royal virgin stood  
 l, and now no more a sister of the wood:  
 : parting goddess thus she pray'd;  
 as still be present to my aid,  
 abandon your once favor'd maid."

Then sighing she return'd: but smil'd betwixt,  
 With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.  
 The next returning planetary hour  
 Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,  
 His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,  
 T' adore with pagan rites the power omnipotent:  
 Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,  
 And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray:  
 "Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways  
 The freezing north, and Hyperborean seas,  
 And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,  
 Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honor'd most:  
 There most, but everywhere thy power is known,  
 The fortune of the fight is all thy own:  
 Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung  
 From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong:  
 And disarray and shameful rout ensue,  
 And force is added to the fainting crew.  
 Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,  
 If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:  
 If to my utmost power with sword and shield  
 I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,  
 And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:  
 Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,  
 That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.  
 Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown  
 To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.  
 Venus, the public care of all above,  
 Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:  
 Now by her blandishments and powerful charms,  
 When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,  
 Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,  
 When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd:  
 O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,  
 When every god that saw thee wish'd thy place!  
 By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,  
 And make me conquer in my patron's right:  
 For I am young, a novice in the trade,  
 The fool of love, unpractic'd to persuade:  
 And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,  
 But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:  
 And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,  
 Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with dis-  
 dain.  
 For sure I am, unless I win in arms,  
 To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:  
 Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee  
 Endued by force I gain the victory;  
 Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous heart,  
 Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.  
 So be the morrow's sweat and labor mine,  
 The palm and honor of the conquest thine:  
 Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife  
 Immortal, be the business of my life;  
 And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,  
 High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be  
 hung,  
 Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,  
 With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:  
 And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,  
 While day to night, and night to day succeeds,  
 Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food  
 Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;  
 Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine;  
 And fires eternal in thy temple shine.  
 The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,  
 Which from my birth inviolate I bear,  
 Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,  
 Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.  
 So may my arms with victory be blest,  
 I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest."

The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close  
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;  
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung  
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung;  
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,  
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:  
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,  
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.  
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,  
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:  
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire  
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:  
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:  
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,  
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,  
Half sunk, and half pronounce'd, the word of victory.  
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,  
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.

These vows thus granted, raised a strife above,  
Betwixt the god of war, and queen of love.  
She granting first, had right of time to plead:  
But he had granted too, nor would recede.  
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,  
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife:  
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,  
And found a way the difference to compose:  
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,  
He seldom does a good with good intent.  
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught  
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought;  
For this advantage age from youth has won,  
As not to be outridden, though outrun.  
By fortune he was now to Venus trind,  
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:  
Of him disposing in his own abode,  
He sooth'd the goddess while he gull'd the god:  
"Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife;  
Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife:  
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight  
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.  
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place  
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.  
Man feels me, when I press th' ethereal plains,  
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.  
Mine is the shipwreck, in a watery sign;  
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.  
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,  
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,  
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.  
The throttling quinsy 'tis my star appoints,  
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:  
When churls rebel against their native prince,  
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;  
And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,  
Bought scutes and deserting troops are mine.  
Mine is the privy poisoning; I command  
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.  
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,  
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.  
'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall  
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.  
My looking is the fire of pestilence,  
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.  
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art.  
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.  
'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,  
The family of Heaven for men should war."  
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;  
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.  
The management they left to Chronos' care;  
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,  
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May,  
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,  
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.  
Heaven smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of man;  
And Venus had the world as when it first began.  
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,  
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,  
As at a signal given, the streets with clamors ring:  
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high  
Ev'n from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry,  
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.  
The gods came downward to behold the wars,  
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.  
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,  
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd,  
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,  
Clattering of armor, furbish'd for the field.  
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,  
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:  
The greedy sight might there devour the gold  
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:  
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,  
And crested morions, with their plummy pride.  
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,  
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.  
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance,  
A third the shining buckler did advance.  
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,  
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.  
The smiths and armorers on palfreys ride,  
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,  
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields  
provide.

The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands,  
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in  
their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,  
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;  
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,  
And the last corners bear the former to the sides.  
The throng is in the midst; the common crew  
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;  
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,  
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk;  
Factions, and favoring this or t' other side,  
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:  
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold  
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:  
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,  
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.  
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,  
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;  
His double-biting ax and beaming spear,  
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.  
All spoke as partial favor mov'd the mind:  
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose.  
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;  
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sat  
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;  
There, for the two contending knights he sent:  
Arm'd cap-a-piè, with reverence low they bent;  
He smil'd on both, and with superior look  
Alike their offer'd adoration took.  
The people press on every side, to see  
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.  
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,  
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.  
Silence is thrice enjoy'd; then thus aloud

at arms bespeaks the knights and listening crowd.

Overeign lord has ponder'd in his mind  
as to spare the blood of gentle kind ;  
is grace and inborn clemency,  
ies his first severe decree,  
er edge of battle to rebate,  
as for honor fighting, not for hate.  
not death should terminate their strife ;  
nds, if wounds ensue, be short of life :  
s, ere the fight, his dread command,  
as afar, and poniards hand to hand,  
d'd from the field ; that none shall dare  
ren'd sword to stab in closer war ;  
ir combat fight with manly strength,  
with biting point, but strike at length.  
ney is allow'd but one career,  
ugh ash, with the sharp grinded spear,  
as unhors'd may rise from off the plain,  
t on foot their honor to regain ;  
t mischief taken, on the ground  
but prisoners to the pillar bound,  
barrier plac'd ; nor (captives made)  
or arm'd anew the fight invade.  
f of either side, bereft of life,  
d to his foe, concludes the strife.  
me the lord : now valiant knights and young  
h his fill with swords and maces long."   
erald ends : the vaulted firmament  
d acclaims and vast applause is rent :  
guard a prince so gracious and so good,  
nd yet so provident of blood !"  
the general cry. The trumpets sound,  
like symphony is heard around.  
ching troops through Athens take their way,  
t earl-marshal orders their array.  
from high the passing pomp behold ;  
f flowers is from the windows roll'd.  
ments are with golden tissue spread,  
es' boots, for earth, on silken tapestry tread ;  
goes midmost, and the rivals ride  
rank, and close his either side.  
er these, there rode the royal wife,  
ily, the cause and the reward of strife.  
wing cavalcade, by three and three,  
by titles marshall'd in degree.  
ough the southern gate they take their way,  
he list arriv'd ere prime of day.  
arting from the king, the chiefs divide,  
eeling east and west, before their many ride.  
anian monarch mounts his throne on high,  
r him the queen and Emily :  
ee the kindred of the crown are grac'd  
urer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd :  
ere they seated, when, with clamors loud,  
d at once a rude promiscuous crowd ;  
rds and then each other overbear,  
moment through the spacious theatre.  
ung'd the jarring noise to whispers low,  
s foraking seas more softly blow ;  
t the western gate, on which the car  
aloft, that bears the god of war,  
rcite entering arm'd before his train,  
the barrier, and divides the plain.  
his banner, and display'd abroad,  
dy colors of his patron god.  
t self moment enters Palamon  
of Venus, and the rising-sun ;  
y the wanton winds, his banner flies,  
en white, and shares the people's eyes.

From east to west, look all the world around,  
Two troops so match'd were never to be found ;  
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,  
In stature siz'd ; so proud an equipage :  
The nicest eye could no distinction make,  
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims  
A silence, while they answer'd to their names :  
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,  
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.  
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd ;  
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.  
The heralds last retired, and loudly cried,  
The fortune of the field be fairly tried.

At this, the challenger with fierce defy  
His trumpet sounds ; the challeng'd makes reply :  
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted  
sky.

Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest,  
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest ;  
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,  
And spurring see decrease the middle space.  
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,  
And all at once the combatants are lost :  
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unscen.  
Coursers with coursers jostling, men with men :  
As laboring in eclipse, awhile they stay,  
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.  
They look anew : the beauteous form of fight  
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.  
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,  
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd :  
Not half the number in their seats are found,  
But men and steeds lie groveling in the ground.  
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,  
The steeds without their riders scour the field.  
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight ;  
The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light :  
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound,  
Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the ground.  
The mighty maces with such haste descend,  
They break the bones, and make the solid armor bend,  
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force ;  
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse :  
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,  
And, floundering, throws the rider o'er his head.  
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes ;  
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.  
This halting, this disabled with his wound,  
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,  
Where by the king's award he must abide :  
There goes a captive led on t' other side.  
By fits they cease ; and, leaning on the lance,  
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd  
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.  
The head of this was to the saddle bent,  
The other backward to the crupper sent :  
Both were by turns unhors'd ; the jealous blows  
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.  
So deep their falchions bite, that every stroke  
Pierc'd to the quick ; and equal wounds they gave  
and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,  
Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,  
A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,  
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.  
Each claims possession, neither will obey,  
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey ;



They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,  
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things tend  
By course of time to their appointed end;  
So when the Sun to west was far declin'd,  
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,  
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,  
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:  
For, turning short, he struck with all his might  
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.  
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,  
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;  
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,  
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.  
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,  
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:  
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground,  
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;  
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain  
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd  
No more to try the fortune of the field!  
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes  
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge, on his tribunal plac'd,  
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,  
Bad cease the war; pronouncing from on high,  
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.  
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,  
And round the royal lists the heralds cried,  
"Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride."  
The people rend the skies with vast applause;  
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.  
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,  
And conquering Mars insults the queen of love.  
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,  
And Jove's usurping arms in Heaven prevail'd:  
Laugh'd all the powers who favor tyranny;  
And all the standing army of the sky.  
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,  
And, weeping, on the lists distill'd her tears;  
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,  
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is lost.

Till Saturn said, "Fair daughter, now be still,  
The blustering fool has satisfied his will;  
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,  
But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.  
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be  
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free."

Now while the heralds run the lists around,  
And Arcite, Arcite, Heaven and Earth resound;  
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)  
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.  
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,  
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:  
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,  
And paid the salutations of the crowd.  
Then, spurring at full speed, ran endlong on  
Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne;  
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,  
Where next the queen was placed his Emily;  
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:  
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent  
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,  
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way):  
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,  
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:  
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,  
And bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:

Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,  
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.  
Black was his count'nance in a little space,  
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.  
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,  
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;  
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;  
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.  
The saddle-bow, the noble parts had prest,  
All bruise'd and mortified his manly breast.  
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,  
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.  
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,  
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Meantime the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,  
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,  
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field  
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd);  
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,  
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.  
But that which gladdened all the warrior-train,  
Though most was sorely wounded, none were slain.  
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,  
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage, [of age.  
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts  
The king in person visits all around,  
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;  
Honors the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,  
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.  
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame;  
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.  
The venturous knight is from the saddle thrown;  
But 'tis the fault of Fortune, not his own:  
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,  
The victor under better stars was born:  
The brave man seeks not popular applause,  
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;  
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can;  
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.  
Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;  
And each was set according to his place.  
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,  
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.  
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,  
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd.

Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs:  
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leech's  
cares;

Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase,  
All means are us'd, and all without success.  
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,  
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:  
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;  
All outward remedies and inward fail:  
The mould of Nature's fabric is destroy'd,  
Her vessels compos'd, her virtue void:  
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell,  
All out of frame is every secret cell,  
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.  
Those breathing organs, thus within oppress'd,  
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.  
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,  
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.  
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,  
When Nature cannot work, th' effect of Art is void.  
For physic can but mend our crazy state,  
Patch an old building, not a new create.  
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,  
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride.

hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.  
 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,  
 none (that of all physic works the last)  
 him to send for Emily in haste.  
 Or, at his desire, came Palamon;  
 on his pillow rais'd, he thus began.  
 Language can express the smallest part  
 of I feel, and suffer in my heart,  
 O, whom best I love and value most;  
 your service I bequeath my ghost;  
 from this mortal body when untied,  
 unheard, shall hover at your side;  
 right you waking, nor your sleep offend,  
 it officious, and your steps attend:  
 have lov'd, excuse my faltering tongue,  
 it's feeble, and my pains are strong:  
 may say, I only grieve to die  
 I lose my charming Emily:  
 when Heaven had put you in my power,  
 I should not choose a more malicious hour!  
 greater curse could envious Fortune give,  
 'twere to die, when I began to live!  
 O, how vanishing a bliss we crave,  
 when in love, now withering in the grave!  
 O never more to see the Sun!  
 I lie in a damp vault, and still alone!  
 'twere common; but I lose my breath  
 in vain, and yet not bless'd before my death.  
 Alas! but take me dying in your arms,  
 I can enjoy of all your charms:  
 and I cannot but in death resign;  
 I shall live! but while I live 'tis mine.  
 I shall end approach, and thus embrac'd,  
 I shall die; but hear me speak my last.  
 O sweet foe, for you, and you alone,  
 my faith with injur'd Palamon.  
 I have the sense of right and wrong confounds,  
 Love and proud Ambition have no bounds.  
 I wish I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,  
 I return to justify my wrong:  
 while my former flames remain within,  
 I cannot be but want of power to sin.  
 I mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,  
 nor you, were guilty of the strife:  
 but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,  
 beauty, and my impotence of mind,  
 a concurrent flame, that blew my fire;  
 our kindred souls had one desire.  
 a moment's right in point of time;  
 seen first, then his had been the crime.  
 He made it mine, and justified his right;  
 He made this Earth a more deserving knight,  
 for his valor, and for noble blood,  
 honor, all that is compris'd in good;  
 O me Heaven, in all the world is none  
 worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.  
 As you too, with such an holy fire,  
 cannot, cannot, but with life expire:  
 As'd affections both have often tried,  
 O love but yours could ours divide.  
 O my love's inviolable band,  
 long suffering, and my short command,  
 you plight your vows when I am gone,  
 O my faithful Palamon."  
 was his last; for Death came on again,  
 and rais'd below his iron reign;  
 upward to the seat of life he goes:  
 He stood before him, what he touch'd he froze:  
 He did not his closing eyes withdraw,  
 O less and less of Emily he saw;

So, speechless, for a little space he lay; [away.  
 Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul

But whither went his soul, let such relate  
 Who search the secrets of the future state:  
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;  
 Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:  
 For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,  
 And faith itself be lost in certainty.  
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,  
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.  
 The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,  
 Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;  
 Silent he wept, asham'd to show his tears:  
 Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd  
 With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:  
 Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,  
 Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.  
 'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;  
 Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,  
 When just approaching to the nuptial state:  
 But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,  
 That all at once it falls, and cannot last.  
 The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,  
 That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:  
 Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,  
 With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.  
 Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen  
 For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.  
 Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair.  
 The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tear.  
 "Why wouldst thou go," with one consent they cry,  
 "When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?"

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief  
 Of others, wanted now the same relief.  
 Old Egeus only could revive his son,  
 Who various changes of the world had known,  
 And strange vicissitudes of human fate,  
 Still altering, never in a steady state;  
 Good after ill, and after pain delight;  
 Alternate like the scenes of day and night:  
 "Since every man who lives is born to die,  
 And none can boast sincere felicity,  
 With equal mind what happens let us bear, [care.  
 Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our  
 Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend:  
 The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.  
 Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,  
 Some other, worse or better, mount the throne."  
 With words like these the crowd was satisfied,  
 And so they would have been had Theseus died.  
 But he, their king, was laboring in his mind,  
 A fitting place for funeral pomp to find,  
 Which were in honor of the dead design'd:  
 And, after long debate, at last he found  
 (As Love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)  
 That grove for ever green, that conscious land,  
 Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:  
 That where he fed his amorous desires  
 With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,  
 There other flames might waste his earthly part,  
 And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd  
 Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.  
 With sounding axes to the grove they go,  
 Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,  
 Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,  
 On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,  
 Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid  
 The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.

White gloves were on his hands, and on his head  
 A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.  
 A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,  
 The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:  
 Bare was his manly visage on the bier:  
 Menac'd his countenance; ev'n in death severe.  
 Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,  
 To lie in solemn state, a public sight.  
 Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place,  
 And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.  
 Sad Palamon above the rest appears,  
 In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:  
 His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd;  
 Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:  
 But Emily, as chief, was next his side,  
 A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.  
 And, that the princely obsequies might be  
 Perform'd according to his high degree,  
 The steed, that bore him living to the fight,  
 Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,  
 And cover'd with the achievements of the knight.  
 The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,  
 His lance of cornel-wood another held;  
 The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,  
 The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.  
 The noblest of the Grecians next appear,  
 And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;  
 With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,  
 And through the master-street the corpse convey'd.  
 The houses to their tops with black were spread,  
 And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.  
 The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,  
 And on the left the royal Theseus wept;  
 Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine, [wine.  
 With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy  
 Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,  
 And after him appear'd the illustrious train.  
 To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright  
 With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.  
 With high devotion was the service made,  
 And all the rites of pagan-honor paid:  
 So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,  
 With vigor drawn, must send the shaft below.  
 The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,  
 With crackling straw beneath in due proportion  
 strow'd.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,  
 With sulphur and bitumen cast between,  
 To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,  
 And mountain ash, the mother of the spear;  
 The mourner yew and builder oak were there:  
 The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,  
 Hard box, and linden of a softer grain, [ordain.  
 And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs  
 How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,  
 With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every tree;  
 Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,  
 Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:  
 Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,  
 Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:  
 Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright  
 Beheld the sudden Sun, a stranger to the light.

The straw, as first I said, was laid below:  
 Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;  
 The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;  
 The fourth high stage the fragrant odors held,  
 And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,  
 In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.  
 The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes  
 The stubble fir'd; the smouldering flames arise:

This office done, she sunk upon the ground;  
 But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,  
 I want the wit in moving words to dress:  
 But by themselves the tender sex may guess.  
 While the devouring fire was burning fast,  
 Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;  
 And some their shields, and some their lances threw,  
 And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.  
 Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,  
 Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,  
 And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.  
 Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around  
 The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound;  
 Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice again,  
 Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:  
 Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields:  
 The women mix their cries; and Clamor fills the fields.  
 The warlike wakes continued all the night,  
 And funeral games were play'd at new returning light.  
 Who, naked, wrestled best, beamear'd with oil,  
 Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,  
 I will not tell you, nor would you attend;  
 But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,  
 And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:  
 When, by the Grecians' general consent,  
 At Athens Theseus held his parliament:  
 Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,  
 That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed;  
 Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,  
 To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.  
 Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,  
 Mournful in mind, and still in black array. [light.

The monarch mounts the throne, and plac'd on  
 Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:  
 So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid  
 Becoming reverence to the royal maid.  
 And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:  
 With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event:  
 All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,  
 Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his  
 face.

At length he sigh'd: and, having first prepar'd  
 Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.

"The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above,  
 Hung down on Earth the golden chain of love:  
 Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,  
 When peace among the jarring seeds he sent,  
 Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound.  
 And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.  
 The chain still holds; for, though the forms decay,  
 Eternal matter never wears away:

The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,  
 How long those perishable forms shall last:  
 Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd  
 By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:  
 Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;  
 But never pass the appointed destiny.  
 So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,  
 Throw off the burthen, and suborn their death.  
 Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,  
 On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:  
 Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;  
 Who gives us life and animating soul:  
 For Nature cannot from a part derive  
 That being, which the whole can only give:  
 He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,  
 Subject to change, and different in degree;  
 Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,  
 We more or less of his perfection share.

a long descent, th' ethereal fire  
 ; and forms, the mortal part, expire.  
 withdraws his virtue, so they pass,  
 same matter makes another mass :  
 v the Omniscent Power was pleas'd to give,  
 ery kind should by succession live !  
 lviduals die, his will ordains,  
 pagated species still remains.  
 narch oak, the patriarch of the trees,  
 ising up, and spreads by slow degrees ;  
 enturies he grows, and three he stays,  
 s in state, and in three more decays ;  
 s the paving pebble in the street,  
 me and towers their fatal periods meet :  
 s, rapid once, now naked lie, [dry.  
 n of their springs ; and leave their channels  
 at first a drop, dilates with heat,  
 rm'd, the little heart begins to beat ;  
 e feeds, unknowing in the cell ;  
 th, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,  
 oggles into breath, and cries for aid ;  
 elpless, in his mother's lap is laid.  
 pe, he walks, and, issuing into man,  
 their life, from whence his own began :  
 s of laws, affects to rule alone,  
 to reign, and restless on the throne :  
 getive, then feels, and reasons last ;  
 three souls, and lives all three to waste.  
 us ; but thousands more in flower of age :  
 arrive to run the latter stage.  
 the first, in battle some are slain,  
 ers whelm'd beneath the stormy main.  
 akes all this, but Jupiter the king,  
 e command we perish, and we spring ?  
 s our best, since thus ordain'd to die,  
 e a virtue of necessity.  
 hat he gives, since to rebel is vain ;  
 l grows better, which we well sustain ;  
 lld we choose the time, and choose aright,  
 t to die, our honor at the height.  
 ve have done our ancestors no shame,  
 r'd our friends, and well secured our fame ;  
 ould we wish our happy life to close,  
 ve no more for Fortune to dispose :  
 ld we make our death a glad relief  
 ture shame, from sickness, and from grief :  
 g while we live the present hour,  
 ing in our excellence and flower,  
 und our death-bed every friend should run,  
 ous of our conquest early won :  
 he malicious world with envious tears  
 grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.  
 en our Arcite is with honor dead,  
 ould we mourn, that he so soon is freed,  
 untimely what the gods decreed ?  
 ief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,  
 foul prison to free air restor'd.  
 e to thank his kinsman or his wife,  
 ears recall him into wretched life ?  
 row hurts themselves ; on him is lost ;  
 ore than both, offends his happy ghost.  
 en remains, but, after past annoy,  
 the good vicissitude of joy ?  
 k the gracious gods for what they give,  
 our souls, and, while we live, to live ?  
 we then two sorrows to combine,  
 one point th' extremes of grief to join ;  
 once resulting joy may be renew'd,  
 ag notes in harmony conclude.  
 propose that Palamon shall be  
 age join'd with *beautiful Emily* ;

For which already I have gain'd th' assent  
 Of my free people in full parliament.  
 Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,  
 And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him right :  
 'Tis time to mend her fault ; since Emily  
 By Arcite's death from former vows is free :  
 If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,  
 And take him for your husband and your lord,  
 'Tis no dishonor to confer your grace  
 On one descended from a royal race :  
 And were he less, yet years of service past  
 From grateful souls exact reward at last :  
 Pity is Heaven's and yours ; nor can she find  
 A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."   
 He said ; she blush'd ; and, as o'eraw'd by might,  
 Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.  
 Then turning to the Theban thus he said ;  
 " Small arguments are needful to persuade  
 Your temper to comply with my command ;  
 And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.  
 Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight  
 Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight ;  
 And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious  
 night.  
 Eros, and Anteros, on either side,  
 One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride ;  
 And long-attending Hymen, from above,  
 Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.  
 All of a tenor was their after-life,  
 No day discolor'd with domestic strife ;  
 No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,  
 Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.  
 Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,  
 Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.  
 So may the queen of love long duty bless,  
 And all true lovers find the same success.

## THE WIFE OF BATH,

## HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,  
 Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown ;  
 The king of elfs and little fairy queen  
 Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green ;  
 And where the jolly troop had left the round,  
 The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground :  
 Nor darkling did they glance, the silver light  
 Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,  
 And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.  
 Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,  
 Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,  
 From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.  
 Above the rest our Britain held they dear,  
 More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here, [year.  
 And made more spacious rings, and revel'd half the  
 I speak of ancient times, for now the swain  
 Returning late may pass the woods in vain,  
 And never hope to see the nightly train :  
 In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd.  
 The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest  
 To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.  
 She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain.  
 No silver penny to reward her pain :  
 For priests with prayers, and other goodly gear,  
 Have made the merry goblins disappear :  
 And where they play'd their merry pranks before,  
 Have sprinkled holy water on the floor :  
 And friars that through the wealthy regions run,  
 Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun.

Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,  
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:  
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,  
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:  
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,  
The learning of the parish now is seen,  
The midnight parson posting o'er the green,  
With gown tack'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next;  
With humming ale encouraging his text;  
Nor wants the holy leer for country girl betwixt.  
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,  
There haunts not any incubus but he.  
The maids and women need no danger fear  
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:  
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,  
He bids his beads both even song and morn.

It so befell in this king Arthur's reign,  
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;  
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.  
It happen'd, as he rode, a damsel gay  
In russet robes to market took her way:  
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,  
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:  
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,  
Now turning short, he better likes her face.  
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,  
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:  
This done, away he rode, not unespied,  
For swarming at his back the country cried:  
And once in view they never lost the sight,  
But seiz'd, and pinion'd, brought to court the knight.

Then courts of kings were held in high renown,  
Ere made the common brothels of the town;  
There, virgins honorable vows receiv'd,  
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd:  
The king himself to nuptial ties a slave,  
No bad example to his poets gave:  
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,  
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.

Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,

But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:  
Mov'd by the damsel's tears, and common cry,  
He deem'd the brutal ravisher to die.  
But fair Genevra rose in his defence,  
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,  
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,  
And left it in her power to kill or save:  
This gracious act the ladies all approve,  
Who thought it much a man should die for love;  
And with their mistress join'd in close debate  
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate)  
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.  
At last agreed they call'd him by consent  
Before the queen and female parliament.  
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,  
Did thus the judgment of the house declare.

"Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still  
Thy destiny depends upon my will:  
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace  
Not due to thee from our offended race.  
But as our kind is of a softer mould,  
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,  
I grant thee life: reserving still the power  
To take the forfeit when I see my hour:  
Unless thy answer to my next demand  
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.  
The question, whose solution I require,  
Is, What the sex of women most desire?  
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;  
*Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.*

Yet (lest, surpris'd, unknowing what to say,  
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day:  
A year is thine to wander at thy will;  
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.  
But, not to hold our proffer turn'd in scorn,  
Good sureties will we have for thy return;  
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,  
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day."

Woe was the knight at this severe command:  
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand:  
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,  
He put in bail for his return again,  
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,  
The best, with Heaven's assistance, he could find.

His leave thus taken, on his way he went  
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,  
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.  
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,  
As was not yet agreed among the kind.  
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,  
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;  
Inquir'd of men; but made his chief request  
To learn from women what they lov'd the best.  
They answer'd each according to her mind  
To please herself, not all the female kind.  
One was for wealth, another was for place:  
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.  
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;  
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.  
Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome lies  
And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise:  
"Truth is," says one, "he seldom fails to win  
Who flatters well; for that's our darling sin:  
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,  
Will work ev'n with the wisest of the kind."  
One thought the sex's prime felicity  
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:  
Their pleasures, hours, and actions, all their own,  
And uncontrol'd to give account to none.  
Some wish a husband-fool; but such are curst.  
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:  
All women would be contented chaste and wise,  
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes;  
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit  
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit:  
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,  
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.  
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;  
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.  
And some men say that great delight have we,  
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy:  
And constant in one purpose still to dwell;  
And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.  
But that's a fable: for our sex is frail,  
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.  
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:  
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.

Midas the king, as in his book appears,  
By Phœbus was endow'd with ass's ears,  
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd.  
As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd,  
For fear the people have them in the wind,  
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:  
Nor apt to think from Heaven their title springs.  
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.  
This Midas knew; and durst communicate  
To none but to his wife his ears of state:  
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,  
As passing prudent, and a pious wit.  
To this sagacious confessor he went,  
And told her what a gift the gods had sent:

under matrimonial seal,  
injunction never to reveal.  
heard, she plighted him her troth,  
I sure is every woman's oath)  
nobody should rest unknown,  
her husband's honor and her own;  
unless she pin'd with discontent;  
it rumbled till it found a vent.  
she knew she was oblig'd to hide;  
and by oath the wife was tied;  
told it not, the woman died.  
ray a husband and a prince,  
at burst, or blab: and no pretence  
ed her tongue from self-defence.  
ground commodiously was near,  
ran, and held her breath for fear,  
ord she spoke of any thing,  
might be the secret of the king.  
of counsel to the fen she went,  
he way, and longing for a vent;  
pure necessity compell'd,  
festic marrow-bones she kneel'd:  
e water's brink she laid her head,  
bitour bumps within a reed,  
done, O Lake," she said, "I tell,  
y queen, command thee to conceal):  
locks the king my husband wears  
oyal pair of ass's ears.  
e eas'd my bosom of the pain,  
xt longing-fit return again."  
ough a woman was the secret known;  
d in effect you tell the town.  
tale: The knight with heavy cheer,  
in vain, had now consum'd the year:  
as only left to solve the doubt,  
no more than when he first set out.  
he must, and, as th' award had been,  
his body captive to the queen.  
pairing state he hapt to ride,  
led him, by a forest side:  
vale, and full of horror stood,  
h the shade of a religious wood;  
before him at the noon of night,  
was up, and shot a gleamy light)  
quire of ladies in a round,  
footing seem'd to skim the ground:  
ing hand in hand, so light they were,  
not where they trod, on earth or air.  
so drove, and came a sudden guest,  
here many women were, at least,  
by chance might answer his request.  
than his horse the ladies flew,  
rice were vanish'd out of view.  
y hag remain'd: but fouler far  
dame apes in Indian forests are;  
wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,  
her trusty staff, not half upright,  
'd an awkward court'ay to the knight.  
"What makes you, sir, so late abroad  
guide, and this no beaten road?  
you ought that here you hope to find,  
or some trouble in your mind?  
guess; and if I read aright,  
our sex are bound to serve a knight;  
ad counsel may your grief assuage,  
your pain: for wisdom is in age."  
the knight: "Good mother, would you know  
cause and spring of all my woe?  
ust with to-morrow's light expire,  
d what women most desire.

Now could you help me at this hard essay,  
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;  
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,  
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:  
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest  
Well satisfied of what they love the best."  
"Plight me thy faith," quoth she, "that what I ask,  
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,  
That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;  
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;  
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,  
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife."

More words there needed not to move the knight,  
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.  
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,  
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,  
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,  
At court he should arrive ere break of day;  
His horse should find the way without a guide,  
She said: with fury they began to ride,  
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.  
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,  
But only this, they sped their journey well:  
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,  
How he should answer the demand aright.

To court they came: the news was quickly spread  
Of his returning to redeem his head.

The female senate was assembled soon,  
With all the mob of women of the town:  
The queen sat lord chief justice of the hall,  
And bade the crier cite the criminal.  
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:  
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:  
And, after forms of law, was last requir'd  
To name the thing that women most desir'd.

Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,  
And by his counsel order'd what to say,  
Thus bold began: "My lady liege," said he,  
"What all your sex desire is sovereignty.  
The wife affects her husband to command:  
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.  
The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name;  
And of their servants full dominion claim.  
This, at the peril of my head, I say,  
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,  
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey."  
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,  
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.  
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd  
The man had found what women love the best.

Up starts the beldam, who was there unseen:  
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen.  
"My liege," said she, "before the court arise,  
May I, poor wretch, find favor in your eyes,  
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught  
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought.  
None but a woman could a man direct  
To tell us women, what we most affect.  
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,  
(And here demand performance of his oath)  
To grant the boon that next I should desire;  
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:  
My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,  
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife."  
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,  
But hoped they would not force him to comply.  
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,  
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,  
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,  
And more attent, to brothers of the bar.)

Cried one and all, the suppliant should have right,  
And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,  
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.  
But still the crone was constant to her note:  
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.  
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save  
His body destin'd to that living grave.  
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;  
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.  
"Not all the wealth of eastern kings," said she,  
"Have power to part my plighted love and me:  
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,  
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;  
For mine thou art by promise, during life,  
And I thy loving and obedient wife."

"My love! nay rather my damnation thou,"  
Said he: "nor am I bound to keep my vow;  
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,  
Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows know?  
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:  
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,  
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed."  
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;

So was he married in his own despite:  
And all day after hid him as an owl,  
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.  
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,  
To pass the marriage feast and nuptial song:  
Mirth there was none, the man was *d-la-mort*,  
And little courage had to make his court.  
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:  
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple tied:  
Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,  
And roll'd and wriggled further off for woe.  
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,  
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cried,  
"When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,  
You were not then become this man of straw;  
Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the law.  
Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?  
Are all round-table knights of such a sort?  
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,  
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:  
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,  
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.  
In time of need, I was your faithful friend;  
Nor did I sence, nor ever will offend.  
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;  
What Fury has possess'd your alter'd mind!  
Thus on my wedding-night without pretence—  
Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.  
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;  
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made."  
"Amends! nay that 's impossible," said he;  
"What change of age or ugliness can be?  
Or, could Medea's magic mend thy face,  
Thou art descended from so mean a race,  
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.  
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,  
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?"  
"And is this all that troubles you so sore?"  
"And what the devil couldst thou wish me more?"  
"Ah, Benedicite," replied the crone:  
"Then cause of just complaining have you none.  
The remedy to this were soon applied,  
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:  
But, for you say a long-descended race,  
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,

Make gentlemen, and that your high degree  
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;  
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood  
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:  
The nobleman is he whose noble mind  
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kin  
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid;  
And took his earth but from an humble maid;  
Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow?  
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.  
We, who for name and empty honor strive,  
Our true nobility from him derive.  
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,  
And vast estates to mighty titles tied,  
Did not your honor, but their own, advance;  
For virtue comes not by inheritance.  
If you trilineate from your father's mind,  
What are you else but of a bastard-kind?  
Do, as your great progenitors have done,  
And by their virtues prove yourself their son.  
No father can infuse or wit or grace;  
A mother comes across, and mars the race.  
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood;  
And seldom three descents continue good.  
Were virtue by descent, a noble name  
Could never villanize his father's fame:  
But, as the first, the last of all the line  
Would like the Sun even in descending shine;  
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,  
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus;  
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,  
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:  
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,  
By Nature form'd on things combustible to prey.  
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed  
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:  
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind  
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.  
The father sinks within his son, we see,  
And often rises in the third degree;  
If better luck a better mother give,  
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.  
Such as our atoms were, even such are we,  
Or call it chance, or strong necessity:  
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.  
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd  
Lets into Nature's work th' imperfect kind;  
But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame,  
Is one, its operation still the same.  
Its principle is in itself: while ours  
Works, as confederates war, with mingled power;  
Or man or woman, whichever fails:  
And, oft, the vigor of the worse prevails.  
Either with sulphur blended alters hue,  
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.  
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honor ends,  
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:  
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;  
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.  
Nobility of blood is but renown  
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,  
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down  
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine;  
But infamy and villanage are thine.  
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,  
The true nobility proceeds from God:  
Nor left us by inheritance, but given  
By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heaven.  
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,  
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose:

a their walls repell'd the foe,  
 hands had exercis'd the plow.  
 my lord and love, I thus conclude,  
 my homely ancestors were rude,  
 yet I may have the grace  
 father of a generous race:  
 when am I, when I begin,  
 sh'd, to cast the rags of Sin.  
 my upbraided crime,  
 e'en in Heaven, there was a time  
 a great controller of our fate,  
 man, and liv'd in low estate:  
 he had the world at his dispose,  
 ere vice, would never choose.  
 have said, and poets sing,  
 poverty's an honest thing.  
 wealth, the riches of the mind;  
 who can that treasure find.  
 miser starves amidst his store,  
 gold, and, griping still at more,  
 ing, and believes he's poor.  
 beggar, though he want relief,  
 he, and sings before the thief  
 ter and a hateful good,  
 virtues are not understood:  
 ngs, impossible to thought,  
 need to full perfection brought:  
 f the soul proceeds from thence,  
 wit, and active diligence;  
 nce, and fortitude, it gives,  
 tience taken, mends our lives;  
 indigence, that brings me low,  
 self, and Him above, to know.  
 h none would challenge, few would  
 oe,  
 ion, which mankind refuse.  
 ealth to poverty descend,  
 know the flatterer from the friend.  
 nd ugly, well for you,  
 iterer will my love pursue;  
 the bane of married life,  
 ou for a wither'd homely wife;  
 agliness, as all agree,  
 guards of female chastity.  
 I see your mind is worldly bent,  
 st to further your content.  
 of two gifts in my dispose,  
 I speak, I grant you leave to choose;  
 should be still deform'd and old,  
 ouch, and lothesome to behold;  
 ion to remain for life  
 der, and obedient wife,  
 ontribute to your ease,  
 ed, or word, or thought, displease?  
 rather have me young and fair,  
 chance that happens to your share?  
 ue in beauty, and in youth,  
 you depend upon my truth?  
 e danger with the doubtful bliss,  
 urself if aught should fall amiss."  
 l the knight, who this long sermon  
 rd;  
 sidering all, his heart he cheer'd;  
 iced: "My lady and my wife,  
 conduct I resign my life:  
 r me, for well you understand  
 od and ill, on either hand:  
 ble husband may request,  
 rder all things for the best;  
 care to profit, and to please:  
 subject servant take his ease."

"Then thus in peace," quoth she, "concludes the  
 strife,  
 Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:  
 The matrimonial victory is mine,  
 Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign;  
 Forgive if I have said or done amiss,  
 And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:  
 I promis'd you but one content to share,  
 But now I will become both good and fair.  
 No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;  
 The business of my life shall be to please:  
 And for my beauty, that, as time shall try;  
 But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye."  
 He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,  
 In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.  
 With joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her ivory arm;  
 And like Pygmalion found the statue warm.  
 Small arguments there needed to prevail,  
 A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.  
 Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd,  
 And their first love continued to the last:  
 One sun-shine was their life, no cloud between;  
 Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.  
 And so may all our lives like theirs be led;  
 Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in  
 bed;  
 May widows wed as often as they can,  
 And ever for the better change their man;  
 And some devouring plague pursue their lives,  
 Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim-train;  
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.  
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,  
 And charity itself was in his face.  
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,  
 As God had cloth'd his own ambassador,  
 For such, on Earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.  
 Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last  
 To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;  
 Rofin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;  
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.  
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,  
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.  
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see;  
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:  
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.  
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;  
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd,  
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,  
 He drew his audience upward to the sky:  
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,  
 (A music more melodious than the spheres.)  
 For David left him, when he went to rest,  
 His lyre; and after him he sung the best.  
 He bore his great commission in his look:  
 But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.  
 He preach'd the joys of Heaven, and pains of Hell,  
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;  
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.  
 He taught the gospel rather than the law;  
 And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.  
 For Fear but freezes minds: but Love, like heat,  
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.



To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,  
Wrapt in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd ;  
But when the milder beams of Mercy play,  
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.  
Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)  
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :  
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;  
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took ;  
But never sued, or curs'd with bell and book.  
With patience bearing wrong ; but offering none :  
Since every man is free to lose his own.  
The country churls, according to their kind,  
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)  
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,  
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,  
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare :  
For mortified he was to that degree,  
A poorer than himself he would not see.  
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,  
Were only stewards of their sovereign lord ;  
Nothing was theirs ; but all the public store :  
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.  
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,  
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish ; not contracted close  
In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;  
Yet still he was at hand, without request,  
To serve the sick ; to succor the distress'd :  
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,  
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this, the good old man perform'd alone,  
Nor spar'd his pains ; for curate he had none.  
Nor durst he trust another with his care ;  
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,  
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,  
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.  
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day ;  
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey :  
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd -  
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.  
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,  
(A living sermon of the truths he taught.)  
For this by rules severs his life he squar'd :  
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.  
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest  
(The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impress'd :)  
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,  
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.  
If they be foul on whom the people trust,  
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd ;  
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.  
His Savior came not with a gaudy show ;  
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.  
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,  
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,  
And living taught, and dying left behind.  
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :  
In purple he was crucified, not born.  
They who contend for place and high degree,  
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly power  
Might well become Saint Peter's successor ;  
The holy father holds a double reign, [plain.  
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be

Such was the saint ; who shone with every grace,  
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.

God saw his image lively was express'd ;  
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

The tempter saw him too with envious eye ;  
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.  
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,  
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.

This prince, though great in arms, the priest wit  
stood :

Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.  
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,  
A king can give no more than is his own :  
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,  
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.  
The senseless plea of right by Providence  
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since ;  
And lasts no longer than the present sway ;  
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains ; let those who dare  
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew  
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.  
Much to himself he thought ; but little spoke ;  
And, undepri'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd  
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.

Still cheerful ; ever constant to his call ;  
By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.  
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;  
And gave the charities himself receiv'd :

Gave, while he taught ; and edified the more,  
Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to see a shrine ;  
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear  
To show you what the rest in orders were :  
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,  
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

#### THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Or all the cities in Romanian lands,  
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,  
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,  
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.  
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,  
With gifts of Fortune and of Nature bless'd,  
The foremost place for wealth and honor held,  
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame  
Of high degree, Honoria was her name ;  
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind.  
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.  
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none)  
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone ;  
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd ;  
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.  
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,  
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize ;  
But found no favor in his lady's eyes :  
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid  
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said :  
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move ;  
The work went backward ; and the more he strove  
To advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,  
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.

ready to prevent the blow,  
 die to gratify a foe?  
 And disdain'd so mean a fate;  
 Next endeavor was to hate.  
 No relief than all the rest,  
 To die, with more desire possess'd;  
 To siege, and would not yield his breast.  
 The next, but change deceiv'd his care;  
 To die, but found none so fair.  
 She worn her out by slow degrees,  
 And starv'd the untam'd disease:  
 She requir'd a present ease.  
 She alone his famish'd eyes,  
 Death, but looking not he dies.  
 She the longest way to Fate,  
 To his life and his estate.  
 She held, and pitied him in vain,  
 She can ease a lover's pain!  
 The best expedient they could find,  
 Fortune, if not cure the mind:  
 A long propos'd, but little gain'd  
 In pursuit, at length obtain'd.  
 They think it was to give consent,  
 With his own desires he went,  
 Hence, and with a pompous train,  
 Visit France and Spain,  
 A constant voyage o'er the main.  
 She clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,  
 In the purlieus of the court.  
 She went, nor farther could retreat;  
 Led at his country-seat:  
 Making plains he took his way,  
 His tents, and there resolv'd to stay.  
 He was in the prime; the neighboring  
 Birds, the choristers of Love:  
 At that minister'd delight  
 Alas, and lull'd his cares by night:  
 Hearg'd his friends: but not th' expense  
 State, and proud magnificence.  
 He retires, though more at large  
 Business, yet with equal charge;  
 His heart still open to receive:  
 But as Love would give him leave:  
 He liv'd more free; but many a guest,  
 To make the friend, pursued the feast.  
 One morning, as his fancy led,  
 At hour he left his bed;  
 In a lonely lawn, that stood  
 Surrounded by a wood:  
 He'd, to please his pensive mind,  
 The deepest solitude to find;  
 He of spreading pines he stray'd;  
 Within the quivering branches play'd,  
 He hears a mournful music made.  
 If was suiting to his care,  
 Savage, as the cruel fair.  
 On, unknowing where he went,  
 And, all on love intent:  
 Heudy him his race had run,  
 He felt no hunger but his own.  
 He going to the murmuring leaves he stood,  
 He felt immers'd within the wood,  
 He found was laid; the whispering sound  
 He rising earthquake rock'd the ground;  
 Herown the grove was overspread;  
 He or seiz'd his giddy head,  
 He inkled, and his color fled.  
 He alarm; some danger nigh  
 He and, though unseen to mortal eye.

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,  
 And stood collected in himself, and whole;  
 Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,  
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound,  
 As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,  
 And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,  
 With briars and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish  
 wood;

From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,  
 With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;  
 He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,  
 With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;  
 Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd,  
 Which modest Nature keeps from sight conceal'd.  
 Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,  
 With passing through the brakes, and prickly thorn;  
 Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,  
 And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embu'd;  
 Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,  
 "Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!" she ran, and cried.  
 When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold  
 again,

Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her again.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,  
 High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase:  
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,  
 And in his hand a naked sword he held:  
 He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,  
 And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,  
 The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;  
 Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,  
 He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid,  
 A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,  
 The readiest weapon that his fury found.  
 Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way  
 Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,  
 Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:  
 "Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,  
 Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;  
 But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey.  
 And let Eternal Justice take the way:

I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,  
 And suffering death for this ungrateful maid."

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;  
 For now the hell-hounds with superior speed  
 Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,  
 The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed.

Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,  
 With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;  
 Yet arm'd with inborn worth, "Whate'er," said he,  
 "Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;  
 Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied;"

The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:  
 "Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,  
 And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.

One common sire our fathers did beget,  
 My name and story some remember yet:  
 Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,  
 When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;  
 Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,  
 Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.

What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?  
 But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:  
 She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.  
 Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;  
 Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,  
 To finish my unhappy life, I fell

On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in Hell.

"Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid  
By Heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.  
And as in unrepented sin she died, [pride:  
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her  
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,  
And made a merit of her cruelty.  
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast.  
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;  
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,  
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:  
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,  
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;  
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,  
I seek her life (for love is none below):  
As often as my dogs with better speed  
Arrest her slight, is she to death decreed:  
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,  
I pierce her open back, or tender side,  
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,  
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as her Fates ordain,  
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,  
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain."

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,  
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;  
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,  
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue:  
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,  
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.  
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,  
Had left the body breathless on the ground,  
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:  
"Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:  
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,  
So many years is she condemned by Fate  
To daily death; and every several place,  
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,  
Must witness her just punishment; and be  
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!  
As in this grove I took my last farewell,  
As on this very spot of earth I fell,  
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey  
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day."

Thus while he spoke the virgin from the ground  
Upstart fresh, already clos'd the wound,  
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,  
Precipitates her flight along the shore:  
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,  
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:  
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace;  
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth, oppress'd with awe  
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,  
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law:  
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,  
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,  
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,  
But such as must his future state portend?  
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.  
But yet, reflecting that it could not be  
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,  
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,  
Which Hell for his destruction did prepare;  
And, as his better genius should direct,  
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from Heaven he homeward took his way:  
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:  
But of his train a trusty servant sent,  
To call his friends together at his tent.

They came, and, usual salutations paid,  
With words premeditated thus he said:  
"What you have often counsell'd, to remove  
My vain pursuit of unregarded love;  
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,  
Though late yet is at last become my care:  
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense  
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence:  
This only I require; invite for me  
Honoria, with her father's family,  
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display,  
On Friday next; for that's th' appointed day."  
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,  
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;  
Hardly the dame was drawn to this request;  
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.  
The day was come, the guests invited came,  
And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame:  
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,  
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.  
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,  
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:  
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,  
With flowers below, and tissue over-head:  
The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,  
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face  
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.  
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,  
That just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,  
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound  
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around.  
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise,  
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries:  
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,  
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,  
And gripp'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.

Last came the felon, on his sable steed, [speed.  
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to  
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent  
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent, [ment.  
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punish-  
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,  
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;  
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;  
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,  
She rent the Heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,  
Their fulcious brandish'd at the grisly sprite;  
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight,  
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,  
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:  
"Back on your lives! let be," said he, "my prey.  
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:  
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,  
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:  
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heaven design'd:  
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find."  
At this the former tale again he told  
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:  
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,  
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time.  
But bore each other back: some knew the face,  
And all had heard the much-lamented case  
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place  
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,  
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd  
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,  
Drew backward as before th' offending part;

ug entrails next he tore away,  
 meagre mastiffs made a prey.  
 assistants on each other star'd;  
 ug mouths for issuing words prepar'd;  
 orn sounds upon the palate hung,  
 mperfect on the faltering tongue.  
 was general; but the female band  
 : train) in more confusion stand:  
 r shuddering, on a heap they run,  
 : sight of hateful justice done; [own.  
 nce rung th' alarm, and made the case their  
 ad upon a lake, with upward eye,  
 f fowl behold their foe on high;  
 : their trembling troop; and all attend  
 the sowing eagle will descend.  
 at the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,  
 ht to her alone the vision sent.  
 presents to her distracted mind  
 justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,  
 me fate to the same sin assign'd.  
 es herself the monster's prey,  
 er heart and entrails torn away.  
 ute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;  
 : table lay th' unfinished cheer:  
 and hungry mastiffs stood around.  
 ed dame lay breathless on the ground;  
 : sudden, reinspir'd with breath,  
 rose, again to suffer death;  
 he hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,  
 'd, as before, the flying maid:  
 er took from earth th' avenging sword,  
 ting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd:  
 : dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,  
 e stood recover'd of her fright.  
 e last of ill, remain'd behind,  
 ' heavy sat on every mind.  
 ore encourag'd more the feast,  
 ' look'd, as hatching in his breast  
 designs; which when Honoria view'd,  
 impulse her former fright renew'd;  
 it herself the trembling dame who fled,  
 the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal  
 teed:  
 dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,  
 teous host, saluting all the crew,  
 pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind adieu;  
 infix'd within her haughty mind,  
 fall of her empire she divin'd;  
 round heart with secret sorrow pin'd.  
 ey went, the sad discourse renew'd  
 ntless dame to death pursu'd.  
 : sight obscene so lately view'd.  
 t arraign the righteous doom she bore,  
 who pitied most, yet blam'd her more:  
 el they needed not to name,  
 dead they damn'd the living dame.  
 r little noise she look'd behind,  
 e knight was present to her mind:  
 as oft she started on the way,  
 ht the horseman-ghost came thundering  
 or his prey.  
 he took her bed with little rest,  
 t slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:  
 e turn'd her side, and slept again;  
 black vapors mounted in her brain,  
 me dreams return'd with double pain.  
 e'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,  
 all fever'd, with a furious leap  
 : from bed, distracted in her mind,  
 , at every step, a twitching sprite behind.

Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,  
 Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;  
 Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her heart assail'd,  
 Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear prevail'd.  
 Friday, the fatal day when next it came,  
 Hersoul forethought the fiend would change his game,  
 And her purse, or Theodore be slain, [plain.  
 And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the  
 This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,  
 That, desperate any succor else to find,  
 She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began  
 To make reflection on th' unhappy man,  
 Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,  
 Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:  
 Of all the men respected and admir'd,  
 Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:  
 Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest  
 By him with knightly deeds and open love profess'd?  
 So had another been, where he his vows address'd.  
 This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd.  
 That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.  
 The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,  
 Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:  
 He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,  
 What outward hate might inward love conceal?  
 Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,  
 Might deep dissembling have a place in men?  
 Here hope began to dawn; and resolv'd to try,  
 She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:  
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.  
 'Twas time enough at last on Death to call,  
 The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,  
 That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.  
 One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;  
 Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;  
 And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,  
 She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd.  
 But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:  
 With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,  
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe.  
 The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;  
 'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;  
 Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;  
 He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,  
 Should he delay the moment of consent.  
 There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a oare  
 The modesty of maidens well might spare;)   
 But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,  
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste)  
 The father, mother, and the kin beside,  
 Were overcome by fury of the tide;  
 With full consent of all, she chang'd her state;  
 Resistless in her love, as in her hate.  
 By her example warn'd, the rest beware:  
 More easy, less imperious, were the fair;  
 And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd  
 For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

## RELIGIO LAICI.

## AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of Moon and stars  
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,  
 Is Reason to the soul: and as on high,  
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
 Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray  
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way.  
 But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear  
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;  
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;  
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.  
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led  
 From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head;  
 And found, that one first principle must be:  
 But what, or who, that universal He;  
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball  
 Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;  
 Or various atoms, interfering dance,  
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;  
 Or this great all was from eternity;  
 Not ev'n the Stagirate himself could see;  
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;  
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state;  
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:  
 But least of all could their endeavors find  
 What most concern'd the good of human-kind:  
 For happiness was never to be found;  
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.  
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;  
 This every little accident destroy'd:  
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;  
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil:  
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;  
 But found their line too short, the well too deep;  
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.  
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,  
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:  
 In this wild maze their vain endeavors end:  
 How can the less the greater comprehend?  
 Or finite reason reach Infinity?  
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

The deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;  
 Cries *εὐφρατα*, the mighty secret's found:  
 God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;  
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.  
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,  
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven:  
 Else God were partial, and to some denied  
 The means his justice should for all provide.  
 This general worship is to praise and pray:  
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:  
 And when frail Nature slides into offence,  
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.  
 Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,  
 Are variously dispens'd to human-kind;  
 That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here,  
 A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;  
 Our reason prompts us to a future state;  
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate:  
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;  
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar.  
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more.  
 Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled  
 To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!  
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,  
 But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.  
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,  
 And reason saw not till faith sprung to light.  
 Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:  
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.  
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,  
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear?  
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:  
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.  
 Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,  
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?

Canst thou by reason more of godhead know  
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?  
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,  
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,  
 Knew no such system: no such piles could raise  
 Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise  
 To one sole God.

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe:  
 But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:  
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;  
 And cruelty and blood was penitence.  
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,  
 Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!  
 And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile  
 By offering his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?  
 And must the terms of peace be given by thee?  
 Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;  
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:  
 And, like a king remote and weak, must take  
 What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a power too just and strong,  
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;  
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose  
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:  
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,  
 Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way;  
 And with celestial wealth supplied thy store:  
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.  
 See God descending in thy human frame;  
 Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name:  
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,  
 And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offense  
 Of man is made against Omnipotence,  
 Some price that bears proportion must be paid;  
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.  
 See then the deist lost: remorse for vice,  
 Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:  
 What farther means can reason now direct,  
 Or what relief from human wit expect?  
 That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure  
 Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:  
 If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,  
 Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good  
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;  
 With Scripture all in equal balance thrown.  
 And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare  
 That impious, idle, superstitious ware  
 Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,  
 In various ages, various countries bore,  
 With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find  
 None answering the great ends of human-kind  
 But this one rule of life, that shows us best  
 How God may be pleas'd, and mortals blest.  
 Whether from length of time its worth we draw.  
 The word is scarce more ancient than the law:  
 Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;  
 First, in the soul, and after, in the page.  
 Or, whether more abstractedly we look,  
 Or on the writers, or the written book,  
 Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in art  
 In several ages born, in several parts,  
 Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,  
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?  
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,  
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view;  
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true:

rine, miracles; which must convince,  
 ren in them appeals to human sense:  
 igh they prove not, they confirm the cause,  
 hat is taught agrees with Nature's laws.  
 for the style, majestic and divine,  
 no less than God in every line:  
 ding words; whose force is still the same  
 at fiat that produc'd our frame.  
 beside, or did by arms ascend;  
 indulg'd has made mankind their friend:  
 doctrine does our lusts oppose:  
 Nature's soil, in which it grows;  
 our interests, curbing sense and sin;  
 without, and undermin'd within,  
 through pain; its own tormentors tires;  
 a stubborn patience still aspires.  
 can reason such effects assign  
 ding nature, but to laws divine;  
 that sacred volume are contain'd;  
 t, clear, and for that use ordain'd?  
 y: the deist here will urge anew,  
 natural worship can be true;  
 a general law is that alone  
 us to all, and everywhere, be known:  
 o large as not this book can claim,  
 it that bears reveal'd religion's name.  
 the sound of a Messiah's birth  
 hrough all the habitable Earth:  
 that text must be confin'd alone  
 was then inhabited and known:  
 it provision could from thence accrue  
 n souls, and worlds discover'd new?  
 parts it helps, that, ages past,  
 tures there were known, and were embrac'd,  
 read once again the shades of night:  
 hat to these, who never saw the light?  
 objections, this indeed is chief  
 e reason, stagger frail belief:  
 t, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense  
 the secret paths of providence:  
 dless wisdom, boundless mercy, may  
 n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:  
 is nature does may pity claim,  
 ore may strangers who ne'er heard his name.  
 igh no name be for salvation known,  
 of his eternal Son's alone;  
 ws how far transcending goodness can  
 be merits of that Son to man?  
 ws what reasons may his mercy lead;  
 nce invincible may plead?  
 charity bids hope the best,  
 e the great apostle has express:  
 'the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,  
 e did what was by law requir'd;  
 ho the written rule had never known,  
 themselves both rule and law alone:  
 e's plain indictment they shall plead;  
 their conscience be condemn'd or freed."  
 iteous doom! because a rule reveal'd  
 o those from whom it was conceal'd.  
 ee who follow'd reason's dictates right;  
 . and lifted high their natural light;  
 crates may see their Maker's face,  
 ousand rubric-martyrs want a place.  
 es it balk my charity, to find  
 xian bishop of another mind:  
 gh his creed eternal truth contains,  
 for man to doom to endless pains  
 believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;  
 e first could prove he was inspir'd.

Then let us either think he meant to say  
 This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;  
 Or else conclude, that, Arius to confute,  
 The good old man, too eager in dispute,  
 Flew high; and as his Christian fury rose,  
 Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has tried;  
 A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:  
 Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred  
 By reading that which better thou hast read.  
 Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,  
 By well translating better dost commend:  
 Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most  
 In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,  
 Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;  
 And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.  
 Witness this weighty book, in which appears  
 The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,  
 Spent by the author, in the sifting care  
 Of rabbins' old sophisticated ware  
 From gold divine; which he who well can sort  
 May afterwards make algebra a sport.  
 A treasure, which if country-curates buy,  
 They Junius and Tremellius may defy:  
 Save pains in various readings, and translations;  
 And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.  
 A work so full with various learning fraught,  
 So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,  
 As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd:  
 As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.  
 Where we may see what errors have been made  
 Both in the copier's and translator's trade:  
 How Jewish, popish, interests have prevail'd,  
 And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,  
 Have found our author not too much a priest:  
 For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse  
 To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:  
 But he that old traditions could subdue,  
 Could not but find the weakness of the new:  
 If Scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,  
 Has been but carelessly preserv'd on Earth;  
 If God's own people, who of God before  
 Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,  
 In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,  
 And who did neither time nor study spare  
 To keep this book untainted, unperplexed,  
 Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,  
 Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,  
 With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,  
 Which every common hand pull'd up with ease:  
 What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?  
 If written words from time are not secur'd,  
 How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?  
 Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,  
 Immortal lies on ages are entail'd:  
 And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,  
 If we consider interest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,  
 Where can we hope for an unerring guide?  
 For since th' original Scripture has been lost,  
 All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,  
 Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,  
 Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;  
 'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed:  
 But if this mother be a guide so sure,  
 As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,  
 Then her infallibility, as well  
 Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;

Restore lost canon with as little pains,  
 As truly explicate what still remains:  
 Which yet no council dare pretend to do;  
 Unless like Esdras they could write it new:  
 Strange confidence still to interpret true,  
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd  
 Is in the best original contain'd.  
 More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say  
 God would not leave mankind without a way:  
 And that the Scriptures, though not everywhere  
 Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,  
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,  
 In all things which our needful faith require.  
 If others in the same glass better see,  
 'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:  
 For my salvation must its doom receive,  
 Not from what others, but what I believe.  
 Must all tradition then be set aside?  
 This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.  
 Are there not many points, some needful sure  
 To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?  
 Which every sect will wrest a several way,  
 For what one sect interprets, all sects may:  
 We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,  
 That Christ is God; the bold Socinian  
 From the same Scripture urges he's but man.  
 Now what appeal can end th' important suit?  
 Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.  
 Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free  
 Assume an honest layman's liberty?  
 I think, according to my little skill,  
 To my own mother-church submitting still,  
 That many have been sav'd, and many may,  
 Who never heard this question brought in play  
 Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,  
 Plods on to Heaven; and ne'er is at a loss:  
 For the strait-gate would be made straiter yet,  
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.  
 The few by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,  
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,  
 Must study well the sacred page; and see  
 Which doctrine, this, or that does best agree  
 With the whole tenor of the work divine:  
 And plainest points to Heaven's reveal'd design;  
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense,  
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.  
 Not that tradition's parts are useless here:  
 When general, old, disinterested, clear:  
 That ancient fathers thus expound the page,  
 Gives truth the reverend majesty of age:  
 Confirms its force by biding every test;  
 For best authorities, next rules, are best.  
 And still the nearer to the spring we go  
 More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow,  
 Thus first traditions were a proof alone;  
 Could we be certain such they were, so known:  
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,  
 They make not truth, but probability.  
 Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke  
 To what the centuries preceding spoke.  
 Such difference is there in an oft-told tale:  
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail.  
 Tradition written therefore more commends  
 Authority, than what from voice descends:  
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,  
 Rolls down to us the sacred history:  
 Which, from the universal church receiv'd,  
 Is tried, and after, for itself believ'd.

The partial papists would infer from hence  
 Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.

But first they would assume, with wondrous art,  
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part  
 Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were  
 The handers-down, can they from thence infer  
 A right t' interpret? or would they alone,  
 Who brought the present, claim it for their own?  
 The book's a common largess to mankind;  
 Not more for them than every man design'd:  
 The welcome news is in the letter found;  
 The carrier's not commission'd to expound.  
 It speaks itself, and what it does contain,  
 In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,  
 A gainful trade their clergy did advance:  
 When want of learning kept the laymen low,  
 And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:  
 When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell  
 And he a god who could but read and spell;  
 Then mother-church did mightily prevail:  
 She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:  
 But still expounded what she sold or gave;  
 To keep it in her power to damn and save:  
 Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,  
 Poor laymen took salvation on content;  
 As needy men take money good or bad:  
 God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.  
 Yet what'er false conveyances they made,  
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid.  
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well  
 That by long use they grew infallible:  
 At last a knowing age began t' inquire  
 If they the book, or that did them inspire:  
 And, making narrower search, they found, thought  
 late,

That what they thought the priest's, was their estate  
 Taught by the will produc'd, the written word.  
 How long they had been cheated on record.  
 Then every man who saw the title fair,  
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:  
 Consulted soberly his private good;  
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,  
 This good had full as bad a consequence:  
 The book thus put in every vulgar hand,  
 Which each presum'd he best could understand.  
 The common rule was made the common prey;  
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay.  
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;  
 And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd:  
 The spirit gave the doctoral degree:  
 And every member of a company  
 Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.  
 Plain truths enough for needful use they found;  
 But men would still be itching to expound:  
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,  
 No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.  
 Study and pains were now no more their care:  
 Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:  
 'This was the fruit the private spirit brought;  
 Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.  
 While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm  
 About the sacred viands buzz and swarm.  
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;  
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.  
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die;  
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply:  
 So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,  
 Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.  
 The danger's much the same; on several shelves  
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

remains, but, waving each extreme,  
 Ignorance and pride to stem?  
 Oh a treasure to forego;  
 seek beyond our power to know:  
 built on disquisitions vain;  
 we must believe are few and plain:  
 men will believe more than they need,  
 man will make himself a creed,  
 questions 'tis the safest way  
 at unsuspected ancients say:  
 kely we should higher soar  
 Heaven, than all the church before:  
 be deceiv'd, unless we see  
 re and the fathers disagree.  
 hey stand suspected still,  
 : faith depends upon his will;  
 lief, that points not clearly known  
 ch hazard may be let alone:  
 saring what our church can say,  
 sason runs another way,  
 reason 'tis more just to curb,  
 utes the public peace disturb.  
 secure are of small use to learn:  
 quiet is mankind's concern.  
 I made my own opinions clear:  
 praise expect, nor censure fear:  
 otish'd rugged verse I chose;  
 discourse, and nearest prose:  
 m sacred truth I do not swerve,  
 ld's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

#### SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

##### ITAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ld the fairest of her kind,  
 sweet idea charms my mind:  
 is dumb; for nature gaz'd so long,  
 her work, that she forgot her tongue;  
 said, "She still shall gain the prize;  
 transferr'd it to her eyes."  
 pictures, Kneller: such thy skill,  
 seems obedient to thy will;  
 nd meets thy pencil in the draught;  
 and wants but words to speak her  
 ight.  
 pictures look a voice; and we  
 ds, deceiv'd to that degree,  
 somewhat more than just to see.  
 re but privations of the light;  
 e walk, they shoot before the sight;  
 roach, retire, arise, and fall;  
 selves, and yet expressing all.  
 pieces, imitating life  
 r almost conquer in the strife;  
 sir animated canvas came,  
 oule, and loosen'd from the frame.  
 m, were he here, would cast away  
 nd refuse a soul to clay;  
 ould thy noble work inspire,  
 arm enough without his fire.  
 r hands may vulgar likeness raise;  
 mast attendant on thy praise:  
 the rudiments of art began;  
 alk, first imitated man:  
 shadow, taken on a wall,  
 s to the rude original;

Ere canvas yet was strain'd, before the grace  
 Of blended colors found their use and place,  
 Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;  
 As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd:  
 Greece added posture, shade, and perspective;  
 And then the mimic piece began to live.  
 Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,  
 But all came forward in one common view;  
 No point of light was known, no bounds of art;  
 When light was there, it knew not to depart,  
 But glaring on remoter objects play'd;  
 Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,  
 And with old Greece unequally did strive:  
 Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,  
 Did all the matchless monuments deface.

Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,  
 And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.

Thus, in a stupid military state,  
 The pen and pencil find an equal fate.  
 Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,  
 Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen.  
 Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight  
 Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,  
 A heavy sabbath did supinely keep:  
 At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,  
 Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.  
 Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line:  
 One color'd best, and one did best design.

Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,  
 But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both; where true design,  
 Postures unforc'd, and lively colors, join.  
 Likeness is ever there; but still the best,  
 Like proper thoughts in lofty language dress;  
 Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,  
 Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.

Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:  
 Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight:

With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;  
 With reverence look on his majestic face;  
 Proud to be less, but of his godlike race,  
 His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,  
 And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight,  
 Bids thee, through me, behold; with dauntless breast  
 Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.

Like his, thy critics, in th' attempt are lost:  
 When most they rail, know then, they envy most.

In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,  
 Like women's anger, impotent and loud.

While they their barren industry deplore,  
 Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.

Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind,  
 Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.

Our arts are sisters, though not twins in birth:  
 For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth:

But oh, the painter Muse, though last in place,  
 Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.

Apelles' art an Alexander found;

And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;

But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.

Thou hadst thy Charles awhile, and so had I;

But pass we that displeasing image by.

Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine;

All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.

A graceful truth thy pencil can command;

The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.



Likeness appears in every lineament ;  
 But likeness in thy work is eloquent.  
 Though Nature there her true resemblance bears,  
 A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.  
 So warm thy work, so glows the generous frame,  
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.  
 Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,  
 When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill ;  
 But not creating beauties at our will.

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,  
 To speak the language of their native place :  
 The painter widely stretches his command ;  
 Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.  
 From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,  
 Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All nations all immunities will give  
 To make you theirs, where'er you please to live ;  
 And not seven cities, but the world would strive.

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,  
 When first you were conducted to this isle :  
 Our genius brought you here, to enlarge our fame :  
 For your good stars are everywhere the same.  
 Thy matchless hand, of every region free,  
 Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

Great Rome and Venice early did impart  
 To thee the examples of their wondrous art.  
 Those masters then, but seen, not understood,  
 With generous emulation fir'd thy blood :  
 For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,  
 The youth endeavor'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,  
 'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.  
 Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,  
 Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design  
 A more exalted work, and more divine.  
 For what a song, or senseless opera,  
 Is to the living labor of a play ;  
 Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,  
 Such is a single piece to history.

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live :  
 Kings cannot reign, unless their subjects give :  
 And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule :  
 Thus, thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool :  
 But so his follies in thy posture sink,  
 The senseless idiot seems at last to think.

Good Heaven! that sots and knaves should be so  
 vain,

To wish their vile resemblance may remain!  
 And stand recorded, at their own request,  
 To future days, a libel or a jest!

Else should we see your noble pencil trace  
 Our unities of action, time, and place :  
 A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,  
 With every various character express'd ;  
 Heroes at large, and at a nearer view :  
 Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew.  
 While all the figures in one action join,  
 As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal art express'd ;  
 But venerable age shall add the rest.  
 For Time shall with his ready pencil stand ;  
 Retouch your figures with his ripening hand ;  
 Mellow your colors, and embrown the teint ;  
 Add every grace, which Time alone can grant ;  
 To future ages shall your fame convey,  
 And give more beauties than he takes away.

## THE COCK AND THE FOX :

### OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,  
 A widow, somewhat old, and very poor :  
 Deep in her cell her cottage lonely stood,  
 Well thatch'd and under covert of a wood.  
 This dowager, on whom my tale I found,  
 Since last she laid her husband in the ground,  
 A simple sober life, in patience, led,  
 And had but just enough to buy her bread :  
 But huswifery the little Heaven had lent,  
 She duly paid a groat for quarter rent ;  
 And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,  
 To bring the year about with much ado.

The cattle in her homestead were three cows,  
 An ewe call'd Mallic, and three brindled cows.  
 Her parlor-window stuck with herbs around,  
 Of savory smell ; and rushes strew'd the ground.  
 A maple-dresser in her hall she had,  
 On which full many a slender meal she made ;  
 For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat ;  
 According to her cloth she cut her coat :  
 No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,  
 Her hunger gave a relish to her meat :  
 A sparing diet did her health assure ;  
 Or, sick, a pepper posset was her cure.  
 Before the day was done, her work she sped,  
 And never went by candle-light to bed :  
 With exercise she sweat ill humors out,  
 Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.  
 Her poverty was glad ; her heart content ;  
 Nor knew she what the spleen or vapors meant.  
 Of wine she never tasted through the year.  
 But white and black was all her homely cheer :  
 Brown bread, and milk, (but first she skim'd he  
 bowls)

And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.  
 On holy-days an egg, or two at most ;  
 But her ambition never reach'd to roast.  
 A yard she had with pales inclos'd about,  
 Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.  
 Within this homestead, liv'd, without a peer,  
 For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer ;  
 So high her cock, whose singing did surpass  
 The merry notes of organs at the mass.  
 More certain was the crowing of the cock  
 To number hours, than is an abbey-clock ;  
 And sooner than the matin-bell was rang,  
 He clapp'd his wings upon his roost, and sung :

For when degrees fifteen ascended right,  
 By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.  
 High was his comb, and coral red withal,  
 In dents embattled like a castle wall ;  
 His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet ;  
 Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet :  
 White were his nails, like silver to behold.  
 His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.  
 This gentle cock, for solace of his life,  
 Six misses had, besides his lawful wife ;  
 Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,  
 Says, they were all of his own flesh and blood,  
 His sisters both by sire and mother's side ;  
 And sure their likeness show'd them near allied.  
 But make the worst, the monarch did no more  
 Than all the Ptolemys had done before :  
 When incest is for interest of a nation,  
 'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.  
 Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,  
 Which by their common ugliness are known.

sing this, as from our tale apart,  
 tlet was the sovereign of his heart :  
 love, outrageous in his play,  
 r'd her a hundred times a day :  
 hat was not only passing fair,  
 withal discreet, and debonnaire,  
 he passive doctrine to fulfil,  
 th; and let him work his wicked will :  
 und bed was affable and kind,  
 as their marriage vow did bind,  
 a church's precept had enjoind :  
 she was a se'nnight old, they say,  
 e and humble to her dying day,  
 nor hen was known to disobey.  
 her husband's heart she did obtain ;  
 not beauty, join'd with virtue, gain !  
 us only joy, and he her pride,  
 a he walk'd, went pecking by his side ;  
 ig up the ground, he sprung a corn,  
 e in his bill to her was borne.  
 what joy it was to hear him sing  
 r, when the day began to spring,  
 his neck, and warbling in his throat,  
 m sola," then was all his note.  
 days of yore, the birds of parts  
 d to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal  
 arts.  
 'd, that, perching on the parlor-beam  
 s wives, he had a deadly dream,  
 e dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,  
 breath he drew would be his last.  
 tlet, ever nearest to his side,  
 his piteous moan, and how he cried  
 rom gods and men : and sore aghast  
 d and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.  
 art," said she, " for love of Heaven, declare  
 e, and make me partner of your care.  
 e, sir, ever since the morning-light,  
 ing had disturb'd your noble spright."  
 madam, well I might," said Chanticleer,  
 vas shrewetide cock in such a fear ;  
 I run all over in a sweat,  
 ily senses not recover'd yet.  
 a dream I had of dire portent,  
 h I fear my body will be shent :  
 shall have wars and woful strife,  
 thesome dungeon and my life.  
 me, I dreamt within my troubled breast,  
 ur yard I saw a murderous beast,  
 ny body would have made arrest.  
 ing eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow ;  
 was betwixt a red and yellow :  
 as his tail, and both his pricking ears  
 ck, and much unlike his other hairs :  
 in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,  
 nder forehead, and a sharper snout :  
 is front were sunk his glowing eyes,  
 methinks I see him with surprise.  
 t your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,  
 t to my heart, and feel it beat."  
 fy for shame," quoth she, " by Heaven above,  
 t for ever lost thy lady's love ;  
 n can endure a recreant knight,  
 be hold by day, and free by night :  
 esires a husband or a friend,  
 our honor and his own defend ;  
 dy, secret, liberal of his purse :  
 ouscous, but a coward worse :  
 ing coxcomb, yet no baffled knight,  
 at thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight ?

How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art affair'd ?  
 Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard ?  
 " If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd,  
 They signify a cock of dunghill kind.  
 All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,  
 Are from repletion and complexion bred ;  
 From rising fumes of indigested food,  
 And noxious humors that infect the blood :  
 And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,  
 These foolish fancies you have had to-night  
 Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)  
 Of boiling choler, and abounding bile ;  
 This yellow gall, that in your stomach floats,  
 Engenders all these visionary thoughts.  
 When choler overflows, then dreams are bred  
 Of flames, and all the family of red ;  
 Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,  
 For humors are distinguish'd by their hue.  
 From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,  
 And wasps and hornets with their double wings.  
 Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,  
 Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.  
 In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,  
 With rhoums oppress'd we sink, in rivers drown'd.  
 " More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,  
 The dominating humor makes the dream.  
 Cato was in his time accounted wise,  
 And he condemns them all for empty lies.  
 Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,  
 With laxatives preserve your body sound,  
 And purge the peccant humors that abound.  
 I should be loth to lay you on a bier ;  
 And though there lives no 'pothecary near,  
 I dare for once prescribe for your disease,  
 And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.  
 " Two sovereign herbs, which I by practice  
 know,  
 And both at hand (for in our yard they grow ;)  
 On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly  
 Of yellow choler, and of melancholy :  
 You must both purge and vomit ; but obey,  
 And for the love of Heaven make no delay.  
 Since hot and dry in your complexion join,  
 Beware the Sun when in a vernal sign ;  
 For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,  
 If then he finds your body in a flame,  
 Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,  
 A tertian ague is at least your lot.  
 Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)  
 May bring your youth to some untimely end :  
 And therefore, sir, as you desire to live,  
 A day or two before your laxative,  
 Take just three worms, nor under nor above,  
 Because the gods unequal numbers love.  
 These digestives prepare you for your purge ;  
 Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge,  
 And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,  
 All which within our yard or garden grow.  
 Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer ;  
 Your father's son was never born to fear."  
 " Madam," quoth he, " gramercy for your care.  
 But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare :  
 'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,  
 And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams.  
 But other men of more authority,  
 And, by th' immortal powers, as wise as he,  
 Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode ;  
 For Homer plainly says they come from God.  
 Nor Cato said it : but some modern fool  
 Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.

"Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshow  
Th' event of things, and future weal or woe:  
Some truths are not by reason to be tried,  
But we have sure experience for our guide.  
An ancient author, equal with the best,  
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.

"Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,  
On some far pilgrimage together went.  
It happen'd so, that, when the Sun was down,  
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town:  
That day had been the baiting of a bull,  
'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,  
That no void room in chamber, or on ground,  
And but one sorry bed, was to be found:  
And that so little it would hold but one,  
Though till this hour they never lay alone.

"So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,  
His fellow sought what lodging he could find:  
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,  
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.  
'Twas in a farther yard without a door;  
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.

"His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,  
Was weary, and without a rocker slept:  
Supine he snor'd; but in the dead of night,  
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,  
Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,  
Said, 'Help me, brother, or this night I die:  
Arise, and help, before all help be vain,  
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.'

"Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,  
Shivering with horror, and with aching heart.  
At length to cure himself by reason tries;  
'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?  
So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.  
His dream returns; his friend appears again:  
'The murderers come, now help, or I am slain.'  
'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.  
He dreamt the third: but now his friend appear'd,  
Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood be-  
smear'd:

Thrice warn'd, 'Awake,' said he; 'relief is late,  
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:  
Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,  
Awake, and with the dawning day arise:  
Take to the western gate thy ready way,  
For by that passage they my corpse convey:  
My corpse is in a tumbrel laid, among  
The filth and ordure, and inclos'd with dung:  
That cart arrest, and raise a common cry;  
For sacred hunger of my gold, I die.'  
Then show'd his grisly wound; and last he drew  
A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.

"The frighted friend arose by break of day,  
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.  
Then of his impious host inquiring more,  
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before:  
'Muttering, he went,' said he, 'by morning light,  
And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.'  
This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind;  
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,  
And oft to share the spoils with robbers join'd.

"His dream confirm'd his thought: with troubled  
look

Straight to the western gate his way he took;  
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,  
That carried compost forth to dung the ground.  
This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat,  
And cried out murder with a yelling note.  
'My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,  
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head.

Ye magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,  
On you I call, to punish this offence.'

"The word thus given, within a little space,  
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place  
All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,  
And in the dung the murder'd body found;  
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from a  
wound.

Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find  
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,  
Abhors the cruel; and the deeds of night  
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:  
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,  
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the crime.  
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels:  
'The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the bee  
Fresh from the fact, as in the present case,  
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place:  
Carter and host confronted face to face.  
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,  
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints:  
So was confession forc'd, th' offence was known,  
And public justice on th' offenders done.

"Here may you see that visions are to dread;  
And in the page that follows this, I read  
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain  
Induc'd in partnership to cross the main.  
Waiting till willing winds their sails supplied,  
Within a trading town they long abide,  
Full fairly situate on a haven's side;  
One evening it befell, that looking out,  
The wind they long had wish'd was come about:  
Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the gale  
Till morn continued, both resolv'd to sail.  
But as together in a bed they lay,  
The younger had a dream at break of day.  
A man he thought stood frowning at his side;  
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,  
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.  
'I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;  
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,  
And Death unhop'd attends the watery way.'

"The vision said: and vanish'd from his sight:  
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:  
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbor, and declar'd  
What in his slumber he had seen and heard.  
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt  
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.  
'Stay, who will stay: for me no fears restrain,  
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;  
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,  
I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.  
Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;  
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:  
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:  
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:  
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:  
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see.  
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.  
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind  
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.  
The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,  
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.  
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,  
The night restores our actions done by day;  
As bounds in sleep will open for their prey.  
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,  
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:  
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;  
'Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.'

while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew  
 aboard, and took his last adieu.  
 I went before a merry gale,  
 sick passage put on every sail:  
 least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,  
 lief overtook her in the way:  
 he sprung a leak, I cannot find,  
 r she was overset with wind,  
 ne rock below her bottom rent;  
 at once with all her crew she went:  
 r-ships from far her loss descried:  
 he was sunk, and all ware safe beside.  
 s example you are taught again,  
 ne and visions are not always vain:  
 r Partlet, you are still in doubt,  
 de shall make the former out.  
 m the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,  
 y life the legends loudly sing,  
 a dream, his murder did foretell  
 t to point as after it befell;  
 stances to his nurse he told  
 : from a child of seven years old:  
 i with horror heard, the good old wife  
 son counsel'd him to guard his life;  
 to keep the secret in his mind,  
 s vision small belief would find.  
 child, by promise bound, obey'd,  
 ne fatal murder long delay'd:  
 a slain, he fell before his time,  
 ung martyr by his sister's crime.  
 s told by venerable Bede.  
 your better leisure you may read.  
 dius too relates the vision sent  
 at Scipio, with the fam'd event:  
 makes, but after makes replies,  
 that dreams are often prophecies.  
 uel you may read in holy writ,  
 n the king his vision did forget,  
 d for word the wondrous dream repeat.  
 f patriarch Joseph understand,  
 dream enslav'd th' Egyptian land,  
 : of plenty and of dearth foretold,  
 their bread, their liberty they sold.  
 th' exalted butler he forgot,  
 hose dream presag'd his hanging lot.  
 did not Cæsar the same death foresee,  
 his vision on a lofty tree?  
 of Hector, in his utmost pride,  
 f his death the night before he died;  
 he warn'd from battle to refrain,  
 to death decreed are warn'd in vain:  
 the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.  
 more I know, which I forbear to speak,  
 he ruddy day begins to break;  
 office, that plainly I foresee  
 i was bad, and bodes adversity:  
 or pills nor laxatives I like,  
 r serve to make the well-man sick:  
 his gain the sharp physician makes,  
 : gives a purge, but seldom takes:  
 correct, but poison all the blood,  
 r did any but the doctors good:  
 e, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,  
 ry work of 'pothecary's hall.  
 melancholy matters I forbear:  
 e tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,  
 m I view the beauties of thy face,  
 death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:  
 ry soul have bliss, as, when I spy  
 et red about thy partridge eye,

While thou art constant to thy own true knight,  
 While thou art mine, and I am thy delight.  
 All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.  
 For true it is, as in principio,  
 Mulier est hominis confusio.  
 Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,  
 That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.  
 For when by night I feel your tender side,  
 Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,  
 Yet I have such a solace in my mind,  
 That all my boding cares are cast behind;  
 And ev'n already I forget my dream!"

He said, and downward flew from off the beam.  
 For daylight now began apace to spring,  
 The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.  
 Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call,  
 'To chuck his wives together in the hall.

By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,  
 And Chanticleer went strutting out before,  
 With royal courage, and with heart so light,  
 As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.  
 Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,  
 And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.  
 Then often feather'd her with wanton play,  
 And trod her twenty times ere prime of day:  
 And took by turns and gave so much delight,  
 Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.  
 He chuck'd again, when other coms he found,  
 And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground;  
 But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,  
 And his seven wives came running at his call.

'Twas now the month in which the world began  
 (If March beheld the first created man:)  
 And since the vernal equinox, the Sun,  
 In Aries, twelve degrees, or more, had run;  
 When casting up his eyes against the light,  
 Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd right,  
 And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:  
 For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,  
 His second crowing the third hour confess'd.  
 Then turning, said to Partlet, "See, my dear,  
 How lavish Nature has adorn'd the year;  
 How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,  
 And birds essay their throats, disus'd to sing:  
 All these are ours; and I with pleasure see  
 Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:  
 An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,  
 Endow'd with fewer particles of flame:  
 Our dames sit scouring o'er a kitchen fire,  
 I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire:  
 And ev'n this day in more delight abound,  
 Than, since I was an egg, I ever found."

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish  
 His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:  
 The crested bird shall by experience know,  
 Jove made not him his masterpiece below;  
 And learn the latter end of joy is woe.  
 The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,  
 And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.

Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,  
 Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall:  
 The legend is as true, I undertake,  
 As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the lake:  
 Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,  
 As if in book of martyrs it were told.

A fox, full-fraught with seeming sanctity,  
 That fear'd an oath, but, like the Devil, would lie;  
 Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leet,  
 And durst not sin before he said his prayer;

This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,  
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs but when he could;  
Had pass'd three summers in the neighboring wood:  
And musing long whom next to circumvent,  
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:  
And in his high imagination cast,  
By stratagem to gratify his taste.

The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,  
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;  
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound  
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:  
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a bed  
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head:  
Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,  
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.

O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,  
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy!  
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,  
More false than Gano was to Charlemain!  
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour  
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower:  
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,  
And not that day descended from the beam!

But here the doctors engerly dispute:  
Some hold predestination absolute:  
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,  
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.  
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,  
And mortals are not free to good or ill:  
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,  
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:  
As bad for us as prescience had not been,  
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.  
And who says that, let the blaspheming man  
Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.  
For how can that eternal Power be just  
To punish man, who sins because he must?  
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,  
Which is not done by us; but first decreed?

I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,  
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;  
If prescience can determine actions so  
That we must do, because he did foreknow,  
Or that, foreknowing, yet our choice is free,  
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity;  
This strict necessity they simple call,  
Another sort there is conditional.  
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown  
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.  
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,  
Content to work, in prospect of the shore;  
But would not work at all, if not constrain'd before.  
That other does not liberty constrain,  
But man may either act, or may refrain.  
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,  
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.  
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,  
And prescience only held the second place.

If he could make such agents wholly free,  
I not dispute, the point's too high for me; [sound,  
For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can  
Or put to his Omnipotence a bound?  
He made us to his image, all agree;  
That image is the soul, and that must be,  
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.  
But whether it were better man had been  
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,  
I waive, for fear of splitting on a rock.

The tale I tell is only of a cock,  
Who had not run the hazard of his life,  
And he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:

For women, with a mischief to their kind,  
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.  
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,  
And made her man his Paradise forego,  
Where at heart's ease he lived; and might he  
been

As free from sorrow as he was from sin.  
For what the devil had their sex to do.  
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,  
And could not see the serpent in the grass?  
But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence in times of suffering is the best.  
'Tis dangerous to disturb an hornet's nest.  
In other authors you may find enough,  
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.  
Legends of lying wits together bound,  
The Wife of Bath would throw them to the ground.  
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,  
I honor dames, and think their sex divine.

Now to continue what my tale begun;  
Lay madam Partlet basking in the Sun,  
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,  
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.  
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,  
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:  
And so befell, that as he cast his eye,  
Among the coleworts, on a butterfly,  
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:  
I need not swear he had no list to crow:  
But cried, "Cock, cock!" and gave a sudden start  
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart;  
For birds and beasts, inform'd by Nature, know  
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.  
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,  
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.

But the false loon, who could not work his will  
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill;  
"I hope, my lord," said he, "I not offend;  
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?"  
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,  
I, who have lov'd and honor'd you so long:  
Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false alarm,  
For, on my soul, I never meant you harm.  
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,  
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:  
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,  
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:  
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard  
The song as of an angel in the yard;  
A song that would have charm'd th' infernal gods  
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes;  
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,  
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear.  
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband  
there.

"My lord, your sire familiarly I know,  
A peer deserving such a son as you:  
He, with your lady-mother (whom Heaven rest)  
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:  
To view his living features, does me good;  
For I am your poor neighbor in the wood;  
And in my cottage should be proud to see  
The worthy heir of my friend's family.

"But since I speak of singing, let me say,  
As with an upright heart I safely may,  
That, save yourself, there breathes not on this  
ground

One like your father for a silver sound.  
So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,  
That matrons to the church mistook their way,  
And thought they heard the merry organ play.

raise his voice with artful care,  
 not beaux attempt to please the fair?  
 stood to sing with greater strength,  
 h'd his comely neck at all the length:  
 he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,  
 a raptures use, would shut his eyes,  
 ound striving through the narrow throat,  
 g might avail to mend the note.  
 song, he never had his peer,  
 et Cecilia down to Chanticleer;  
 a Muse, who sung the mighty man,  
 r's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.  
 stors proceed from race divine:  
 anus and Belinus is your line;  
 to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,  
 the priests were not excus'd from arms.  
 a, a famous monk of modern times  
 cocks recorded in his rhymes,  
 parish-priest the son and heir,  
 is of priests were from the proverb clear,  
 once a cock of noble kind,  
 r lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;  
 the clerk his father was disgrac'd,  
 benefice another plac'd.  
 my lord, if not for love of me,  
 e sake of sweet saint Charity;  
 and dales, and Earth and Heaven rejoice,  
 ate your father's angel voice."  
 k was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,  
 l beside, as solar people are;  
 the treason from the truth descry,  
 ravish'd with this flattery:  
 he more, as, from a little off,  
 high opinion of himself;  
 ckly, slender, and not large of limb,  
 g all the world was made for him.  
 ces, rais'd by poets to the gods,  
 ander'd up in lying odes,  
 t every flattering knave's report,  
 any a Reynard lurking in the court;  
 all be receiv'd with more regard  
 'd to, than modest Truth is heard.  
 anticleer, of whom the story sings,  
 upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;  
 ech'd his neck, and wink'd with both his  
 eyes,  
 , as he sought th' Olympic prize.  
 he pain'd himself to raise his note,  
 rard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.  
 is back he laid the precious load,  
 at his wonted shelter of the wood;  
 made his way, the mischief done,  
 eeded, and pursu'd by none.  
 t stay is there in human state,  
 un shun inevitable fate!  
 was written, the decree was past,  
 undations of the world were cast!  
 hough the Sun exalted stood,  
 t-planet to procure his good;  
 n was his mortal foe, and he,  
 ris'd, oppos'd the same degree:  
 both good and bad, of equal power,  
 uring other made a mingled hour.  
 ay morn he dreamt this direful dream,  
 e worthy native, in his scheme!  
 d Venus, goddess of delight,  
 let thou suffer thy devoted knight,  
 n day, to fall by foe oppress'd,  
 t of all the world who serv'd thee best?

Who, true to love, was all for recreation,  
 And minded not the work of propagation.  
 Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme complain  
 The death of Richard with an arrow slain,  
 Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,  
 To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!  
 That I like thee on Friday might complain;  
 For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.  
 Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,  
 Were sent to Heaven by woful Trojan dames,  
 When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,  
 And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,  
 Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.  
 Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,  
 With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive knight:  
 Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,  
 When Aëdrubal, her husband, lost his life,  
 When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend,  
 And all the Punic glories at an end:  
 Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,  
 With greater ease than others seek their bed;  
 Not more aglath the matrons of renown,  
 When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,  
 Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,  
 For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.  
 Now to my story I return again:  
 The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,  
 This woful cackling cry with horror heard,  
 Of those distracted damsels in the yard;  
 And, starting up, beheld the heavy sight,  
 How Reynard to the forest took his flight,  
 And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,  
 The hope and pillar of the house was borne.  
 "The fox, the wicked fox!" was all the cry:  
 Out from his house ran every neighbor nigh;  
 The vicar first, and after him the crew  
 With forks and staves, the felon to pursue.  
 Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band;  
 And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand;  
 Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,  
 In panic horror of pursuing dogs;  
 With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,  
 Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.  
 The shouts of men, the women in dismay,  
 With shrieks augment the terror of the day;  
 The ducks, that heard the proclamation cried,  
 And fear'd a persecution might betide,  
 Full twenty miles from town their voyage take,  
 Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.  
 The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms  
 Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.  
 Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,  
 Struck not the city with so loud a shout;  
 Not when with English hate they did pursue  
 A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew;  
 Not when the welkin rung with one and all;  
 And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall;  
 Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heaven above to  
 fall.  
 With might and main they chas'd the murderous fox,  
 With brazen trumpets and inflated box,  
 To kindle Mars with military sounds,  
 Nor wanted horns to inspire sagacious hounds.  
 But see, how Fortune can confound the wise,  
 And, when they least expect it, turn the dice.  
 The captive cock, who scarce could draw his breath,  
 And lay within the very jaws of Death;  
 Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,  
 And Fear supplied him with this happy thought:

"Your's is the prize, victorious prince," said he,  
 "The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.  
 Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,  
 And bid the churls that envy you the prey  
 Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry.  
 See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,  
 And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,  
 He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone."  
 "Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done;"  
 This Reynard said: but, as the word he spoke,  
 The prisoner with a spring from prison broke:  
 Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,  
 And to the neighboring maple wing'd his flight;  
 Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,  
 He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;  
 Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,  
 For plotting an unprofitable crime;  
 Yet, mastering both, th' artificer of lies  
 Renews th' assault, and his last battery tries.

"Though I," said he, "did ne'er in thought of  
 fend,

How justly may my lord suspect his friend!  
 Th' appearance is against me, I confess,  
 Who seemingly have put you in distress:  
 You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,  
 May think I broke all hospitable laws,  
 To bear you from your palace-yard by might,  
 And put your noble person in a fright:  
 This, since you take it ill, I must repent,  
 Though, Heaven can witness, with no bad intent:  
 I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer  
 With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.  
 So loyal subjects often seize their prince,  
 Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,  
 Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.  
 Descend; so help me Jove as you shall find  
 That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind."

"Nay," quoth the cock; "but I beshrew us both,  
 If I believe a saint upon his oath:  
 An honest man may take a knave's advice,  
 But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:  
 Once warn'd is well bewar'd; not flattering lies  
 Shall soothe me more to sing with winking eyes  
 And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.  
 Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,  
 When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?"  
 "Better, sir cock, let all contention cease,  
 "Come down," said Reynard, "let us treat of  
 peace."

"A peace, with all my soul," said Chanticleer;  
 "But, with your favor, I will treat it here:  
 And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,  
 'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt."

#### THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see  
 Of negligence, and fond credulity:  
 And learn beside of flatterers to beware,  
 Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.  
 The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;  
 The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.  
 Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;  
 But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,  
 Sound sense, by plain example, to convey;  
 And in a heathen author we may find,  
 That pleasure with instruction should be join'd;  
 So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

#### THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF:

OR, THE LADY IN THE ARBOR.

#### A Vision.

Now, turning from the wintry signs, the Sun  
 His course exalted through the Ram had run,  
 And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove  
 Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of Love;  
 Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,  
 To glad the ground, and paint the fields with  
 flowers:

When first the tender blades of grass appear,  
 And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,  
 Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:  
 'Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,  
 Make the green blood to dance within their veins:  
 Then, at their call embolden'd, out they come,  
 And swell the germs, and burst the narrow room;  
 Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,  
 Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the day.  
 Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,  
 To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholesome air:  
 Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,  
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,  
 And sought in sleep to pass the night away,  
 I turn'd my wearied side, but still in vain,  
 Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:  
 Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,  
 For Love had never enter'd in my breast;  
 I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,  
 Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.  
 I wonder'd then, but after found it true,  
 Much joy had dried away the balmy dew:  
 Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,  
 To curl the waves: and sure some little care  
 Should weary Nature so, to make her want repair.

When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,  
 Scorning the scorner Sleep, from bed I sprung;  
 And, dressing by the Moon, in loose array,  
 Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,  
 And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.  
 Straight as a line in beauteous order stood  
 Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;  
 Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree  
 At distance planted in a due degree.  
 Their branching arms in air with equal space  
 Stretch'd to their neighbors with a long embrace,  
 And the new leaves on every bough were seen,  
 Some ruddy color'd, some of lighter green.  
 The painted birds, companions of the Spring,  
 Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.  
 Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,  
 Enchanting music, and a charming sight.  
 On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;  
 And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;  
 Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;  
 And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,  
 Which through a path but scarcely print'd lay:  
 In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,  
 And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.  
 Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought  
 To some strange end so strange a path was wrought.  
 At last it led me where an arbor stood,  
 The sacred receptacle of the wood:  
 This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the ground,  
 In all my progress I had never seen:

at once with wonder and delight,  
 ound me, new to the transporting sight.  
 h'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,  
 ounting grass arose in fresher green :  
 was newly made, no sight could pass  
 nice partitions of the grass ;  
 uited souls so closely lay ;  
 und the shades defended it from day :  
 res with eglantine were spread,  
 out the sides, a covering over-head.  
 fragrant brier was wove between,  
 re and flowers were mix'd with green,  
 e seem'd to vary the delight ;  
 d at once the smell and sight.  
 -workman of the bower was known  
 ury lands, and built for Oberon ;  
 g leaves with such proportion drew,  
 y measure, and by rule they grew ;  
 ongue can half the beauty tell :  
 at hands divine could work so well.  
 nd sides were like a parlor made,  
 s, and a cool summer shade ;  
 was set so thick, no foreign eye  
 plac'd within it could espy :  
 pass'd without with ease was seen,  
 nce nor tree was plac'd between.  
 er'd with a field ; and some was plain  
 and some was sow'd with rising grain.  
 he dew with spangles deck'd the ground)  
 spot of earth was never found.  
 l look'd, and still with new delight ;  
 y soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight :  
 sh eglantine exhal'd a breath,  
 s were of power to raise from death.  
 discontent, nor anxious care,  
 a brought thither, could inhabit there :  
 they fled as from their mortal foe ;  
 eet place could only pleasure know.  
 l mus'd, I cast aside my eye,  
 medlar-tree was planted nigh.  
 ing branches made a goodly show,  
 opening blooms was every bough :  
 there I saw with gaudy pride  
 plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,  
 g as she pass'd ; and still she drew  
 from every flower, and suck'd the dew :  
 length, she warbled in her throat,  
 er voice to many a merry note,  
 ct, and neither sweet nor clear,  
 sooth'd my soul and pleas'd my ear.  
 t performance was no sooner tried,  
 l sought, the nightingale replied :  
 o shrill, so variously she sung,  
 ove echo'd, and the valleys rung :  
 wish'd with her heavenly note,  
 anc'd, and had no room for thought,  
 rpower'd with ecstasy of bliss,  
 leaming dream of Paradise :  
 wak'd, and looking round the bower,  
 ery tree, and pry'd on every flower,  
 e by chance I might espy,  
 oet of the melody ;  
 thought she sung not far away :  
 und her on a laurel spray.  
 y side she sat, and fair in sight,  
 ne against her opposite ;  
 d with eglantine the laurel twin'd ;  
 heir native sweets were well conjoin'd.  
 reen bank I sat, and listen'd long  
 : more convenient for the song :)

Nor till her lay was ended could I move,  
 But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.  
 Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,  
 And every note I fear'd would be the last.  
 My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,  
 And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.  
 And what alone did all the rest surpass,  
 The sweet possession of the fairy place ;  
 Single, and conscious to myself alone  
 Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown :  
 Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,  
 And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,  
 And drew perfumes of more than vital air,  
 All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound  
 Of vocal music, on th' enchanted ground :  
 An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire ;  
 As if the bless'd above did all conspire  
 To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.  
 At length there issued from the grove behind  
 A fair assembly of the female kind :  
 A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,  
 Seduc'd the sons of Heaven to rebel.  
 I pass'd their form, and every charming grace,  
 Less than an angel would their worth debase :  
 But their attire, like liveries of a kind  
 All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.  
 In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,  
 The seams with sparkling emeralds set around :  
 Their hoods and sleeves the same ; and purf'd o'er  
 With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store  
 Of eastern pomp : their long descending train,  
 With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain :  
 High on their heads, with jewels richly set,  
 Each lady wore a radiant coronet.  
 Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd  
 With chaplets green, on their fair foreheads plac'd.  
 Of laurel some, of woodbine many more ;  
 And wreaths of agnus-castus others bore :  
 These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,  
 Appear'd in higher honor than the rest.  
 They danc'd around : but in the midst was seen  
 A lady of a more majestic mien ;  
 By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign  
 queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace ;  
 Her servants' eyes were fixed upon her face,  
 And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,  
 Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.  
 Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,  
 With more of godhead shining in her face ;  
 And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,  
 So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.  
 A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,  
 Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.  
 A branch of agnus-castus in her hand  
 She bore aloft (her sceptre of command :)  
 Admir'd, ador'd, by all the circling crowd,  
 For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd :  
 And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,  
 In honor of the laurel, ever young :  
 She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,  
 The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear ;  
 And all the bending forest lent an ear.  
 At every close she made, th' attending throng  
 Replied, and bore the burthen of the song :  
 So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,  
 It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,  
 They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,



"Your's is the prize, victorious prince," said he,  
 "The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.  
 Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,  
 And bid the churls that envy you the prey  
 Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry.  
 See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,  
 And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,  
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 And to the neighboring maple wing'd his flight;  
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 And swell the germs, and burst the narrow room;  
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 And sought in sleep to pass the night away,  
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 Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;  
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 At distance planted in a due degree,  
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 poet of the melody ;  
 methought she sung not far away :  
 ound her on a laurel spray.  
 ny side she sat, and fair in sight,  
 line against her opposite ;  
 od with eglantine the laurel twin'd ;  
 their native sweets were well conjoin'd.  
 green bank I sat, and listen'd long  
 as more convenient for the song :)

Nor till her lay was ended could I move,  
 But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.  
 Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,  
 And every note I fear'd would be the last.  
 My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,  
 And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.  
 And what alone did all the rest surpass,  
 The sweet possession of the fairy place ;  
 Single, and conscious to myself alone  
 Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown :  
 Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,  
 And all Elysium in a spot of ground.  
 Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,  
 And drew perfumes of more than vital air,  
 All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound  
 Of vocal music, on th' enchanted ground :  
 An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire ;  
 As if the bless'd above did all conspire  
 To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.  
 At length there issued from the grove behind  
 A fair assembly of the female kind :  
 A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,  
 Seduc'd the sons of Heaven to rebel.  
 I pass their form, and every charming grace,  
 Less than an angel would their worth debase :  
 But their attire, like liveries of a kind  
 All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.  
 In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,  
 The seams with sparkling emeralds set around :  
 Their hoods and sleeves the same ; and purf'd o'er  
 With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store  
 Of eastern pomp : their long descending train,  
 With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain :  
 High on their heads, with jewels richly set,  
 Each lady wore a radiant coronet.  
 Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd  
 With chaplets green, on their fair foreheads plac'd.  
 Of laurel some, of woodbine many more ;  
 And wreaths of agnus-castus others bore :  
 These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,  
 Appear'd in higher honor than the rest.  
 They danc'd around : but in the midst was seen  
 A lady of a more majestic mien ;  
 By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign  
 queen.  
 She in the midst began with sober grace ;  
 Her servants' eyes were fixed upon her face,  
 And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,  
 Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.  
 Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,  
 With more of godhead shining in her face ;  
 And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,  
 So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.  
 A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,  
 Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.  
 A branch of agnus-castus in her hand  
 She bore aloft (her sceptre of command ;)   
 Admir'd, ador'd, by all the circling crowd,  
 For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd :  
 And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,  
 In honor of the laurel, ever young :  
 She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,  
 The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear ;  
 And all the bending forest lent an ear.  
 At every close she made, th' attending throng  
 Replied, and bore the burthen of the song :  
 So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,  
 It seem'd the music melted in the throat.  
 Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,  
 They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,

Till round my arbor a new ring they made,  
And footed it about the secret shade.

O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,  
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;  
Yet not so much, but that I noted well  
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar  
I heard a sudden symphony of war;  
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,  
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:  
I saw soon after this, behind the grove  
From whence the ladies did in order move,  
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,  
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:  
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,  
Thick as the college of the bees in May,  
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,  
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.  
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,  
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,  
The summer's day would end before the song:  
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,  
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.  
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest  
The trumpets issued, in white mantles dress'd,  
A numerous troop, and all their heads around  
With chaplets green of cerial-oak were crown'd;  
And at each trumpet was a banner bound,  
Which, waving in the wind, display'd at large  
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.  
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,  
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.  
The chief about their necks the sentience wore,  
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:  
Broad were their collars too, and every one  
Was set about with many a costly stone.  
Next these of kings-at-arms a goodly train  
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:  
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,  
And garlands green around their temples roll'd;  
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,  
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:  
And as the trumpets their appearance made,  
So these in habits were alike array'd;  
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;  
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.  
The pursuivants came next, in number more;  
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:  
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,  
With each an onken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,  
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:  
In golden armor glorious to behold;  
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.  
Their surcoats of white ermine fur were made,  
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering  
shade;

The trappings of their steeds were of the same;  
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,  
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine  
Of laurel did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,  
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind:  
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,  
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:  
The foremost held a helm of rure device;  
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.  
The second bore the buckler of his knight,  
The third of coral-wood a spear upright,  
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.

Like to their lords their equipage was seen,  
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green  
And after these came, arm'd with spear and shield  
An host so great, as cover'd all the field.  
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,  
With laurels ever-green were shaded o'er,  
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,  
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind  
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,  
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,  
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,  
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerial-oak.  
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,  
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,  
And in the middle meadow took their ground.  
Among themselves the tourney they divide,  
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.  
Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,  
And stood to steed oppos'd, the jousts began.  
Then lightly set their lances in the rest,  
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:  
They met. I, sitting at my ease, beheld  
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.  
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and  
man.

And round the field the lighten'd coursers ran.  
An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway  
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day:  
At length the nine (who still together held)  
Their fainting foes to shameful flight compell'd,  
And with resistless force o'er-ran the field.  
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,  
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:  
Like them dismounted all the warlike train.  
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:  
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,  
Who near the secret arbor sung and danc'd.

The ladies left their measures at the sight,  
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,  
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen  
knight.

Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,  
The grace and ornament of all the wood:  
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat  
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:  
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,  
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,  
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,  
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:  
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far  
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war.  
From Heaven's inclemency here found retreat.  
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:  
A hundred knights might there at ease abide;  
And every knight a lady by his side:  
The trunk itself such odors did bequeath,  
That a Moluccan breeze to these was com-  
breath.

The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid  
Their homage, with a low obeisance made:  
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.  
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,  
With song of love, and mix with pleasures new:  
Around the holy tree their dance they frame.  
And every champion leads his chosen dame.  
I cast my sight upon the farther field,  
And a fresh object of delight beheld:  
For from the region of the west I heard  
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd:  
Of knights, and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,  
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand

rem'd in rich cymar were seen  
 in, flower'd with white and green,  
 ; betwixt the bloomy girdelin.  
 their petticoats below  
 thick with rubies on a row ;  
 sel wore upon her head  
 rland blended white and red.  
 les all the knights were seen,  
 he view with cheerful green :  
 of their ladies' colors were, [hair :  
 hite and red, to shade their shining  
 ry troop the minstrels play'd ;  
 sters' liveries were array'd,  
 en, and on their temples wore  
 hite and red their ladies bore.  
 nts were various in their kind,  
 ow, and some for breathing wind :  
 se, and hautboy's noisy band, [hand.  
 ute trembling beneath the touching  
 s on a flowery lay  
 thitherward they bent their way ;  
 ights and dames their homage made,  
 nce to the daisy paid.  
 and of flutes began to play,  
 y sung a virelay :  
 ry close she would repeat  
 f the song, " The daisy is so sweet."  
 o sweet," when she begun,  
 ights and dames continued on.  
 d the voice so charm'd my ear,  
 'soul, that it was Heaven to hear.  
 ir pleasure pass'd : at noon of day,  
 sultry beams began to play :  
 ts a fiercer flame from high,  
 poisonous breath he blasts the sky :  
 re fuding flowers (their beauty fled)  
 r sickly eyes, and hung the head ;  
 with heat, lay dying in their bed.  
 'd, and scarcely could respire :  
 y drew, no longer air, but fire ;  
 ghts were scorch'd ; and knew not  
 ter, for no shade was near ;  
 he gathering clouds amain  
 storm of rattling hail and rain :  
 ash'd betwixt : the field, and flowers,  
 , were buried in the showers.  
 the knights, no shelter nigh,  
 ather, and the wintry sky,  
 wet, disconsolate, and wan,  
 air thin array receiv'd the rain ;  
 white, protected by the tree, [free.  
 in th' assault, and stood from danger  
 ion mov'd their gentle minds,  
 e storm, and silent were the winds,  
 hat, not suffering, they had seen,  
 heer the faction of the green :  
 white array, before her band,  
 er rival by the hand :  
 hts and dames, with courtly grace,  
 vior sweet, their foes embrace :  
 queen with laurel on her brow,  
 ave suffer'd in your woe ;  
 untung aught within my power  
 in my refreshing bower."  
 ver'd with a lowly look,  
 racious invitation took :  
 oth she and all her train  
 Sun had borne, and beating rain.  
 was us'd by all in white, [knight.  
 lame receiv'd, and every knight a

37

The laurel champions with their swords invade  
 The neighboring forests, where the jousts were made,  
 And serewood from the rotten hedges took,  
 And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke :  
 A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire [attire.  
 They warm'd their frozen feet, and dried their wet  
 Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around  
 For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground  
 They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,  
 Which on their sun-burnt cheeks and their chapt skins  
 they laid :

Then sought green salads, which they bade them eat,  
 A sovereign remedy for inward heat.

The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,  
 And made the lady of the flower her guest :  
 When lo, a bower ascended on the plain,  
 With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.  
 This bower was near my pleasant arbor plac'd,  
 That I could hear and see whatever pass'd :  
 The ladies sat with each a knight between,  
 Distinguish'd by their colors, white and green ;  
 The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,  
 Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.  
 Meantime the minstrels play'd on either side,  
 Vain of their art, and for the mastery vied :  
 The sweet contention lasted for an hour,  
 And reach'd my secret arbor from the bower.

The Sun was set ; and Vesper, to supply  
 His absent beams, had lighted up the sky :  
 When Philomel, officious all the day  
 To sing the service of th' ensuing May,  
 Flew from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight  
 Directly to the queen array'd in white ;  
 And, hopping, sat familiar on her hand,  
 A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,  
 Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,  
 And, hid in bushes, 'scap'd the bitter shower,  
 Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower ;  
 And either songster holding out their throats,  
 And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes :  
 As if all day, precluding to the fight,  
 They only had rehears'd, to sing by night :  
 The banquet ended, and the battle done,  
 They danc'd by star-light and the friendly Moon :  
 And when they were to part, the laureate queen  
 Supplied with steeds the lady of the green,  
 Her and her train conducting on the way,  
 The Moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know  
 The secret moral of the mystic show,  
 I started from my shade, in hopes to find  
 Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind :  
 And, as my fair adventure fell, I found  
 A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,  
 Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,  
 Repeating to herself the former song.  
 With due respect my body I inclin'd,  
 As to some being of superior kind,  
 And made my court according to the day.  
 Wishing her queen and her a happy May.  
 " Great thanks, my daughter," with a gracious bow  
 She said ; and I, who much desir'd to know  
 Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break  
 My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak :  
 " Madam, might I presume and not offend,  
 So may the stars and shining Moon attend  
 Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell  
 What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,  
 And what the knights who fought in list'd fields so  
 well."

8 2

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And footed it about the secret shade.  
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With chaplets green of cerial-oak were crown'd;  
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Broad were their collars too, and every one  
Was set about with many a costly stone.  
Next these of kings-at-arms a goodly train  
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And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.  
The pursuivants came next, in number more;  
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:  
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,  
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,  
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:  
In golden armor glorious to behold;  
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.  
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With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering  
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A prince's ransom would not pay the price.

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 Her and her train conducting on the way,  
 The Moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know  
 The secret moral of the mystic show,  
 I started from my shade, in hopes to find  
 Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:  
 And, as my fair adventure fell, I found  
 A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,  
 Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along.  
 Repeating to herself the former song.  
 With due respect my body I inclin'd,  
 As to some being of superior kind,  
 And made my court according to the day,  
 Wishing her queen and her a happy May.  
 "Great thanks, my daughter," with a gracious bow  
 She said; and I, who much desir'd to know  
 Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break  
 My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:  
 "Madam, might I presume and not offend,  
 So may the stars and shining Moon attend  
 Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell  
 What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,  
 And what the knights who fought in list'd fields so  
 well."

To this the dame replied : " Fair daughter, know,  
That what you saw was all a fairy show :  
And all those airy shapes you now behold, [mould,  
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly  
Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,  
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night ;  
This only holiday of all the year,  
We privileg'd in sun-shine may appear :  
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,  
And with due honors usher in the May.  
At other times we reign by night alone,  
And posting through the skies pursue the Moon :  
But when the morn arises, none are found ;  
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,  
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,  
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.

" All courtneys are by kind ; and ever proud  
With friendly offices to help the good.  
In every land we have a larger space  
Than what is known to you of mortal race :  
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,  
And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.  
Know farther : every lady cloth'd in white,  
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,  
Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known  
Of innocence ; and I myself am one.  
Saw you not her so graceful to behold  
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold ?  
The sovereign lady of our land is she,  
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity :  
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,  
That agnus-castus in her hand appears ;  
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,  
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd ;  
But those the chief and highest in command,  
Who bear those holy branches in their hand :  
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,  
Whom death nor danger never could dismay,  
Victorious names, who made the world obey :  
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,  
And after death for deities were held.  
But those, who wear the woodbine on their brow,  
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow ;  
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free  
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.  
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,  
As true as Tristram and Isotta were."

" But what are those," said I, " th' unconquer'd nine,  
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armor  
shine ?

And who the knights in green, and what the train  
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain ?  
Why both the bands in worship disagree,  
And some adorn the flower, and some the tree ?"

" Just is your suit, fair daughter," said the dame :  
" Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame ;  
Nine worthies were they call'd, of different rites,  
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian  
knights.

These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,  
As they the foremost rank of honor held,  
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd :  
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew ;  
For deathless laurel is the victor's due :  
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,  
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain ;  
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,  
Emblems of valor and of victory.  
Behold an order yet of newer date  
*Doubling their number, equal in their state ;*

Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,  
In battle brave, protectors of their prince :  
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,  
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.  
These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,  
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,  
And well repaid the honors which they gain'd.  
The laurel wreaths were first by Caesar worn,  
And still they Caesar's successors adorn :  
One leaf of this is immortality,  
And more of worth than all the world can buy."  
" One doubt remains," said I, " the dames in green,  
What were their qualities, and who their queen ?"  
" Flora commands," said she, " those nymphs and  
knights,

Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights ;  
Who never acts of honor durst pursue,  
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue :  
Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,  
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,  
Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen.  
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their  
green.

These, and their mates, enjoy their present hour,  
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.  
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,  
And still continue what at first they were ;  
Continue, and proceed in honor's fair career.  
No room for cowardice, or dull delay ;  
From good to better they should urge their way.  
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,  
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste ;  
For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound ;  
For laurel is the sign of labor crown'd, [ground :  
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to  
From winter winds it suffers no decay.  
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.  
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,  
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow ;  
The life is in the leaf, and still between  
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.  
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,  
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace ;  
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,  
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of Heaven.  
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,  
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed :  
In summer living, and in winter dead.  
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,  
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are de-  
cay'd."

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,  
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame ;  
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know  
The secret meaning of this moral show.  
And she, to prove what profit I had made  
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,  
Demanded, till the next returning May,  
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey ?  
I chose the leaf ; she smil'd with sober cheer.  
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,  
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence  
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence :  
" But I," said she, " my fellows must pursue,  
Already past the plain, and out of view."

We parted thus ; I homeward sped my way,  
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day :  
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May  
Then, late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write  
The visionary vigils of the night :

you may'nt, my Little Book, with shame,  
 ith homely verse to purchase fame;  
 y Maker chose; and so design'd  
 style to suit thy lowly kind.

## CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

POETA LOQUITUR.

n, for ladies' love unfit,  
 of beauty I remember yet,  
 inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.  
 ölly, the severe divine  
 t fully, though he censures mine;  
 pleasures of a chaste embrace,  
 I write, and propagates in grace,  
 excess, a priestly race.  
 n free, and that I forge th' offence,  
 the way, perverting first my sense:  
 itty, and with venom fraught,  
 ne speak the things I never thought.  
 e gains of his ungovern'd zeal;  
 cloth the praise of railing well.  
 will think, that what we loosely write,  
 w arraign'd, he read with some delight;  
 seems to chew the cud again,  
 road comment makes the text too plain;  
 s more in one explaining page,  
 e double-meanings of the stage.  
 sds he paraphrase on what we mean?  
 : first but wanton; he's obscene.  
 flows nor myself excuse;  
 the subject of the comic Muse;  
 : write without it, nor would you  
 dly dry instruction view;  
 always of a vicious kind,  
 rtuous acts inflames the mind,  
 ' sleepy vigor of the soul,  
 ng o'er, adds motion to the pool.  
 us how to please, improves our parts  
 'd manners, and adorns with arts.  
 vented verse, and form'd the rhyme,  
 measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;  
 acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,  
 : fierce, and made the coward bold:  
 when waste, he peopled with increase,  
 g nations reconcil'd in peace.  
 e first, and all the fair may find,  
 legend, to their fame design'd,  
 ity fires the blood, how Love exalts the  
 mind.

et ile where Venus keeps her court,  
 Grace, and all the Loves, resort;  
 er sex is form'd of softer earth,  
 the bent of pleasure from their birth;  
 a Cyprian lord, above the rest  
 thy, with a numerous issue bless'd.  
 o gift of Fortune is sincere,  
 ranting in a worthy heir;  
 orn, a goodly youth to view,  
 e rest in shape, and outward show,  
 s limbs with due proportion join'd,  
 avy, dull, degenerate mind.  
 lied the features of his face:  
 : there, but beauty in disgrace.  
 mien, a voice with rustic sound,  
 eyes that ever lov'd the ground.

He look'd like Nature's error, as the mind  
 And body were not of a piece design'd.  
 But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.  
 The ruling rod, the father's forming care,  
 Were exercis'd in vain on Wit's despair;  
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,  
 And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.  
 Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,  
 The people from Galesus chang'd his name,  
 And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;  
 So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labor lost,  
 And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,  
 Chose an ungrateful object to remove,  
 And loath'd to see what Nature made him love;  
 So to his country farm the fool confin'd;  
 Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.  
 Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went, [ment.  
 A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banish-  
 His corn and cattle were his only care,  
 And his supreme delight a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,  
 That to the greenwood shade he took his way;  
 For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much  
 to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,  
 Hung half before, and half behind his back.  
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went for want of thought.

By Chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,  
 The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;  
 Where, in a plain defended by the wood,  
 Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,  
 By which an alabaster fountain stood:  
 And on the margin of the fount was laid  
 (Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid,  
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with sport,  
 To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:  
 The dame herself the goddess well express'd,  
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,  
 Than by the charming features of her face,  
 And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:  
 Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,  
 Her body shaded with a slight cymar;  
 Her bosom to the view was only bare:  
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,  
 For yet their places were but signified:  
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,  
 To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;  
 The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue  
 her repose.

The fool of Nature stood with stupid eyes,  
 And gaping mouth that testified surprise,  
 Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,  
 New as he was to love, and novice to delight:  
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,  
 His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;  
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense  
 First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:  
 Doubted for what he was he should be known,  
 By his clown accent, and his country tone.  
 Through the rude chaos thus the running light  
 Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:  
 Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,  
 Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:  
 Last shone the Sun, who, radiant in his sphere,  
 Illumin'd Heaven and Earth, and roll'd around the  
 year.

So reason in this brutal soul began,  
 Love made him first suspect he was a man;



Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;  
By love his want of words and wit he found ;  
That sense of want prepar'd the future way  
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,  
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,  
The best instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,  
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd :  
Love taught him shame ; and Shame, with Love at  
strife,

Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ;  
His gross material soul at once could find  
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind :  
Exciting a desire till then unknown,  
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.  
This made the first impression on his mind,  
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.  
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,  
Nor their own liking by reflection know ;  
Nor why they like or this or t' other face,  
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace ;  
But love in gross, and stupidly admire :  
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.  
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,  
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees ;  
On several parts a several praise bestows,  
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,  
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,  
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,  
And, ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air.  
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,  
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving  
breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though every part  
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,  
(A judge erected from a country clown)  
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,  
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid :  
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his thought,  
And Love, new-born, the first good-manners taught.  
And awful Fear his ardent wish withstood,  
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood ;  
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,  
Excelling all the rest of human race.  
And things divine, by common sense he knew,  
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :  
So checking his desire, with trembling heart  
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart ;  
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,  
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,  
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of  
day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair  
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)  
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,  
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slaving cudden, propp'd upon his staff,  
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,  
To welcome her awake ; nor durst begin  
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.  
Then she : " What makes you, Cymon, here alone ?"  
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,  
Because descended of a noble race,  
And for a soul ill sort'd with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,  
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,  
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,  
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.  
*But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust*  
*the saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust :*

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,  
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,  
With proffer'd service to the parting maid  
To see her safe ; his hand she long denied.  
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.  
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,  
No more would to his country clowns repair,  
But sought his father's house, with better mind,  
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,  
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;  
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still  
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.  
Nor was he long delay'd : the first request  
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,  
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,  
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :  
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd  
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind :  
He sought a tutor of his own accord,  
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so far  
That in short time his equals he surpass'd :  
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,  
His mien he fashion'd and his tongue he fil'd ;  
In every exercise of all admir'd,  
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd :  
Inspir'd by Love, whose business is to please ;  
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease,  
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,  
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,  
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay.  
A load too heavy for his soul to move, [Love  
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away b  
Love made an active progress through his mind,  
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,  
The drowsy wak'd ; and as he went impress'd  
The Maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire,  
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,  
His father all his faults with reason scannd,  
And lik'd an error of the better hand ;  
Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,  
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd :  
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,  
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still ;  
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear  
The name of fool confirm'd and bishop'd by the fair

To Cipeus by his friends his suit he mov'd.  
Cipeus the father of the fair he lov'd :  
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,  
While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise :  
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,  
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse :  
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,  
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,  
Nor could retract ; and thus, as Fate decreed,  
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship, already sent,  
Did all his tardy diligence prevent :  
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,  
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said :  
" The time is come for Iphigene to find  
The miracle she wrought upon my mind :  
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love  
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.  
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,  
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design."

and rigg'd with speedy care  
 nd well equip'd for war.  
 ith chosen friends he stor'd;  
 r conquer, went aboard.  
 behind the Cyprian shore,  
 bat all his wishes bore;  
 l, for the following tide  
 le ship and beauteous bride.  
 al bark directly steer'd,  
 den at her back appear'd,  
 light: then, standing on his prow,  
 he thus doff'd the foe:  
 ills at summons, or prepare  
 extremities of war."  
 Rhodians for the fight provide;  
 vessels side by side,  
 save, and those to seize the bride.  
 is crooked grapples cast,  
 ous hold his foes embrac'd,  
 word and shield, amid the press he

ht, but, hastening to his prey,  
 as lover freed his way:  
 pers'd the Rhodian crew,  
 d, the valiant overthrew;  
 r his following friends remain'd,  
 l, and they but only glean'd.  
 less'd, the foes retreat,  
 pons at the victor's feet.  
 eer'd: "O Rhodian youth, I fought  
 r other booty sought:  
 b; your vessel I resign;  
 n, restoring what is mine;  
 m my rightful due,  
 il, and detain'd by you:  
 lawless bargain drove,  
 not sell the daughter's love;  
 y Love disdains the laws,  
 y conquest gains his cause:  
 place, all other pleas are vain,  
 rce, and force shall love maintain,  
 ngth you could not keep, release,  
 nsom buy your peace."  
 quer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,  
 ymon was restor'd:  
 the blushing bride he took,  
 as she compos'd her look;  
 jected to his will,  
 assembling, and a woman still.  
 he wip'd her falling tears,  
 dismiss her empty fears;  
 he said, "and have deserv'd  
 etter whom so long I serv'd,  
 your formal father tied  
 old a slave, not sent a bride."  
 ke, he seiz'd the willing prey,  
 Spartan spouse away.  
 i'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd  
 he thought, than was distress'd.  
 ut Cymon in his mind  
 npty joys of human-kind,  
 nt, to the future blind!  
 hile Cymon plows the sea,  
 dy with his conquer'd prey,  
 lass of measur'd hours was run,  
 meteor, sunk the Sun;  
 storm; the shifting gales  
 d fill the flagging sails;  
 f the main from far were heard,  
 i, not by degrees prepar'd,

But all at once; at once the winds arise,  
 The thunders roll, the fork lightning flies.  
 In vain the master issues out commands,  
 In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:  
 The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,  
 And from the first they labor in despair.  
 The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,  
 Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,  
 Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots amain,  
 Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.  
 Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,  
 Plung'd from the height of Heaven to deepest Hell,  
 Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,  
 Now curs'd the more, the more he had been blest;  
 More anxious for her danger than his own,  
 Death he doffes; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints  
 Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;  
 Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent,  
 But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment:  
 Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,  
 Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.  
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,  
 Augments her anger, as her fears increase:  
 From her own back the burthen would remove,  
 And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,  
 Which, interposing, durst, in Heaven's despite,  
 Invade, and violate another's right:  
 The powers incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,  
 And made him master of his vows in vain:  
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;  
 That for his daring enterprise she died;  
 Who rather not resisted, than complied.

Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,  
 She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,  
 Sex to the last: meantime with sails declin'd  
 The wandering vessel drove before the wind:  
 Toss'd and toss'd, aloft, and then below,  
 Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,  
 But every moment wait the coming blow.

Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd  
 The land before them, and their fears renew'd;  
 The land was welcome, but the tempest bore  
 The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near; to this they bent,  
 And just escap'd; their force already spent:  
 Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,  
 The land unknown at leisure they survey;  
 And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)  
 The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;  
 And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,  
 Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain  
 To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;  
 But the stiff wind withstood the laboring oar,  
 And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!  
 The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,  
 And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:  
 Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,  
 But, as ill-fortune seldom comes alone,  
 The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,  
 Already shelter'd on their native shore; [cheer;  
 Known each, they know; but each with change of  
 The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;  
 Not them, but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,  
 Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,  
 And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;  
 Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense  
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:

Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,  
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;  
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,  
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd  
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,  
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they knew  
Themselves so many, and their foes so few:  
But, crowding on, the last the first impel;  
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.  
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,  
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,  
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:  
His life was only spar'd at their request,  
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:  
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,  
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;  
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,  
But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd;  
So passive is the church of woman-kind.  
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,  
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?  
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,  
Or raise him upward to his former height;  
The latter pleas'd; and Love (concern'd the most)  
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,  
Though younger, yet for courage early known,  
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied,  
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;  
Cassandra was her name, above the rest  
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.  
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,  
Was then by choice their annual magistrate:  
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,  
But Fortune had not favor'd his desire;  
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,  
Nor yet prefer'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:  
So stood th' affair: some little hope remain'd,  
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Meantime young Pasimond his marriage press'd,  
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;  
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,  
Which would be double should he wed alone)  
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,  
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief:  
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,  
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;  
To justice liable, as law required;  
For, when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:  
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand  
By force to seize, and then forsake the land:  
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,  
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:  
Restraining others, yet himself not free,  
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.  
Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,  
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,  
But works a different way in different minds,  
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.  
This youth, proposing to possess and 'scape,  
Began in murder, to conclude in rape: [bless  
Unprais'd by me, though Heaven sometimes may  
An impious act with undeserv'd success:  
The great it seems are privileg'd alone  
To punish all injustice but their own.

But here I stop, not daring to proceed,  
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed:  
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the pretor bent,  
To find the means that might secure th' event:  
Nor long he labor'd, for his lucky thought  
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought;  
Th' example pleas'd: the cause and crime the same  
An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.  
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,  
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd  
To manage lothesome life, when love was the reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,  
In depth of night he for the prisoner sent;  
In secret sent, the public view to shun,  
Then with a sober smile he thus began.  
"The powers above, who bounteously bestow  
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,  
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give  
To such as are not worthy to receive.  
For valor and for virtue they provide  
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:  
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd  
'Twas yours to improve the talent they bestow'd:  
They gave you to be born of noble kind,  
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,  
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care  
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

"Thus far they tried you, and by proof they fix'd  
The grain intrusted in a grateful ground:  
But still the great experiment remain'd,  
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,  
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone,  
And when restor'd, to them the blessing own.  
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,  
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd:  
Be but yourself, the care to me resign.

Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.  
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,  
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,  
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,  
And Love our fortunes in one hand has join'd:  
Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,  
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine:  
To-morrow must their common vows be tied:  
With Love to friend, and Fortune for our guide.  
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

"Right I have none, nor hast thou much to please  
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:  
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight:  
And let the losers talk in vain of right:  
We with the fair will sail before the wind,  
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.  
Speak thy resolves: if now thy courage droop  
Despair in prison, and abandon hope:

But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,  
(For liberty without thy love were vain.)  
Then second my design to seize the prey. [way  
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st it

Said Cymon overjoy'd, "Do thou propose  
The means to fight, and only show the foes:  
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,  
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind."

To this the bold Lysimachus replied,  
"Let Heaven be neuter, and the sword decide:  
The spousals are prepar'd, already play  
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:  
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd:  
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,  
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.

en though I am, I will be there,  
 in'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.  
 w hear the rest ; when Day resigns the light,  
 eerful torches gild the jolly Night,  
 ly at my call ; my chosen few  
 rns administer'd shall aid thy crew.  
 entering unexpected, will we seize  
 stin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,  
 e disabled, unprepar'd for fight,  
 stening to the seas, suborn our flight :  
 as are ours, for I command the fort,  
 well-mann'd expects us in the port :  
 . or if their friends, the prize contest,  
 shall attend the man who dares resist."  
 eas'd : the prisoner to his hold retir'd,  
 op with equal emulation fir'd,  
 d to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.  
 in arose ; the streets were throng'd around,  
 lace open'd, and the posts were crown'd,  
 ible bridegroom at the door attends  
 ected spouse, and entertains the friends :  
 eet, they lead to church, the priests invoke  
 wers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.  
 me, they feast, and at the close of night  
 iled torches vary their delight,  
 lead the lively dance, and those the brimming  
 bowls invite.  
 at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,  
 xuls resolv'd the ravishers were join'd :  
 bands are form'd ; the first is sent before  
 r the retreat, and guard the shore ;  
 cond at the palace-gate is plac'd,  
 o the lofty stairs ascend the last :  
 eful troop they seem with shining vests,  
 uts of mail beneath secure their breasts.  
 ntless they enter, Cymon at their head,  
 d the feast renew'd, the table spread :  
 voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,  
 l the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.  
 like the harpies rushing through the hall  
 dden troop appears, the tables fall,  
 smoking load is on the pavement thrown ;  
 avisher prepares to seize his own ;  
 ides, invaded with a rude embrace,  
 out for aid, confusion fills the place.  
 to redeem the prey their plighted lords  
 ce, the palace gleams with shining swords.  
 late is all defence, and succor vain ;  
 pe is made, the ravishers remain :  
 urdy slaves were only sent before  
 r the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore.

The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,  
 With forward faces not confessing fear :  
 Backward they move, but scorn their pace to  
 mend,

Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,  
 Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent ;  
 The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle  
 bent,

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two  
 His rival's head with one descending blow :  
 And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,  
 He turn'd the point ; the sword, inur'd to blood,  
 Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple  
 flood.

With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,  
 The ravishers turn head, the fight renews ;  
 The hall is heap'd with corps ; the sprinkled gore  
 Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.  
 Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,  
 The victors to their vessel bear the prize ;  
 And hear behind loud groans and lamentable cries.  
 The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,  
 Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,  
 While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key :  
 What should the people do when left alone ?

The governor and government are gone.  
 The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd ;  
 Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.  
 Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more ;  
 Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store,  
 They neither could defend, nor can pursue,  
 But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view ;  
 In vain with darts a distant war they try,  
 Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.  
 Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,  
 And flying sails and sweeping oars employ :  
 The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,  
 Jove's isle they seek ; nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,  
 With generous wines their spirits they restore :  
 There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,  
 Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.  
 A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,  
 Stiff to defend their hospitable laws :  
 Both parties lose by turns ; and neither wins,  
 Till peace propounded by a truce begins.  
 The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,  
 But a short exile must for show precede :  
 The term expir'd, from Candia they remove ;  
 And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

## JOHN PHILIPS.

JOHN PHILIPS, an English poet, was the son of Dr. Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop. He was born at Bampton, in Oxfordshire, in 1676, and received his classical education at Winchester school. He was removed to Christ-Church college, in Oxford, in 1694, where he fully maintained the distinction he had already acquired at school, and obtained the esteem of several eminent literary characters. In 1703 he made himself known by his poem of "The Splendid Shilling," a pleasant burlesque, in which he happily imitated the style of Milton. The reputation he acquired by this piece caused him to be selected by the leaders of the Tory party to celebrate the victory of Blenheim, in competition with Addison, an attempt which, however, seems to have added little to his fame.

His didactic poem on Cider, published in 1700 considered as his principal performance, and is with which his name is chiefly associated. It came popular, and raised him to eminence among the poets of his age and class. This, and "Splendid Shilling," are the pieces by which will chiefly deserve to be remembered. He died of a pulmonary affection, in February 1728 at his mother's house in Hereford, greatly regretted by his friends, to whom he was endeared by modesty, kindness, and blamelessness of his character. Besides a tablet, with a Latin inscription in Hereford cathedral, he was honored with a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by 1 Chancellor Harcourt, with a long and classical epitaph, composed by Atterbury.

## THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

"..... Sing, heavenly Muse!  
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"  
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,  
In silken or in leather purse retains  
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain  
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;  
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,  
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall\* repairs:  
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye  
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,  
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass  
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.  
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,  
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.  
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,  
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,  
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,  
(Wretched repeat!) my meagre corpse sustain:  
Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

Regale chill'd fingers: or from tube as black  
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,  
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:  
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,  
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,  
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings  
Full famous in romantic tale) when he,  
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
Upon a cargo of fum'd Cestrian cheese,  
High over-shadowing rides, with a design  
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,  
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town  
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream  
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!  
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie  
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,  
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,  
To my aerial citadel ascends,  
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,  
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know  
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.  
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,  
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly  
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect  
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews

\* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)  
 forgets her faculty of speech;  
 he seems! His faded brow,  
 with many a frown, and conic beard,  
 ing band, admir'd by modern saints,  
 acts forbode; in his right hand  
 of paper solemnly he waves,  
 cters and figures dire inscrib'd,  
 mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert  
 es from righteous men!) Behind him stalks  
 nster, not unlike himself,  
 spect, by the vulgar call'd  
 , whose polluted hands the gods,  
 incredible, and magic charms,  
 ndued: if he his ample palm  
 ly on ill-fated shoulder lay  
 straight his body, to the touch  
 (as whilom knights were wont,)  
 chant'd castle is convey'd,  
 s impregnable, and coercive chains,  
 strict detain him, till, in form  
 Pallas sets the captive free.  
 ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,  
 pect; oft with insidious ken  
 eyes your steps aloof, and oft  
 : in a nook or gloomy cave,  
 nchant some inadvertent wretch  
 shallow'd touch. So (poets sing)  
 to domestic vermin sworn  
 ing foe, with watchful eye  
 / brooding o'er a chinky gap,  
 her fell claws, to thoughtless mice  
 So her disembowell'd web  
 : a hall or kitchen, spreads  
 vagrant flies: she secret stands  
 woven cell: the humming prey,  
 of their fate, rush on the toils  
 , nor will aught avail  
 or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;  
 naidious, and the buzzing drone,  
 fly, proud of expanded wings  
 h gold, entangled in her snares,  
 stance make; with eager strides,  
 ug flies to her expected spoils;  
 envenom'd jaws, the vital blood  
 eluctant foes, and to her cave  
 / carcasses triumphant drag.  
 ay days. But when nocturnal shades  
 envelop, and th' inclement air  
 nen to repel benumbing frosts  
 unt wines, and crackling blaze of wood;  
 sitting, nor the glimmering light  
 eight candle, nor the joyous talk  
 iend, delights: distress'd, forlorn,  
 horrors of the tedious night,  
 sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts  
 mind: or sometimes mournful verse  
 sing of groves and myrtle shades,  
 e lady near a purling stream,  
 ndent on a willow-tree.  
 I labor with eternal drought,  
 : wish, and rave; my parched throat  
 lief, nor heavy eyes repose:  
 mber haply does invade  
 imbs, my fancy's still awake,  
 of drink, and eager, in a dream,  
 ginary pots of ale,  
 rake I find the settled thirst  
 ug, and the pleasant phantom curse.  
 I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,

Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial rays  
 Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,  
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,  
 Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;  
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:  
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood  
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,  
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)  
 An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice  
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds  
 Eurus and Austere, and the dreadful force  
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,  
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,  
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,  
 Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,  
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near  
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush  
 On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)  
 She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,  
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
 Admits the sea: in at the gaping side  
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,  
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize  
 The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,  
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they  
 pray:  
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,  
 Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,  
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

## CIDER.

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

— *Honos erit huic quoque Pomo*! — *Virg.*

## BOOK I.

WHAT soil the apple loves, what care is due  
 To orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,  
 Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse  
 Adventurous I presume to sing; of verse  
 Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil  
 Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.  
 Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,  
 To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,  
 Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,  
 How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.  
 And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,  
 And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd  
 To knit in friendship, growing still with years,  
 Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.  
 May it a lasting monument remain  
 Of dear respect; that when this body frail  
 Is moulder'd into dust, and I become  
 As I had never been, late times may know  
 I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend!  
 Whoe'er expects his laboring trees should bend  
 With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,  
 Be this his first concern, to find a tract  
 Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills  
 That intercept the Hyperborean blasts  
 Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,  
 Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west  
 Let him free entrance grant, let zephyrs bland  
 Administer their tepid genial airs;  
 Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth  
 Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming womb,  
 Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath  
 Nurtures the orange, and the citron groves.

Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odors sweet  
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.  
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:  
But, when the blackening clouds in sprinkling  
showers

Distil, from the high summits down the rain  
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,  
The orchards smile; joyous the farmers see  
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,  
The force and genius of each soil explore;  
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:  
Without this necessary care, in vain  
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes  
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,  
Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit  
Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,  
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.  
So Nature has decreed; so oft we see  
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments  
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.  
Nor from the sable ground expect success,  
Nor from crocaceous, stubborn and jejune:  
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil  
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs  
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,  
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar.  
And loss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome  
draught.

But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye  
Grow waxy on the tilth, that soil select  
For apples: thence thy industry shall gain  
Ten-fold reward: thy garners, thence with store  
Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy press with purest juice  
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try  
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.  
Such is the Kent-church, such Dantzeyan ground,  
Such thine, O learned Broome, and Capel such,  
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,  
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood  
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast  
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,  
To treat of spousals: long connubial joys  
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair  
Elfrida's beauty: but, deluded, died  
In height of hopes — oh! hardest fate, to fall  
By show of friendship, and pretended love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice  
Of Marcleys-hill; the apple nowhere finds  
A kinder mould: yet 'tis unsafe to trust  
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,  
This mount may journey, and, his present site  
Forsaking, to thy neighbor's bounds transfer  
The goodly plants, affording matter strange  
For law-debates? \* If therefore thou incline

\* February the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedgerows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston Chapple, and turned two high-ways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards' space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,  
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;  
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering globe

But if (for Nature doth not share alike  
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld;  
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,  
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plow,  
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones  
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not  
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here  
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root  
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.  
Thus nought is useless made; nor is there land,  
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,  
Affords advantage. On the barren heath  
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop  
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,  
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,  
Close-grazier, finds wherewith to ease her want.  
What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height  
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,  
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens  
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse  
Gnaw pendent; nor untrebling canst thou see,  
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence  
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,  
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,  
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust  
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground  
Not lie unlabored; if the richest stem  
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant  
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,  
And penury, the worst of ills, remove!

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,  
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land  
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck  
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nurdling grove  
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster earth;  
But when the alien compost is exhaust,  
Its native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails, despond not; little pains,  
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.  
Th' industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,  
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,  
Forgets not at the foot of every plant  
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour  
A just supply of alimental streams,  
Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes  
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect  
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,  
When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of Heaven, that in his course  
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves  
Noxious to planted fields, and often men  
Perceive his influence dire; sweltering they run  
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek  
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills  
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay  
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring  
Preceding should be destitute of rain,  
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings  
Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapors damp,  
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts  
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;  
Then maladies of various kinds and names  
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe  
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face  
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,  
Reign far and near; grim Death in different shapes  
Depopulates the nations; thousands fall

as; youths, and virgins, in their flower,  
die, and sighing leave their loves  
, by infectious Heaven destroy'd.  
as prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last  
comb's name (next thee in blood and  
worth,  
it John!) left this toilsome world  
a prime, and sadden'd all the year:  
her virtues, nor repeated vows  
ad lovers, the relentless hand  
arrest: she with the vulgar fell,  
guish'd by this humble verse.  
t please the Sun's intemperate force  
attend; whilst I of ancient fame  
s trace, and image to thy mind,  
forefathers, (luckless men!) ingulf  
de-yawning Earth, to Stygian shades  
:k, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.  
: days, ere yet the Roman bands  
, this our other world subdued,  
s city stood, with firmest walls  
ided, and with numerous turrets crown'd,  
res, and citadels, the seat  
and heroes resolute in war,  
conium: uncontroll'd and free,  
bduing Latian arms prevail'd.  
, though to foreign yoke submit,  
nolish'd stood, and ev'n till now  
ad stood, of ancient British art  
; monument, not less admir'd  
it from Attic, or Etruscan hands  
d not the heavenly Powers averse  
er final doom: for now the fields  
ish thirst; Aquarius had not shed  
d showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat  
he green herb: hence 'gan relax  
d's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,  
and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,  
within their darksome caves, by far  
ual than the loud dislodged roar  
enginery, that ceaseless storm  
m of a well-built city, deem'd  
ble: th' infernal winds, till now  
prison'd, by Titanian warmth  
and with unctuous vapors fed,  
their narrow cells; and, their full strength  
; from beneath the solid mass  
, and all her castles rooted deep  
n their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,  
the sudden shock, her wonted track  
nd drew her humid train aslope,  
her banks: and now the lowering sky,  
ul lightning, and the thunder, voice  
gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd  
ng hearts of men. Where should they turn  
? whence seek for aid? when from below  
stems, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs  
and desolation: vain were vows,  
ts, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect!  
to fanes repair'd, and humble rites  
to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,  
their votaries in one ruin shar'd,  
nd o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood  
ing through the streets; their hideous yell  
dark welkin; Horror stalks around,  
ng, and, his sad concomitant,  
f abject look: at every gate  
ging populace with hasty strides  
ous, and, too eager of escape,  
he easy way; the rocking turret

Supplants their footsteps: to, and fro, they reel  
Antonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!  
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,  
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent  
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,  
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms  
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the lowen'd winds,  
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes  
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till, all their force  
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.  
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name  
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,  
Whereby the curious passenger may learn  
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,  
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains  
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks  
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,  
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,  
She whilom stood; now Ceres, in her prime,  
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd.  
The apple-tree, by our forefathers' blood  
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,  
Urging her destin'd labors to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign  
In various plants (for not to Man alone,  
But all the wide creation, Nature gave  
Love, and aversion:) everlasting hate  
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors  
The Colewort's rankness; but with amorous twine  
Clasps the tall Elm: the Pastan Rose unfolds  
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,  
(Crest of stout Britons,) and enhances thence  
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,  
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive  
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly  
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep  
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig  
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,  
Close-neighboring: th' Herefordian plant  
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,  
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes  
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem;  
Uneasy, seated by funereal Yew,  
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs  
All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews  
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well  
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let  
Ill neighborhood corrupt thy hopeful grafts.

Wouldst thou thy vats with generous juice should  
froth?  
Respect thy orchards; think not, that the trees  
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.  
Let Art correct thy breed: from parent bough  
A cion meetly sever: after, force  
A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain  
By wedges, and within the living wound  
Inclose the foster twig; nor over-nice  
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread  
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins  
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey  
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms  
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,  
Down rain th' empurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.  
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd  
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist  
Its feculence, which in more porous stocks  
Of cider-plants finds passage free, or else  
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd  
Through th' infix'd graft, a grateful mixture forms  
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,



This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes  
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays  
Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine  
In happy union; others sifter deem  
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plums austere.  
Who knows but both may thrive? how'er, what loss  
To try the powers of both, and search how far  
Two different natures may concur to mix  
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?  
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,  
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms  
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants  
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,  
And Pears of sundry forms; at different times  
Adopted Plums will alien branches grace;  
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch  
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month  
With files of party-color'd fruits, that please  
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muse,  
Thrice-sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives  
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent  
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts  
From solid counsels, shows the force of love  
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine  
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,  
Alone, in deep of night: then she describes  
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing  
How under ground the rude Riphean race  
Mimic brisk Cider with the brakes' product wild;  
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the arts  
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop  
The flowing branches; what trees answer best  
From root, or kernel: she will best the hours  
Of harvest, and seed-time, declare; by her  
The different qualities of things were found,  
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk  
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,  
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe  
The Indian weed,\* unknown to ancient times,  
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume  
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines  
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;  
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland  
It gently mitigates, companion fit  
Of pleasantry, and wine; nor to the bards  
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell  
Warble melodious their well-labor'd songs.  
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex  
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees  
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand  
Least animal; and shows, what laws of life  
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how  
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,  
Wonderful artists! But the hidden ways  
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames  
All things in miniature? Thy specular orb  
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!  
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant  
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads  
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,  
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,  
An innate orchard every apple boasts.  
Thus all things by experience are display'd,  
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think  
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule,

\* Tobacco.

Be unassay'd; prevent the morning-star  
Assiduous, nor with the western Sun  
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,  
Not of my own, I all the livelong day  
Consume in meditation deep, recluse  
From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,  
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp  
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance  
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care  
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine  
To labor for thyself? and rather choose  
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless  
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd!

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snake  
Returns, to show compassion to thy plants,  
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arch'd knife  
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades  
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs  
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due  
To apples, otherwise mispends itself  
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,  
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves, abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,  
And gently harden into fruit, the wise  
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow  
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin  
By kind avulsion: else the starveling brood,  
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield  
A slender autumn; which the niggard soul  
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,  
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know  
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,  
And how the little race of birds that hop  
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit  
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form  
Avails but little; rather guard each row  
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.  
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing  
Scud through the air; their fancy represents  
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak  
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe.  
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade  
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout  
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith  
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex  
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears  
A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring  
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails, that creep  
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts  
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.  
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,  
With morning and with evening hand to rid  
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou  
Decline this labor, which itself rewards  
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draw  
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,  
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,  
Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again  
They rally, undismay'd; but fraud with ease  
Enanarcs the noisome swarms; let every bough  
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs  
Of Moyle, or Munn, or Treacle's viscous juice;  
They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste  
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip  
Their palatable bane; joyful thou'lt see  
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes

x, that with fruitless toil,  
 ons oft, to extricate  
 uid shackles bound, till death  
 their worthless souls: such doom  
 d lawless love of gain!  
 may'st forbid external force,  
 ill prevail; damp airs,  
 rs, to the centre pierce  
 ts, and by unseen decay  
 h vitiate: then the grub  
 invades the vital core,  
 t, and her secret cave  
 preying on the pulp  
 while the apple's outward form  
 witless swain beguiles,  
 hen mouth, and spattering noise,  
 ter morsel, and rejects  
 with less surprise, than when  
 with flowing banners pass  
 meads delighted, nor distrust  
 ace; whilst the cavern'd ground,  
 tive stor'd, by sudden blaze  
 involves the hopes of war,  
 full of victorious thoughts,  
 nber'd, they aloft expire.  
 ne eye to view Alcinous' groves,  
 e Phæacian isle, from whence,  
 s of the boundless deep,  
 ecious fruits arriv'd:  
 ish'd o'er with gold, the Moyle  
 ied taste, the fair Permain  
 omeliest nymph, with red and white.  
 ourish with a growth  
 be Otley: be thou first  
 unplant; if to the name  
 s, nowhere shalt thou find  
 x'd, or laudable of taste.  
 iot least deserve thy care,  
 whose wither'd rind, intrencht  
 row, aptly represents  
 or that from Harvey nam'd,  
 why should we sing the Thrift,  
 roy, or of pimpled coat  
 the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,  
 growth, for various use  
 ve meet, though after full repast  
 and crown the rich dessert?  
 the Pear-tree rival not the worth  
 oducts? yet her freight  
 l, yet her wide-branching arms  
 mansion from the servent Dog,  
 the wintry hurricanes  
 their roar, her trunk unmov'd  
 g onset, and controls their rage.  
 rury, whose large increase,  
 ctuous banquets claims applause.  
 le beverage! could but Art  
 ing lee, Pomona's self  
 r praise, and shun the dubious strife.  
 when summer-heats annoy,  
 er leafy canopy,  
 uids! oh! how sweet t' enjoy,  
 ts, and hospitable shade!  
 equal numbers shall we match  
 passing worth; that earliest gives  
 ay wine, and in its youth,  
 e, loads the spreading boughs  
 juicy offspring, that defies  
 ings, and cold sidereal blasts!  
 e Red-streak yield, that once

Was of the sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,  
 Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand  
 Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline  
 Taught her the savage nature to forget:  
 Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine  
 Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart  
 Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish  
 The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes  
 In early worth, his country's justest pride,  
 Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.  
 Let every tree in every garden own  
 The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpos fruit  
 With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines,  
 Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that  
 Primeval interdicted plant that won  
 Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.  
 This, of more bounteous influence, inspires  
 Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse  
 Kindles to loftier strains; even I perceive  
 Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow  
 Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,  
 Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.  
 Hail Herefordian plant, that dost disdain  
 All other fields! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!  
 Be thou the copious matter of my song,  
 And thy choice nectar; on which always waits  
 Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,  
 And friendship, chief delight of human life.  
 What should we wish for more? or why, in quest  
 Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,  
 Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage  
 Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe  
 Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits  
 Of wine delectable, that far surmounts  
 Gallic, or Latin grapes, or those that see  
 The setting sun near Calpe's towering height.  
 Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines  
 Vaunt their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend  
 For sovereignty; Phænœus' self must bow  
 To th' Ariconian vales: and shall we doubt  
 T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let  
 The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,  
 With largest usury repay, alone  
 Empower'd to supply what Nature asks  
 Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?  
 The meadows here, with battenning ooze enrich'd,  
 Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high  
 The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe  
 Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store  
 Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.  
 Lo, on auxiliary poles, the hops  
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!  
 Lo, how the arable with barley-grain  
 Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind  
 Transporting prospect! these, as modern use  
 Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,  
 Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,  
 Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,  
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe  
 Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,  
 So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!  
 Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops  
 To Heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet  
 To human ken; nor at their feet the vales  
 Descending gently, where the lowing herd  
 Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields  
 Gaily interchang'd, with rich variety  
 Pleasing; as when an emerald green, encchas'd  
 In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires  
 A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.

Next add the sylvan shades, and silent groves,  
 (Haunt of the Druids) whence the Earth is fed  
 With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,  
 A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard  
 Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,  
 Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war  
 To distant nations, or with sov'reign sway  
 Awe the divided world to peace and love.  
 Why should the Chalybes or Bilboa boast  
 Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce  
 As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head  
 Vie with our saffron odors? or the fleece  
 Betic, or finest Tarentine, compare  
 With Lemster's silken wool? Where shall we find  
 Men more undaunted, for their country's weal  
 More prodigal of life? In ancient days  
 The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found  
 Our fathers no mean foes: and Creasy's plains,  
 And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess  
 What the Silures' vigor unwitstood  
 Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what  
 Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,  
 Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,  
 High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,  
 Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,  
 Th' his noble offspring. O thrice-happy peer!  
 That, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself  
 Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,  
 Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,  
 Charm the wise ecnate, and attention win  
 In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,  
 Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.  
 Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,  
 Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand  
 Conveys new courage from afar, nor more  
 The general's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,  
 This country claims; with pride and joy to thee  
 Thy Alterennis calls: yet she endures  
 Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice  
 Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat,\*  
 Where Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store  
 Of universal knowledge still supplies  
 His noble care: he generous thoughts instils  
 Of true nobility, their country's love,  
 (Chief end of life,) and forms their ductile minds  
 To human virtues: by his genius led,  
 Thou soon in every art pre-eminent  
 Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail, high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,  
 And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,  
 Hanmer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due  
 Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns  
 Thy mitred offspring; he for ever blest  
 With like examples, and to future times  
 Proficuous, such a race of men produce,  
 As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix  
 Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye gods, this vow  
 From one, the meanest in her numerous train;  
 Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,  
 To Beaufort, in a long descent deriv'd  
 From royal ancestry, of kingly rights  
 Faithful assertors, in him centering meet  
 Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride  
 Disjoin'd, unshaken honor, and contempt  
 Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!

O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,  
 In her fair list this happy land enrolls.  
 Who can refuse a tributary verse  
 To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth  
 In evil days? whose hospitable gate,  
 Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train  
 Of daily guests; whose board, with plenty crown'd  
 Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care  
 Forgets not the afflicted, but content  
 In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise  
 That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,  
 To blazon what, though hid, will beauteous shine,  
 And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream  
 Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now  
 Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,  
 Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast  
 Solicitous of public good? How large  
 His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known  
 To old, or present time; yet not elate,  
 Not conscious of its skill? What praise deserves  
 His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,  
 Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,  
 Him lowly reverence, that first design'd to hear  
 Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious  
 tongues.

Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name  
 Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants  
 Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,

Or skill in peace, and war: of softer mould  
 The female sex, with sweet attractive airs  
 Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,  
 That view their matchless forms with transient glance,  
 Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,  
 Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath  
 The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd  
 Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence  
 Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free  
 From pride, or artifice, long joys afford  
 To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane  
 Of life, rebate the miseries of age.

And is there found a wretch so base of mind,  
 That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,  
 Exactest work of Heaven? He ill deserves  
 Or love, or pity; friendless let him see  
 Uneasy, tedious day, despis'd, forlorn,  
 As stain of human race: but may the man,  
 That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,  
 Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets

Enjoy with honor! O, ye gods! might I  
 Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be  
 A fair and modest virgin, that invites  
 With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,  
 Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye  
 Sits purest love enthron'd: but if the stars  
 Malignant these my better hopes oppose,  
 May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know  
 Of strictest amity; nor ever want

A friend, with whom I mutually may share  
 Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse  
 Of speech and offices. May in my mind,  
 Indelible, a grateful sense remain  
 (Of favors undeserv'd!)—O thou! from whom  
 Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise  
 Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice  
 Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law  
 With mild, impartial reason; what returns  
 Of thanks are due to thy beneficence  
 Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of Death

\* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich, dean of Christ Church.

me! if thy indulgent care  
 vander'd; among unbodied shades  
 wander'd; and these empty thoughts  
 vanish'd; but, uprais'd by thee,  
 ripe afresh, each night and day,  
 rippled goodness to extol  
 ut nor night, nor day, suffice  
 at task; the highly-honor'd name  
 must employ my willing thoughts  
 well for ever on my tongue.  
 grateful; but let far from me  
 cringe, and false dissembling look,  
 flattery, that harbors oft  
 d gilded roofs. Some loose the bands  
 friendship, cancel Nature's laws  
 ry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some  
 heir sires, oppose paternal right  
 i power; and others realms invade  
 us shows of love. This traitorous wretch  
 sovereign. Others, destitute  
 l, to every altar bend  
 ay'd, and act the basest things  
 l honorable: the honest man,  
 eart, prefers inglorious want  
 ealth; rather from door to door,  
 lgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,  
 his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,  
 his steadfast soul; rather debar'd  
 on privilege, cut off from hopes  
 gain, of present goods despoil'd,  
 be marks of infamy condemn'd,  
 et his mind, of evil pure,  
 n, and intention free from fraud.  
 e with observant eyes  
 if he can't with purple stain  
 s vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,  
 crowd, and set them all agape;  
 homely weeds, from Envy's darts  
 lives, nor knows the nightly pangs  
 ce, nor with spectres' grisly forms,  
 d injur'd souls, at close of day  
 d interrupted slumbers finds;  
 ild, whose inexperience age  
 ppose fears, nor knows) enjoys  
 et refreshment, humid sleep sincere.  
 ticler, with clarion shrill, recalls  
 lay, he to his labors hies  
 nent on somewhat that may ease  
 mortals, and with curious search  
 ll the properties of herbs,  
 minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth  
 by his industry he can  
 an race: or else his thoughts  
 d just, and speculations deep  
 l just, and meet, and th' wholesome rules  
 ace, and ought that may improve  
 life; not sedulous to rail,  
 venom'd tongue to blast the fame  
 men, or secret whispers spread  
 ul friends, to breed distrust and hate.  
 virtue, he no life observes,  
 own; his own employs his cares,  
 ct! that he labors to refine  
 f his little stock denies  
 lazars, merciful and meek.  
 ed Virgil liv'd from courtly vice,  
 f pompous Rome secure; at court,  
 ful of the rural honest life,  
 improve his grounds, and how himself:  
 fit exemplar for the tribe

Of Phoebus, nor less fit Mæonides,  
 Poor eyeless pilgrim! and, if after these,  
 If after these another I may name,  
 Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast  
 Content, depress'd by penury, and pin'd  
 In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse  
 By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,\*  
 Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song  
 With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;  
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;  
 Unpitied, he should not have wail'd his orbs,  
 That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,  
 And found no dawn, by dim diffusion veil'd!  
 But he—however, let the Muse abstain,  
 Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing  
 In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath  
 Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,  
 Mean follower. There let her rest awhile,  
 Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

## BOOK II.

O HARCOURT, whom th' ingenuous love of arts  
 Has carried from thy native soil, beyond  
 Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains  
 In Italy's waste realms, how long must we  
 Lament thy absence! whilst in sweet sojourn  
 Thou view'st the relics of old Rome; or, what  
 Unrival'd authors by their presence made  
 For ever venerable, rural seats,  
 Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,  
 Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,  
 Respecting his great name, dost now approach  
 With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;  
 Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook  
 This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,  
 Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,  
 And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.  
 Return, and let thy father's worth excite  
 Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause  
 Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts  
 With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!  
 Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve  
 Thy prince's favor, and thy country's love.  
 Meanwhile (although the Massic grape delights,  
 Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills  
 Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject  
 Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill  
 Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats  
 O'erflow with generous Cider; far remote  
 Accept this labor, nor despise the Muse,  
 That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.  
 Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,  
 To sing of wines, and Autumn's blest increase.  
 Th' effects of art are shown, yet what avails  
 'Gainst Heaven! oft, notwithstanding all thy care  
 To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems  
 Exempt from ills, an oriental blast  
 Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigu'd  
 Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd  
 To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines  
 In the year's prime: the deadly plague annoys  
 The wide inclosure: think not vainly now  
 To treat thy neighbors with mellifluous cups,  
 Thus disappointed. If the former years  
 Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must  
 With tasteless water wash thy drouthy throat.

\* Milton.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes  
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,  
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd  
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm  
His ripening labors: Autumn, to the fruits  
Earth's various lap produces, vigor gives  
Equal, intenerating milky grain,  
Berries, and sky-dy'd Plums, and what in coat  
Rough, or soft-rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;  
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,  
And the Pine's tasteful apple: Autumn paints  
Ausonian hills with Grapes; whilst English plains  
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.  
O let me now, when the kind early dew  
Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among  
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd store  
Diffuse ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard,  
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!  
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's matin song  
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind  
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice-happy time,  
Best portion of the various year, in which  
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works  
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!  
Short are our joys, and neighboring griefs disturb  
Our pleasant hours! inclement Winter dwells  
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface  
The blithesome year: trees of their shrivel'd fruits  
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!  
Now, now's the time, ere hasty suns forbid  
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless wood  
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit  
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort  
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel  
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form  
To the expected grinder: now prepare  
Materials for thy mill; a sturdy post  
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight  
Excessive; and a flexile saw, intrench'd,  
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hoard.  
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,  
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care  
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late  
In vain shouldst seek a strainer to dispart  
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer Must.  
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,  
Whose prime is past; the vigorous horse disdains  
Such servile labors, or, if forc'd, forgets  
His past achievements, and victorious palms.  
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,  
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone; with sober pace  
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,  
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age  
Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigor screw'd,  
Has drain'd the pulpos mass, regale their swine  
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep  
Thy husks in water, and again employ  
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe  
The small remains of spirit, and acquire  
A vinous flavor; this the peasants blithe  
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team  
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,  
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou now  
Reject the apple-cheese, though quite exhaust:  
Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots  
Of sickly plants; new vigor hence convey'd  
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.  
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender apples, from their parents rent

By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,  
The prey of worms: a frugal man I knew,  
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdued  
By endless culture, with sufficient Must  
His casks replenish'd yearly: he no more  
Desir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn  
The various seasons, and by skill repel  
Invading pests, successful in his cares,  
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd  
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst  
His Cider-grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts,  
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around  
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs  
Stript immature: yet did he not repine,  
Nor curse his stars: but prudent, his fallen heaps  
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths  
Of tedded grass, and the Sun's mellowing beams  
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd  
A costly liquor, by improving time,  
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,  
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some  
With wat'ry turnips have debas'd their wines,  
Too frugal; nor let the crude humors dance  
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense;  
Although Devonian much commends the use  
Of strength'ning Vulcan: with their native strength  
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;

And, when th' allotted orb of time's complete,  
Are more commended than the labor'd drinks.  
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw  
The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart  
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own  
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay  
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear  
Signal vengeance, such as overtook  
A miser, that unjustly once withheld  
The clergy's due: relying on himself,  
His fields he tended, with successless care,  
Early and late, when or unwise-for rain  
Descended, or unseasonable frosts  
Curb'd his increasing hopes; or, when around  
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky  
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist  
His execrable glebe: recording this,

Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year,  
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,  
Thou wisely may'st provide: the various Moon  
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain  
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount  
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene  
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows  
With light unsullied: now the fowler, warn'd  
By these good omens, with swift early steps  
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and  
Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death  
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain  
Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead  
Overtakes their speed; they leave their little lives  
Above the clouds, precipitant to Earth.

The woodcock's early visit, and abode  
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,  
Foretell a liberal harvest; he of times  
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice  
Shuns for our equal winters; when our suns  
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way  
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet  
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more  
Than frequent snows: O, may'st thou often see

i whiten'd by the woolly rain  
 secret nitre lurks within  
 wet, quickening the languid glebe.  
 s thou shalt with fervent vows implore  
 wind: the orchard loves to wave  
 winds, before the gems exert  
 heads; the loosen'd roots then drink  
 ment, earnest of happy years.  
 it nothing profit to observe  
 y stars, their powerful influence  
 i fields, what vegetables reign  
 sign. On our account has Jove  
 o all moons some succulent plant  
 at poor helpless man might slack  
 thirst, and matter find for toil.  
 se Corinth, now the Rasps, supply  
 aughts; the Quinces now, or Plums,  
 or the fair Thibebian fruit  
 wines; the Britons squeeze the works  
 bees, and mixing odorous herbs  
 amic cups, to wheezing lungs  
 and short-breath'd, ancient sires.  
 ou 'rt indefatigably bent  
 omnifarious drinks wouldst brew;  
 orchard, every hedge and bush  
 tance; ev'n afflictive Birch,  
 aletter'd, idle youth, distils  
 rent from her wounded bark,  
 uring sap. When solar beams  
 r human veins, the damask'd meads,  
 play ten thousand painted flowers  
 tables. Thy little sons  
 nge the pastures: gladly they  
 be cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,  
 ce thou artificial wines shalt drain  
 , that, in mid fervors, beat  
 ig thirst, and mitigate the day.  
 me,\* whose most wholesome air  
 enom'd spiders, and forbids  
 toad, and viper, from her shore!  
 in her balmy draughts, enrich'd  
 laneous spices, and the root,  
 bating sweetness prais'd) which wide  
 fame, and to each drooping heart  
 eam, and lively health convey.  
 e Belgæ, sedulous and stout,  
 of fattening Mum, or blissful cups  
 lish'd fluids, the fair star  
 asphorus salute at noon  
 i frequent-rising fumes! by use  
 hus to quell their native phlegm  
 and engender wayward mirth.  
 d to treat of distant climes, remov'd  
 e sloping journey of the year,  
 ora, and Islandic coasts?  
 -during snows, perpetual shades  
 , would congeal their livid blood,  
 Arctic tract spontaneous yield  
 purple berry, big with wine,  
 rent, which each hour they crave,  
 d a flaming pile of pines, and oft  
 rd their native drinks with choice  
 Brandy, yet scarce with these aids  
 xvent the sudden rot  
 nose, and quick-decaying feet.  
 he sable borderers of Nile,  
 so Taprobane manure, nor they  
 y Bornio bears, are stor'd with streams

Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.  
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,  
 In vain they covet shades, and Thracia's gales,  
 Pining with equinoctial heat, unless  
 The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,  
 Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,  
 Void of a bulky charger near their lips,  
 With which, in often-interrupted sleep,  
 Their frying blood compels to irrigate  
 Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death  
 Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,  
 Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant  
 With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods  
 Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once  
 Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand  
 The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,  
 To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)  
 They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,  
 Intent on laughter; a continual tide  
 Flows from the exhilarating fount. As, when  
 Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock  
 A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,  
 Th' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,  
 Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:  
 So they (but cheerful) unfatigued, still move  
 The draining sucker, then alone concern'd  
 When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes  
 Are frustrate, shouldst thou think thy pipes will flow  
 With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,  
 And the harsh draught, must twice endure the Sun's  
 Kind strengthening heat, twice Winter's purging  
 cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain  
 From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,  
 Rough Eliot, sweet Permain: the blended streams  
 (Each mutually correcting each) create  
 A pleasurable medley, of what taste  
 Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,  
 With listed colors gay, ore, azure, gules,  
 Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,  
 That views the wat'ry brede, with thousand shows  
 Of painture varied, yet 's unskill'd to tell  
 Or where one color rises, or one faints.

Some Ciders have by art, or age, unlearn'd  
 Their genuine reliash, and of sundry vines  
 Assum'd the flavor; one sort counterfeits  
 The Spanish product; this, to Gauls has seem'd  
 The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,  
 A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,  
 Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd  
 The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,  
 Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd  
 With foreign vintage from his cider-cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells  
 Of close-press'd husks is freed, thou must refrain  
 Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach  
 Thy thick, unwholesome, undigested rades:  
 The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care  
 Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive  
 Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicious, purg'd from all  
 Its earthly gross, yet let it feed awhile  
 On the fat refuse, lest, too soon disjoin'd,  
 From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.  
 When to convenient vigor it attains,  
 Suffice it to provide a brazen tube  
 Inflex; self-taught, and voluntary, flies  
 The defecated liquor, through the vent.

\* Ireland.

Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,  
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.  
As when a noontide sun, with summer beams,  
Darts through a cloud, her wat'ry skirts are edg'd  
With lucid amber, or undraway gold:  
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet  
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close  
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,  
From due confinement, spirit, and flavor new.

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds  
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force,  
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint  
Prevailing, turns into a fluid sea,  
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red:  
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel  
He takes, and by one efficacious breath  
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,  
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms  
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,  
To human life subservient; by his means  
Ciders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,  
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,  
Acquire complete perfection: now they smoke  
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight  
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.  
But harsher fluids different lengths of time  
Expect; thy flask will slowly mitigate  
The Eliot's roughness. Sirona, firmest fruit,  
Embottled (long as Priamian Troy  
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.  
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains.  
Fallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,  
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass  
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,  
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,  
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,  
Drink on unwarm'd, till by enchanting cups  
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,  
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cadet mature  
Now call for vent: his lands exhaust permit  
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays  
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.  
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,  
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand  
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward  
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl  
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell  
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.  
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,  
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labor past  
Increase their joy: as, from retentive cage  
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes  
She varies, and of past imprisonment  
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd  
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.  
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds  
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night.  
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair  
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.  
Ere Heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,  
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,  
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow  
From amicable talk, and moderate cups  
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds  
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks  
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;  
His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks,  
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add

Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,  
Imaginary riches he enjoys,  
And in the goal expatiates unconfin'd.  
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,  
Debar'd his grape: the Muses still require  
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail  
Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.  
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,  
By parching thirst allur'd: with vehement suns  
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling clods,  
How pleasant 't, beneath the twisted arch  
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign  
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,  
Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year  
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters fore,  
Beware th' inclement Heavens; now let thy beard  
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood  
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.  
Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts, confine  
The willing plowman, and December warns  
To annual jollities; now sportive youth  
Carol incondito rhymes, with suiting notes,  
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains  
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,  
Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand  
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,  
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,  
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer,  
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss  
Steal from unwary lapses; they with scorn,  
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.  
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch  
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes  
Provoke to harmless revels; these among,  
A subtle artist stands, with wondrous bag  
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort  
Than those, which erst Laertes' son inclos'd.)  
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze  
Of laboring elbow rouse them, out they fly  
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.  
Midst these disports, forget they not to drench  
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor, when Spring  
Returns, can they refuse to usher in  
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store  
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs  
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments  
Of future harvest. When the Gnosian crown  
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees  
Discharge their mellow burthens, let them thank  
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies  
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts  
Exhilarates their languid minds, within  
The golden mean confin'd: beyond there's nought  
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heat  
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul  
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure  
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong  
Dire computation, forthwith Reason quits  
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,  
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once  
Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard  
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:  
Distrust, and jealousy, to these succeed,  
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane  
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays  
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd  
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash  
In rude encounter, round their temples fly  
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd  
cheeks

and cider flow. What shall we say  
 Penor, who in evil hour  
 immeasurable bowl, and thought  
 his surfeit by irriguous sleep,  
 ? him Death's iron-sleep opprest,  
 g careless from his couch; the fall  
 eck-joint, and spinal marrow bruise'd.  
 we tell what anxious cares attend  
 lent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds  
 es, that lead to Death's grim cave,  
 y intemperance, joint-racking gout,  
 tone, and pining atrophy,  
 when the Sun with July heats  
 scorch'd soil, and dropsy all afloat,  
 g liquids: nor the Centaurs' tale  
 peated; how, with lust and wine  
 hey fought, and split their drunken souls  
 ; hour. Ye heavenly Powers, that guard  
 h isles, such dire events remove  
 air Albion, nor let civil broils  
 rom social cups: may we, remote  
 coarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy  
 ! products, and with seemly draughts  
 nirth, and hospitable love.  
 as! has mutual hatred drench'd  
 s in native blood; too oft has pride,  
 h discord, and insatiate thirst  
 rights, our quiet discompos'd.  
 forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd  
 ading, when by Eris' torch incens'd  
 s warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd  
 and prowess, met their fate  
 undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,  
 and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,  
 of endless grief, but that we view  
 ces yet surviving in their race!  
 rget, how the mad, headstrong rout  
 ir prince to arms, nor made account  
 duty, or allegiance sworn?  
 theist rebels! bent to ill,  
 ing sanctity, and cover'd fraud,  
 him, who first presum'd t' oppose  
 ce; alike their crime, th' event  
 like; these triumph'd, and in height  
 ous malice, and insulting pride,  
 not from imperial blood. O fact  
 'd! O Charles, O best of kings!  
 their black disastrous influence shed  
 tivity, that thou shouldst fall  
 nglorious hands, in this thy realm.  
 und innocent, adjudg'd to death  
 hy mercy only would have sav'd!  
 e Cider-land unstain'd with guilt:  
 -land, obsequious still to thrones,  
 uch base disloyal deeds, and all  
 ng-hooks extended into swords,  
 l, to assert the trampled rights  
 -hy: but, ah! successful she,  
 faithful! then was no regard  
 r wrong. And this once-happy land,  
 red fury rent, long groan'd beneath  
 rway, till fair revolving years  
 kings and liberty restor'd.  
 xult, by mighty Anna's care  
 bome, while she to foreign realms  
 h her dreadful legions, and restrains  
 f kings: here, nobly she supports  
 press'd; here, her victorious arms  
 ambitious: from her hand alone  
 e fears revenge, or hopes redress.

Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world  
 By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent  
 Of nothing from without; in one supreme  
 Entirely blest; and from beginning time  
 Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire  
 Of rule and grandeur multiplied a race  
 Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,  
 Destructive of the public weal. For now  
 Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,  
 Or emulation urg'd, his neighbor's bounds  
 Invades, and ampler territory seeks  
 With ruinous assault; on every plain  
 Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,  
 And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd  
 By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy  
 Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain  
 Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:  
 Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine  
 A dismal half-year night, the orient beam  
 Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one  
 Cemented all the long-contending powers.  
 Pacific monarch! then her lovely head  
 Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd  
 The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new-strung  
 Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,  
 In uncouth rhymes, to echo Edgar's name.  
 Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years  
 Ran smoothly on, productive of a line  
 Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws  
 Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd  
 Insulting enemies in furthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force  
 Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!  
 Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd  
 With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,  
 Breaking a way impetuous, and involves  
 Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd  
 Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew  
 Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,  
 No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,  
 But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight,  
 Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds  
 Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,  
 Oft call'd on Allah, gnashing with despite  
 And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high  
 On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,  
 Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,  
 Relying on false hopes, thus to incense  
 The warlike English! One important day  
 Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,  
 Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front  
 Advance restless, and their deep array  
 With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force  
 Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;  
 Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:  
 The third time, with his wide-extended wings,  
 He fugitive declin'd superior strength,  
 Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chase  
 Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood  
 The valleys float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,  
 With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice-glorious prince! whom Fame with all her  
 tongues  
 For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins  
 New authors of dissension spring: from him  
 Two branches, that in hoisting long contend  
 For sov'reign sway; and can such anger dwell  
 In noblest minds? But little now avail'd  
 The ties of friendship; every man, as led



Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,  
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.  
As when a noontide sun, with summer beams,  
Darts through a cloud, her wat'ry skirts are edg'd  
With lucid amber, or undrowsy gold:  
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.

Now also, when the colds abate, nor yet  
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close  
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,  
From due confinement, spirit, and flavor new.

For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds  
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force,  
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint  
Prevailing, turns into a fluid sea,  
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red:  
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel  
He takes, and by one efficacious breath  
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,  
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms  
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,  
To human life subservient; by his means  
Ciders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,  
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,  
Acquire complete perfection: now they smoke  
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight  
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.  
But harsher fluids different lengths of time  
Expect: thy flask will slowly mitigate  
The Eliot's roughness. Stiron, firmest fruit,  
Embotled (long as Priamian Troy  
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.  
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains.  
Fallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,  
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass  
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,  
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,  
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,  
Shrink on unwar'm'd, till by enchanting cups  
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,  
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cadens mature  
Now call for vent: his lands exhaust permit  
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays  
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.  
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,  
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand  
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward  
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl  
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell  
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.  
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,  
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labor past  
Increase their joy: as, from retentive engs  
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes  
She varies, and of past imprisonment  
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd  
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.  
Glad some they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds  
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,  
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair  
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.  
Ere Heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,  
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,  
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow  
From amicable talk, and moderate cups  
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds  
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks  
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;  
His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks,  
His dread retires, the flowing glasses add

Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,  
Imaginary riches he enjoys,  
And in the gao! expatiates unconfin'd.  
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,  
Debar'd his grape: the Muses still require  
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail  
Imploping Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.  
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,  
By parching thirst allur'd: with vehement suns  
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling clods,  
How pleasant 't, beneath the twisted arch  
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign  
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,  
Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year  
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters fore,  
Beware th' inclement Heavens; now let thy beard  
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood  
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.  
Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts, confine  
The willing plowman, and December warns  
To annual jollities; now sportive youth  
Carol incondito rhymes, with suiting notes,  
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains  
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,  
Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand  
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,  
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,  
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer,  
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss  
Steal from unwary lapses; they with scorn,  
And neck reclin'd, resent the raviash'd bliss.  
Meanwhile blind British bards with volent touch  
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes  
Provoke to harmless revels; these among,  
A subtle artist stands, with wondrous bag  
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort  
'Than those, which erst Laertes' son inclos'd.)  
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze  
Of laboring elbow rouse them, out they fly  
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.  
Midst these disports, forget they not to drench  
Themselves with belying goblets; nor, when Spring  
Returns, can they refuse to usher in  
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store  
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs  
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments  
Of future harvest. When the Gnosian crown  
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees  
Discharge their mellow burthens, let them thank  
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies  
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts  
Exhilarates their languid minds, within  
The golden mean confin'd: beyond there's nought  
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart  
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul  
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure  
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong  
Dire computation, forthwith Reason quits  
Her empire to confusion, and mad rule,  
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once  
Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard  
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:  
Distrust, and jealousy, to these succeed,  
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain base  
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays  
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd  
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash  
In rude encounter, round their temples fly  
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd  
cheeks

re and cider flow. What shall we say  
 Elpenor, who in evil hour  
 immeasurable bowl, and thought  
 his surfeit by irriguous sleep,  
 not him Death's iron-sleep opprest,  
 ung careless from his couch; the fall  
 neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruise'd.  
 I we tell what anxious cares attend  
 sulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds  
 dies, that lead to Death's grim cave,  
 by intemperance, joint-racking gout,  
 stone, and pining atrophy,  
 when the Sun with July heats  
 scorch'd soil, and dropy all afloat,  
 ing liquids: nor the Centaurs' tale  
 repeated; how, with lust and wine  
 they fought, and spilt their drunken souls  
 ng hour. Ye heavenly Powers, that guard  
 ish isles, such dire events remove  
 fair Albion, nor let civil broils  
 from social cups: may we, remote  
 hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy  
 id products, and with seemly draughts  
 mirth, and hospitable love.  
 alas! has mutual hatred drench'd  
 rds in native blood; too oft has pride,  
 ish discord, and insatiate thirst  
 s' rights, our quiet discompos'd.  
 forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd  
 eading, when by Eris' torch incens'd  
 ers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd  
 lty and prowess, met their fate  
 r, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,  
 and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,  
 es of endless grief, but that we view  
 ruses yet surviving in their race!  
 forget, how the mad, headstrong rout  
 eir prince to arms, nor made account  
 or duty, or allegiance sworn?  
 , atheist rebels! bent to ill,  
 ming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,  
 by him, who first presum'd to oppose  
 ence; alike their crime, th' event  
 alike; these triumph'd, and in height  
 ous malice, and insulting pride,  
 d not from imperial blood. O fact  
 el'd! O Charles, O best of kings!  
 urs their black disastrous influence shed  
 ativity, that thou shouldst fall  
 inglorious hands, in this thy realm.  
 and innocent, adjudg'd to death  
 thy mercy only would have sav'd!  
 the Cider-land unstain'd with guilt;  
 er-land, obsequious still to thrones.  
 such base disloyal deeds, and all  
 ring-hooks extended into swords,  
 ed, to assert the trampled rights  
 urchy: but, ah! unsuccessful she,  
 r faithful! then was no regard  
 , or wrong. And this once-happy land,  
 bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath  
 sway, till fair revolving years  
 d kings and liberty restor'd.  
 exult, by mighty Anna's care  
 at home, while she to foreign realms  
 rth her dreadful legions, and restrains  
 s of kings: here, nobly she supports  
 oppress'd; here, her victorious arms  
 e ambitions: from her hand alone  
 pe fears revenge, or hopes redress.

Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world  
 By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent  
 Of nothing from without; in one supreme  
 Entirely blest; and from beginning time  
 Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire  
 Of rule and grandeur multiplied a race  
 Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,  
 Destructive of the public weal. For now  
 Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,  
 Or emulation urg'd, his neighbor's bounds  
 Invades, and ampler territory seeks  
 With ruinous assault; on every plain  
 Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,  
 And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd  
 By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy  
 Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain  
 Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:  
 Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine  
 A dismal half-year night, the orient beam  
 Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one  
 Cemented all the long-contending powers.  
 Pacific monarch! then her lovely head  
 Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd  
 The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new-strung  
 Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,  
 In uncouth rhymes, to echo Edgar's name.  
 Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years  
 Ran smoothly on, productive of a line  
 Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws  
 Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd  
 Insulting enemies in furthest climes.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force  
 Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!  
 Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd  
 With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,  
 Breaking a way impetuous, and involves  
 Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd  
 Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew  
 Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,  
 No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm.  
 But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight,  
 Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds  
 Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,  
 Oft call'd on Allah, gnashing with despite  
 And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.  
 Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high  
 On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,  
 Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,  
 Relying on false hopes, thus to incense  
 The warlike English! One important day  
 Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,  
 Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front  
 Advance resistless, and their deep array  
 With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force  
 Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;  
 Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:  
 The third time, with his wide-extended wings,  
 He fugitive declin'd superior strength.  
 Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chase  
 Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood  
 The valleys float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,  
 With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.

Thrice-glorious prince! whom Fame with all her  
 tongues  
 For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins  
 New authors of dissension spring: from him  
 Two branches, that in hoisting long contend  
 For sov'reign sway; and can such anger dwell  
 In noblest minds? But little now avail'd  
 The ties of friendship; every man, as led

By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd  
 To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,  
 And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns :  
 Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,  
 Careless of duty, and their native grounds  
 Distain with kindred blood ; the twanging bows  
 Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points  
 Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see  
 Barons, and peasants, on th' embattled field  
 Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap  
 Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,  
 And ejulation, in the pangs of death  
 Some call for aid, neglected ; some, o'erturn'd  
 In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,  
 Trampled by fiery coursers : Horror thus,  
 And wild Uproar, and Desolation, reign'd  
 Unrespected. Ah ! who at length will end  
 This long, pernicious fray ? what man has Fate  
 Reserv'd for this great work ?—Hail, happy prince  
 Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time  
 Cadwallador foresaw ! thou, thou art he,  
 Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites  
 Must close the gates of Janus, and remove  
 Destructive Discord. Now no more the drum  
 Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill  
 Affrights the wives, or chills the virgins' blood ;  
 But joy and pleasure open to the view  
 Uninterrupted ! with presaging skill  
 Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line  
 By wise alliance : from thee James descends,  
 Heaven's chosen favorite, first Britannic king.  
 To him alone hereditary right  
 Gave power supreme ; yet still some seeds remain'd  
 Of discontent : two nations under one,  
 In laws and interest diverse, still pursued

Peculiar ends, on each side resolute  
 To fly conjunction ; neither fear, nor hope.  
 Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,  
 Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,  
 Let there be union : straight with reverence due  
 To her command, they willingly unite,  
 One in affection, laws and government,  
 Indissolubly firm ; from Dubris south,  
 To northern Orcades, her long domain.

And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,  
 What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,  
 Or who sustain their force, in union knit,  
 Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd  
 Of all this globe ? At this important act  
 The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings  
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk  
 Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd  
 The British navy through the ocean vast  
 Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes  
 Terrific, and return with odorous spoils  
 Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,  
 Pearl, and barbaric gold : meanwhile the swains  
 Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows  
 From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruit  
 The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck  
 With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store  
 Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,  
 The native shall applaud ; while glad they talk  
 Of baleful ill, caus'd by Bellona's wrath  
 In other realms ; where'er the British spread  
 Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd  
 Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this  
 Wide universe, Silurian cider borne  
 Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

## THOMAS PARNELL.

WELL, an agreeable poet, was of an ancient family in Cheshire. His attachment to the cause of the Parvilians of Charles I., withdrew to Restoration, where he purchased the eldest son, Thomas, was born at and received his school education at an early age he was removed to where he was admitted to the degree of deacon, took deacon's orders in the same year, and was ordained priest three years after; he was presented to the archbishopric, and about the same time of great beauty and merit. He now made frequent excursions to England, the most desirable part of his life was it. His first connexions were with the Whigs, at that time in power; and Gay, and Steele, are named among his friends. When, at the latter part of the reign, the Tories were triumphant, his former friends, and associated with, Gay, and Arbuthnot. Swift in the Lord-Treasurer Harley; and, with which he was fond of assuming, the Treasurer's going with his staff in the antichamber, where Parnell was to meet him. It is said of this poet, as soon as he had collected the taxes, and the revenue of his benefices, in England, and spent some months, in Italy, and rather impairing than improving his style. At this time he was an assistant in the London pulpits, with the in-

tention of rising to notice; but the change of the ministry at Queen Anne's death put an end to his more brilliant prospects in the church. By means, however, of Swift's recommendation to Archbishop King, he obtained a prebend, and the valuable living of Finglass.

His domestic happiness received a severe shock in 1712, by the death of his beloved wife; and it was the effect on his spirits of this affliction, which led him into such a habit of intemperance in wine, as shortened his days. This, at least, is the gloss put upon the circumstance by his historian, Goldsmith, who represents him, "as in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity." But it can scarcely be doubted, that this mode of life had already been formed when his very unequal spirits had required the aid of a glass for his support. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July 1717, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Trinity Church, in that city.

Parnell was the author of several pieces, both in prose and verse; but it is only by the latter that he is now known. Of these a collection was published by Pope, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford. Their characters are ease, sprightliness, fancy, clearness of language, and melody of versification; and though not ranking among the most finished productions of the British muse, they claim a place among the most pleasing. A large addition to these was made in a work printed in Dublin, in 1758, of which Dr. Johnson says, "I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whither they are going."

### FAIRY TALE,

#### ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

isle, and Arthur's days,  
Eight fairies danc'd the maze,  
Edwin of the Green;  
is, a gentle youth,  
With courage, sense, and truth,  
A badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,  
To measure height against his head,  
And lift itself above:  
Yet, spite of all that Nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,  
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,  
Could ladies look within;  
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,  
And, if a shape could win a heart,  
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,  
With slighted passion pac'd along  
All in the moony light;  
'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive fairies made resort  
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,  
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost  
That reach'd the neighbor-town;  
With weary steps he quits the shades,  
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,  
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,  
When hollow winds remove the door,  
And trembling rocks the ground:  
And, well I ween to count aright,  
At once a hundred tapers light  
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,  
Now sounding feet approached near,  
And now the sounds increase:  
And from the corner where he lay  
He sees a train profusely gay,  
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet  
Was dight a masquing half so neat,  
Or half so rich before;  
The country lent the sweet perfumes,  
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest  
In flaunting robes above the rest,  
With awful accent cried;  
What mortal of a wretched mind,  
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,  
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul  
No fears of magic art control,  
Advanc'd in open sight;  
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,  
"Who view, by no presumption led,  
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,  
Which made my steps unweaving rove  
Amid the nightly dew."  
"Tis well," the gallant cries again,  
"We fairies never injure men  
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,  
Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
To make thee grief resign;  
Now take the pleasure of thy chance;  
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,  
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there  
Light music floats in wanton air;  
The monarch leads the queen:  
The rest their fairy partners found:  
And Mable trimly tript the ground  
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,  
And siker such a feast was made,  
As heart and lip desire,  
Withouten hands the dishes fly,  
The glasses with a wish come nigh,  
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,  
Full every deal they laugh and sing.  
And antic feats devise;  
Some wind and tumble like an ape,  
And other some transmute their shape  
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,  
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,  
Has bent him up aloof:  
And full against the beam he flung,  
Where by the back the youth he hung  
To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he  
"And let it fairly now suffice  
The gambol has been shown."  
But Oberon answers with a smile,  
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,  
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;  
They smelt the fresh approach of day,  
And heard a cock to crow;  
The whirling wind that bore the crowd  
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud  
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,  
And all at once the tapers die;  
Poor Edwin falls to floor;  
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,  
Was never wight in such a case  
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,  
Full jolly creature home he goes,  
He feels his back the less;  
His honest tongue and steady mind  
Had rid him of the lump behind,  
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
He seems a dauncing as he walks,  
His story soon took wind;  
And beauteous Edith sees the youth  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth  
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,  
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,  
To see the revel scene:  
At close of eve he leaves his home.  
And wends to find the ruin'd dome  
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,  
The wind came rustling down a dell,  
A shaking seiz'd the wall;  
Up spring the tapers as before,  
The fairies bragly foot the floor,  
And music fills the hall.

rely sunk with woe  
as the elphin show,  
as in him die:  
cries, "A man is near,  
sion, sleep'd fear,  
agging in the sky."

Topaz, hapless youth!  
ltering, ay for ruth,  
them pity graunt;  
en a mister wight  
wandering in the night  
l the circled haunt;

ile," at once they roar:  
kill'd of fairie lore,  
use to come, we know:  
keatrel courago fell;  
ince a lie you tell,  
s to work thee woe."

who bears the whispy fire  
wains among the mire,  
tiff upward flung;  
tortoise, in a shop  
rom the chamber-top,  
whilome Edwin hung.

ow proceeds apace,  
risk it o'er the place,  
t, they drink, and eat;  
th frolic mirth beguile,  
Topaz hangs the while  
the rout retreat.

ars began to wink,  
they fly, the tapers sink,  
wn y-drops the knight:  
ell by fairie laid  
enchantment bound a glade,  
the length of night.

alone, adreed, he lay,  
velkin rose the day,  
sem'd the dole was o'er;  
vell his harder lot?  
ck the bunch had got  
Edwin lost afore.

ibyl-nurse ared;  
ok'd my youngling head,  
en the tale was done,  
are born, my son," she cries,  
impediments to rise,  
ne are born with none.

can itself advance  
favorite fools of chance  
ne seem design'd;  
ain the odds of Fate,  
elf shake off the weight  
s' unworthy mind."

## A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,  
No more I waste the wakeful night,  
Intent with endless view to pore  
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:  
Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
Or point at best the longest way.  
I'll seek a readier path, and go  
Where wisdom's surely taught below.  
How deep yon azuro dyes the sky!  
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,  
While through their ranks in silver pride  
The nether crescent seems to glide.  
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,  
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
Where once again the spangled show  
Descends to meet our eyes below.  
The grounds, which on the right aspire,  
In dimness from the view retire:  
The left presents a place of graves,  
Whose wall the silent water lavas.  
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
Among the livid gleams of night.  
There pass with melancholy state  
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,  
And think, as softly and you tread  
Above the venerable dead,  
*Time was, like thee, thy life possess,*  
*And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*

Those with bending osier bound,  
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,  
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,  
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,  
The chisel's slender help to fame,  
(Which ere our set of friends decay  
Their frequent steps may wear away)  
A middle race of mortals own,  
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,  
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,  
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,  
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,  
These, all the poor remains of state,  
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;  
Who, while on Earth in fame they live,  
Are senseless of the fame they give.  
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,  
The bursting earth unveils the shades!  
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,  
They rise in visionary crowds,  
And all with sober accent cry,  
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and funeral yew,  
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,  
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;  
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,  
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
O'er the long lake and midnight ground.)  
It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
Thus speaking from among the bones.  
"When men my scythe and darts supply,  
How great a king of fears am I!  
They view me like the last of things;  
They make, and then they draw, my strings.  
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,  
No more my spectre-form appears.  
Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God."

A port of calms, a state to ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas."  
Why then thy flowing sable stoles,  
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,  
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,  
Long palls, drawn hearers, cover'd steeds,  
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,  
Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,  
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe;  
As men who long in prison dwell,  
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
When'er their suffering years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun:  
Such joy, though far transcending sense,  
Have pious souls at parting hence.  
On Earth, and in the body plac'd,  
A few, and evil years, they waste:  
But when their chains are cast aside,  
See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day.

### THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:  
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,  
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;  
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:  
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:  
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it right,  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)  
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;  
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;  
But when the southern Sun had warm'd the day,  
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,  
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;  
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;  
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart.  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the Sun; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose;  
When near the road a stately palace rose:  
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive: the liv'd servants wait;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:  
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:  
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shows.  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;  
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;  
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain.  
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast.  
'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest;  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care.  
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;  
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,  
And Nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;  
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd  
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;  
"And why should such," within himself he cried,  
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"  
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,  
In every settling feature of his face;

vest the young companion bore  
 generous landlord own'd before,  
 asely with the precious bowl  
 ndness of this churlish soul.  
 clouds in airy tumult fly!  
 ging opes an azure sky;  
 n the smelling leaves display,  
 as they tremble, cheer the day:  
 courts them from the poor retreat,  
 master bolts the wary gate.  
 ce they walk, the pilgrim's boom  
 ight  
 ravel of uncertain thought;  
 acts without their cause appear,  
 vice, and seem'd a madness here:  
 and pitying this, he goes,  
 ounded with the various shows.  
 's dim shades again involve the sky,  
 aderers want a place to lie,  
 arch, and find a lodging nigh,  
 v'd around, the mansion neat,  
 oorly low, nor idly great:  
 eak its master's turn of mind,  
 ot to praise, but virtue kind.  
 walkers turn with weary feet,  
 mansion, and the master greet:  
 fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 master hears, and thus replies:  
 vain, without a grudging heart,  
 ives us all, I yield a part;  
 come, for him accept it here,  
 ober, more than costly cheer."  
 bid the welcome table spread,  
 irtue till the time of bed,  
 ve household round his hall repair,  
 ell, and close the hours with prayer.  
 e world, renew'd by calm repose,  
 : toil, the dappled Morn arose;  
 grims part, the younger crept  
 d cradle where an infant slept,  
 is neck: the landlord's little pride,  
 m: grew black, and gasp'd, and died.  
 ore! what! his only son!  
 r hermit when the fact was done;  
 gh Ifell's black jaws in sunder part,  
 ue fire, could more assault his heart.  
 d struck with silence at the deed,  
 embling, fails to fly with speed.  
 outh pursues; the country lay  
 roads, a servant show'd the way:  
 l the path; the passage o'er  
 nd; the servant trod before;  
 oaks an open bridge supplied,  
 waves beneath the bending glide.  
 o seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
 e careless guide, and thrust him in;  
 ills, and rising lifts his head,  
 turns, and sinks among the dead.  
 ling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
 bands of fear, and madly cries,  
 tch!"—But scarce his speech began,  
 nge partner seem'd no longer man:  
 ce grew more serenely sweet;  
 l white, and flow'd upon his feet;  
 radiant points invest his hair;  
 breathe through purpled air;  
 ose colors glitter'd on the day,  
 ck their gradual plumes display.  
 eal burst upon his sight,  
 all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;  
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke  
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

These charms, success in our bright region find,  
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;

For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,  
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,

In this the right of Providence is laid;

Its sacred majesty through all depends

On using second means to work his ends:

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,

The power exerts his attributes on high,

Your actions uses, nor controls your will,

And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more sur-  
 prise,

Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?

Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,

And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good;

Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,

And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,

And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door

Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind

That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,

And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,

With heaping coals of fire upon his head;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,

And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,

But now the child half-wean'd his heart from

God;

(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,

And measur'd back his steps to Earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run?

But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,

(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,

Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,

Had that false servant sped in safety back;

This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,

And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,

Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,

The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.

Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,

His master took the chariot of the sky;

The fiery pomp ascending left to view;

The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,

"Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done:"

Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



## HESIOD:

OR,

## THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)  
Have left on long record of woman's rise,  
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,  
What author wrote it, how that author died,  
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale  
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);  
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew  
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;  
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware  
How Heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair.  
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;  
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:  
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;  
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore (no matter where or when,  
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)  
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,  
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on Earth:  
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,  
And stole from Jove his animating flame.  
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,  
When thus the monarch of the stars began:

"O vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire,  
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!  
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;  
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:  
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,  
As suits the counsel of a god to find;  
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,  
Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel."

He said, and Vulcan straight the sire commands,  
To temper mortar with ethereal hands;  
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,  
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear;  
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,  
And form her organs for a voice divine.  
'Twas thus the sire ordain'd: the power obey'd;  
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;  
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,  
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms  
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:  
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,  
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.  
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,  
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;  
A mind for love, but still a changing mind:  
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;  
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,  
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;  
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;  
For decent yielding, looks declining down;  
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire  
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;  
Gay smiles to comfort: April showers to move;  
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold scepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;  
Her touch endows her with imperious air,  
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,  
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;  
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,  
With native troops of anger, arms the sex.  
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid  
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread;

To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,  
Cross the long web, and close the web with art:  
An useful gift; but what profuse expense,  
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,  
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;  
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,  
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;  
The price of favors; the designing arts  
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;  
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,  
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,  
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;  
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays  
The pleasing colors of the art of praise;  
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,  
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the bards reverse  
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,  
To make her sense with double charms abound,  
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought  
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,  
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,  
Where pictur'd Loves on every cover play'd;  
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art  
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;  
The wire to curl, the close indented comb  
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;  
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid  
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled Hours  
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers;  
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;  
A veil pellucid hung depending down;  
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold.  
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.  
Her robe (which closely by the girle brac'd)  
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)  
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,  
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harm,  
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,  
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,  
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:  
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace  
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,  
Through Time's deep cave, the sister Fates explore,  
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,  
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

"Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,  
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.  
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,  
The creature woman, rises now to reign.  
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;  
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;  
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,  
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

"Men born to labor, all with pains provide;  
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:  
They want the care of man, their want they know,  
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;  
The show prevailing, for the away contend,  
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

"Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts  
A loitering race the painful bee supports;  
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,  
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;

re he will, at home the race remain,  
 in silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.  
 here and there we grant a gentle bride,  
 emperor betters by the father's side;  
 he rest that double human care,  
 relieve, or resolute to share:  
 he man whom thus his stars advance!  
 so is general, but the blessing chance."  
 sung the sisters, while the gods admire  
 theauteous creature, made for man in ire;  
 ing Pandora she, whom all contend  
 too perfect not to gain her end:  
 d the winds, that fly to breathe the spring,  
 to bear her on a gentle wing;  
 lifting airs the winds obsequious blow,  
 d the shining vengeance safe below.  
 n coffer in her hand she bore,  
 sent treacherous, but the bearer more:  
 aught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,  
 ld should aid, and pangs attend on love.  
 ay descent the man perceiv'd afar,  
 ing he ran to catch the falling star:  
 urpris'd, as none but he can tell,  
 'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.  
 his veins the wandering passion burns,  
 her nymph, and every nymph by turns.  
 n to lovely Venus he prefers,  
 re that Venus' must be such as hers.  
 ud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to tease,  
 his offers while her airs she plays,  
 scornful glances from the bended frown,  
 disorder trips it up and down;  
 uns a careless tune to lay the storm,  
 t, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.  
 e take what Jove design'd," she softly cried,  
 ox thy portion, and myself the bride."  
 ith the prospect of the double charms,  
 ch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.  
 ppy man! to whom so bright she shone,  
 il gift, her tempting self, unknown!  
 ads were silent, all the waves asleep,  
 even was trac'd upon the flattering deep:  
 ilst he looks unmindful of a storm,  
 nks the water wears a stable form,  
 readful din around his ears shall rise!  
 owns confuse his picture of the skies!  
 at the creature man was fram'd alone,  
 ' himself, and all the world his own.  
 the nymphs in green forsook the woods,  
 the nymphs in blue forsook the floods;  
 the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,  
 ore him heroes in the secret cave.  
 : destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,  
 ding age his sprightly form decay'd,  
 e were known, no females heard to rage,  
 ets tell us, 'twas a golden age.  
 n woman came, those ills the box confin'd  
 rious out, and poison'd all the wind;  
 int to point, from pole to pole they flew,  
 as they went, and in the progress grew:  
 mphs regretting left the mortal race,  
 ering Nature wore a sickly face.  
 rms of folly rose, new states of care;  
 agues, to suffer, and to please, the fair!  
 ys of whining, and of wild intrigues,  
 ce'd, or finish'd with the breach of leagues;  
 an designs of well-dissembled love;  
 did matches never join'd above:  
 the labor, and at home the noise,  
 double sufferings for domestic joys.)

The curse of jealousy; expense and strife;  
 Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;  
 The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;  
 Disdain for passion, passion in despair—  
 These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;  
 Ah! fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,  
 The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,  
 The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,  
 The crystal Helicon forebore to flow,  
 The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)  
 The Muses came to give the laurel too.  
 But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,  
 If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?  
 Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate  
 What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,  
 Though when it happen'd no relation clears,  
 'Tis thought in five, or five-and-twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade  
 The neighboring woods a native arbor made,  
 There oft a tender pair, for amorous play  
 Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;  
 A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,  
 A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:  
 Bat swelling nature in a fatal hour  
 Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;  
 The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,  
 And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, 'twas the lover's day,  
 Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;  
 When Hesiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,  
 And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;  
 A strong suspicion straight possess their mind,  
 (For poets ever were a gentle kind.)  
 But when Evanthe near the passage stood,  
 Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,  
 "Now take" (at once they cry) "thy due reward,"  
 And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.  
 His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore  
 ('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,  
 And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise:  
 I see the Muses round the body cry,  
 But here a Cupid loudly laughing by;  
 He wields his arrow with insulting hand,  
 And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.  
 "Here Hesiod lies: ye future bards, beware  
 How far your moral tales incense the fair.  
 Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;  
 Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:  
 He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,  
 And Hesiod died for joys he never knew."

#### AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,  
 Our race of mortals call him Care,  
 (Were Homer living, well he knew  
 What name the gods have call'd him too.)  
 With fine mechanic genius wrought,  
 And lov'd to work, though no one bought.  
 This being, by a model bred  
 In Jove's eternal sable head,  
 Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,  
 And be the worldling here beneath.  
 The man rose, staring like a stake;  
 Wondering to see himself awake!

Then look'd so wise, before he knew  
The business he was made to do ;  
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace  
He gravely show'd his forward face,  
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,  
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,  
Which ever binds a poet's god,  
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,  
And mother Earth's obliged to quake,)  
He saw old mother Earth arise,  
She stood confess'd before his eyes ;  
But not with what we read she wore,  
A castle for a crown before,  
Nor with long streets and longer roads  
Dangling behind her, like commodores :  
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,  
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.  
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,  
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honors made, "Great Jove," she cried,  
"This thing was fashion'd from my side :  
His hands, his heart, his head are mine ;  
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?"

"Nay, rather ask," the monarch said,  
"What boots his hand, his heart, his head,  
Were what I gave remov'd away,  
Thy part's an idle shape of clay."

"Halves, more than halves!" cried honest Care,  
"Your pleas would make your titles fair.  
You claim the body, you the soul,  
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole."

Thus with the gods debate began,  
On such a trivial cause as man.  
And can celestial tempers rage ?  
Quoth Virgil, in a later age ?

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;  
(There's none that paint him such as I,  
For what the fabling ancients sung  
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young).

As yet his winters had not shed  
Their silver honors on his head ;  
He just had got his pinions free,  
From his old sire, Eternity.  
A serpent girdled round he wore,  
The tail within the mouth, before ;  
By which our almanacs are clear  
That learned Egypt meant the year.  
A staff he carried, where on high  
A glass was fix'd to measure by,  
As amber boxes made a show  
For heads of canes an age ago.

His vest, for day and night, was py'd ;  
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;  
And Spring's new months his train adorn :  
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,  
They make him umpire of the cause.  
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,  
Where since his hours a dial made ;  
Then leaning heard the nice debate,  
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate :

"Since body from the parent Earth,  
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,  
Return they where they first began ;  
But since their union makes the man,  
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,  
To Care who join'd them, man is due."  
He said, and sprung with swift career  
To trace a circle for the year ;

Where ever since the seasons wheel,  
And tread on one another's heel.

"Tis well," said Jove, and for consent  
Thundering he shook the firmament.  
"Our umpire Time shall have his way,  
With Care I let the creature stay :  
Let business vex him, avarice blind,  
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,  
Let error act, opinion speak,  
And want afflict, and sickness break,  
And anger burn, dejection chill,  
And joy distract, and sorrow kill,  
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,  
Time draws the long destructive blow ;  
And wasted man, whose quick decay  
Comes hurrying on before his day,  
Shall only find by this decree,  
The soul flies sooner back to me."

#### THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day,  
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,  
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,  
As Fame reports it, with the gods.  
Him frantic hunger wildly drives  
Against a thousand authors' lives :  
Through all the fields of wit he flies ;  
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes.  
With horns without, and tusks within,  
And scales to serve him for a skin.  
Observe him nearly, lest he climb  
To wound the bards of ancient time.  
Or down the vale of fancy go  
To tear some modern wretch below.  
On every corner fix thine eye,  
Or ten to one he slips thee by.  
See where his teeth a passageway eat :  
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.  
But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?  
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !  
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,  
He draws the tadpole form along.  
He mounts the gilded edge before.  
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er.  
He turns, he doubles, there he past,  
And here we have him, caught at last.  
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse  
The sweetest servants of the Muse—  
(Nay never offer to deny,  
I took thee in the fact to fly).  
His roses nipt in every page,  
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage :  
By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;  
By thee my Leshia's sparrow dies ;  
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd  
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,  
They rent Belinda's locks away,  
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.  
For all, for every single deed,  
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.  
Then fall a victim to the Nine,  
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.  
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,  
To pile a sacred altar here ;  
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,  
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ ;  
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain  
Pray take your mortal bards again.

e, bind the victim,—there he lies,  
 ere between his numerous eyes  
 venerable dust I lay,  
 manuscripts just swept away.  
 goblet in my hand I take,  
 e libation's yet to make,)
 th to poets! all their days  
 ey have bread, as well as praise;  
 may they seek, and less engage  
 ere fill'd with party-rage.  
 their riches spoil their vein,  
 ices, make them poor again.  
 bring the weapon, yonder blade,  
 which my tuneful pens are made.  
 the scales that arm thee round,  
 vice and thrice I print the wound;  
 cred altar floats with red,  
 ow he dies, and now he's dead.  
 like the son of Jove I stand,  
 lydra stretch'd beneath my hand!  
 ere the monster's entrails here,  
 what dangers threat the year:  
 ls! what sonnets on a wench!  
 lean translations out of French!  
 ain, this lobe is so unsound,  
 prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,  
 The sacred altar should be clean.  
 Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,  
 Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!  
 (Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow  
 I never miss'd your works till now.)  
 I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,  
 (That only way you please the Nine.)  
 But since I chance to want these two,  
 I'll make the songs of Durfey do.  
 Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin,  
 I hang the scales that brac'd it in;  
 I hang my studious morning-gown,  
 And write my own inscription down.  
 "This trophy from the Python won,  
 This robe, in which the deed was done,  
 These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,  
 Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.  
 Here Ignorance and Hunger found  
 Large realms of Wit to ravage round:  
 Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;  
 Two foes in one I sent to Hell.  
 Ye poets, who my labors see,  
 Come share the triumph all with me!  
 Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,  
 Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

## NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE, descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, was the son of John Rowe, Esquire, a barrister of reputation and extensive practice. He was born in 1673, at the house of his maternal grandfather, at Little Berkford, in Bedfordshire. Being placed at Westminster-school, under Dr. Busby, he pursued the classical studies of that place with credit. At the age of sixteen he was removed from school, and entered a student of the Middle Temple, it being his father's intention to bring him up to his own profession; but the death of this parent, when Nicholas was only nineteen, freed him from what he probably thought a pursuit foreign to his disposition; and he turned his chief studies to poetry and polite literature. At the age of twenty-five he produced his first tragedy, "The Ambitious Stepmother;" which was afterwards succeeded by "Tamerlane;" "The Fair Penitent;" "Ulysses;" "The Royal Convert;" "Jane Shore;" and "Lady Jane Grey." Of these, though all have their merits, the third and the two last alone keep possession of the stage; but Jane Shore in particular never fails to be viewed with deep interest. His plays, from which are

derived his principal claims upon posterity, are chiefly founded on the model of French tragedy; and in his diction, which is poetical without being bombastic or affected; in his versification, which is singularly sweet; and in *tirades* of sentiment, given with force and elegance, he has few competitors.

As a miscellaneous poet, Rowe occupies but an inconsiderable place among his countrymen; but it has been thought proper to give some of his songs or ballads in the pastoral strain; which have a touching simplicity, scarcely excelled by any pieces of the kind. His principal efforts, however, were in poetical translation; and his version of Lucan's *Pharsalia* has been placed by Dr. Johnson among the greatest productions of English poetry.

In politics, Rowe joined the party of the Whigs, under whose influence he had some gainful posts, without reckoning that of poet-laureate, on the accession of George I. He was twice married to women of good connexions, by the first of whom he had a son, and by the second, a daughter. He died in December, 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was interred among the poets in Westminster Abbey.

### COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG, TO THE TUNE OF "GRIM KING OF THE GHOSTS."

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,  
A shepherd forsaken was laid;  
And while a false nymph was his theme,  
A willow supported his head.  
The wind that blew over the plain,  
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;  
And the brook, in return to his pain,  
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

"Alas, silly swain that I was!"  
Thus sadly complaining, he cried,  
"When first I beheld that fair face,  
'Twere better by far I had died.  
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;  
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.  
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,  
Was nightingale ever so sweet?"

"How foolish was I to believe  
She could dote on so lowly a clown,  
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,  
To forsake the fine folk of the town?  
To think that a beauty so gay,  
So kind and so constant would prove;  
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,  
Or live in a cottage on love?"

"What though I have skill to complain,  
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd:  
What though, when they hear my soft strain,  
The virgins sit weeping around.  
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,  
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;  
Thy false-one inclines to a swain,  
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

"And you, my companions so dear,  
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
Forbear to accuse the false maid.

ough through the wide world I should range,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;  
 was hers to be false and to change,  
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

f while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In her breast any pity is found,  
 at her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
 And see me laid low in the ground.  
 be last humble boon that I crave,  
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;  
 and when she looks down on my grave,  
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,  
 And deck her in golden array,  
 : finest at every fine show,  
 And frolic it all the long day;  
 'hile Colin, forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,  
 nless when, beneath the pale Moon,  
 His ghost shall glide over the green."

## THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A — D — \*

As on a summer's day  
 In the greenwood shade I lay,  
 The maid that I lov'd,  
 As her fancy mov'd,  
 Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by,  
 With a scornful glance of her eye,  
 "What a shame," quoth she,  
 "For a swain must it be,  
 Like a lazy loon for to die!

"And dost thou nothing heed,  
 What Pan our God has decreed;  
 What a prize to-day  
 Shall be given away,  
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed!

"There's not a single swain  
 Of all this fruitful plain,  
 But with hopes and fears  
 Now busily prepares  
 The bonny boon to gain.

"Shall another maiden shine  
 In brighter array than thine?  
 Up, up, dull swain,  
 Tune thy pipe once again,  
 And make the garland mine."

"Alas! my love," he cried,  
 "What avails this courtly pride?  
 Since thy dear desert  
 Is written in my heart,  
 What is all the world beside?

"To me thou art more gay,  
 In this homely russet grey,  
 Than the nymphs of our green,  
 So trim and so sheen;  
 Or the brightest queen of May.

"What though my fortune frown,  
 And deny thee a silken gown;  
 My own dear maid,  
 Be content with this shade,  
 And a shepherd all thy own."

## SONG.

AH WILLOW. TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,  
 Ah willow, willow.  
 Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;  
 Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

Sweet stream, he cried sadly, I'll teach thee to flow.  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.  
 Ah willow, &c.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.  
 Ah willow, &c.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers repair;  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her  
 your care.  
 Ah willow, &c.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.  
 Ah willow, &c.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 So the sleep that I lose brings my fair-one repose,  
 Ah willow, &c.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 If the loss of my dear-one, my love is decreed;  
 Ah willow, &c.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be  
 cheer'd;  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard;  
 Ah willow, &c.

Believe me, thou fair-one; thou dear-one believe,  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.  
 Ah willow, &c.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be tied,  
 Ah willow, &c.  
 And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.  
 Ah willow, &c.

Then run, gentle brook; and to lose thyself, haste;  
 Ah willow, willow.  
 Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last;  
 Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

\* Afterwards his wife.

## JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, a person in the foremost ranks of wit and elegant literature, was the son of the Reverend Lancelot Addison, at whose parsonage at Milston, near Ambrosbury, Wiltshire, he was born in May, 1672. At the age of fifteen he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in classical literature, especially in Latin poetry. He was afterwards elected a demy of Magdalen College, where he took the degrees of bachelor and master of arts. In his twenty-second year he became an author in his own language, publishing a short copy of verses addressed to the veteran poet, Dryden. Other pieces in verse and prose succeeded; and in 1695 he opened the career of his fortune as a literary man, by a complimentary poem on one of the campaigns of King William, addressed to the Lord-keeper Somers. A pension of 300*l.* from the crown, which his patron obtained for him, enabled him to indulge his inclination for travel; and an epistolary poem to Lord Halifax in 1701, with a prose relation of his travels, published on his return, are distinguished by the spirit of liberty which they breathe, and which, during life, was his ruling passion. The most famous of his political poems, "The Campaign," appeared in 1704. It was a task kindly imposed by Lord Halifax, who intimated to him that the writer should not lose his labor. It was accordingly rewarded by an immediate appointment to the post of commissioner of appeals.

This will be the proper place for considering the merits of Addison in his character of a writer in verse. Though Dryden and Pope had already secured the first places on the British Parnassus, and other rivals for fame were springing to view, it will scarcely be denied that Addison, by a decent mediocrity of poetic language, rising occasionally to

superior efforts, has deserved that degree of praise which, in general estimation, has been allotted him. It cannot be doubted that playful and morous wit was the quality in which he obtained almost unrivalled pre-eminence; but the reader his poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller will discover, the comparison of the painter to Phidias, a happy and elegant resemblance pointed out in verse. His celebrated tragedy of "Cato," equally remarkable for a correctness of plan, and a sustained elevation of style, then unusual on the English stage, was further distinguished by the glow of sentiments in favor of political liberty, and equally applauded by both parties.

A very short account will suffice for the remainder of his works. His connexion with Steele engaged him in occasionally writing in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, in which his productions, serious and humorous, conferred upon him immortal honor, and placed him deservedly at head of his class. Some other periodical papers decidedly political, were traced to Addison, of which *The Freeholder* was one of the most conspicuous. In 1716 he married the Countess-Dowager of Warwick, a connexion which is said not to have been remarkably happy. In the following year he was raised to the office of one of the principal secretaries of state; but finding himself ill suited to post, and in a declining state of health, he resigned it to Mr. Craggs. In reality, his constitution suffering from an habitual excess in wine; and in a lamentable circumstance that a person so generally free from moral defects, should have given way to a fondness for the pleasures of a tavern life. Addison died in June, 1719, leaving an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick.

## A LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, IN  
THE YEAR MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis  
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

*Virg. Georg. ii.*

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,  
And from Britannia's public posts retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;

Me into foreign realms my fate conveys  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
Where the soft season and inviting clime  
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
Poetic fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;  
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and wood  
For rising springs and celebrated floods!

the Nar, tumultuous in his course,  
 the smooth Clitumnus to his source,  
 the Mincio draw his watery store,  
 the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 y Albula's infected tide  
 warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.  
 With a thousand raptures, I survey  
 through flowery meadows stray,  
 of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,  
 bring Alps of half their moisture drains,  
 dly swoln with a whole winter's snows;  
 wealth and plenty where he flows.  
 mes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 in silence and oblivion lie,  
 e their fountains and their channels dry.)  
 or ever by the Muse's skill,  
 e smooth description murmur still.  
 mes to gentle Tiber I retire,  
 am'd river's empty shores admire,  
 itute of strength derives its course  
 fly urns and an unfruitful source;  
 so often in poetic lays,  
 n the Danube and the Nile surveys;  
 e deathless Muse exalts her theme!  
 the Boyno, a poor inglorious stream,  
 libernian vales obscurely stray'd,  
 serv'd, in wild meanders play'd;  
 ur lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,  
 billows through the world resound,  
 the hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
 the fame of an immortal verse.  
 dd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire  
 with like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 r'd beauties in my verse should shine,  
 il's Italy should yield to mine!  
 w the golden groves around me smile,  
 the coast of Britain's stormy isle,  
 transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
 lly warmth their mountain juice ferment  
 tastes, and more exalted scents:  
 rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
 len weeds send out a rich perfume.  
 some god, to Baia's gentle seats,  
 me in Umbria's green retreats;  
 stern gales eternally reside,  
 e seasons lavish all their pride:  
 and fruits, and flowers together rise,  
 whole year in gay confusion lies.  
 al glories in my mind revive,  
 y soul a thousand passions strive,  
 me's exalted beauties I descry  
 nt in piles of ruin lie.  
 theatre's amazing height  
 my eye with terror and delight,  
 a public shows unpeopled Rome,  
 uncrowded, nations in its womb:  
 as rough with sculpture pierce the skies,  
 the proud triumphal arches rise,  
 e old Romans deathless acts display'd,  
 e degenerate progeny upbraid:  
 ers hero forsake the fields below, [flow-  
 ering at their height through airy channels  
 new scenes my wandering Muse retires,  
 umb show of breathing rocks admires:  
 e smooth chisel all its force has shown,  
 r'd into flesh the rugged stone.  
 silence, a majestic band,  
 d gods, and Roman consuls stand.

Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
 And emperors in Parian marble frown:  
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,  
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts sub-  
 dued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,  
 And show th' immortal labors in my verse,  
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light  
 A new creation rises to my sight,  
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blended colors glow.  
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;  
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
 And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
 With all the gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,  
 The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,  
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,  
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?  
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The reddening orange and the swelling grain:  
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:  
 Starves in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;  
 Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,  
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!  
 On foreign mountains may the Sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,  
 Nor at the coarseness of our Heaven repine,  
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:  
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak moun-  
 tains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,  
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;  
 A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:  
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state,  
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbor's prayer.  
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.  
 Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:



But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
The distant climes and different tongues resound,  
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,  
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,  
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.  
My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;  
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,  
And lines, like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

### THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MAREBOROUGH, 1705.

— Rheni pacator et Istri.

Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cecit  
Ordinibus; letatur eques, plaudique senator,  
Votaque patricio certant plœbia favori.

*Claud. de Laud. Stilic.*

Esse aliquam in terris gentem que sua impensâ, suo labore ac  
periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finiti-  
mis, aut propinque vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris conti-  
nenti junctis præset. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe ter-  
rarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, poten-  
tissima sint. *Liv. Hist. lib. 33.*

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,  
Proud in their number to enrol your name;  
While emperors to you commit their cause,  
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;  
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,  
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.  
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,  
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view  
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,  
And wars and conquests fill th' important year:  
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,  
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,  
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;  
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,  
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;  
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,  
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,  
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks im-  
mur'd,

Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;  
The rising Danube its long race began,  
And half its course through the new conquests ran:  
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,  
Germania trembled through a hundred states;  
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;  
He gaz'd around, but saw no succor near;  
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair  
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,  
On her resolves the western world relies,  
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,  
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.  
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,  
To sit the guardian of the continent!

That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,  
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;  
Thy favorites grow not up by fortune's sport,  
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;  
On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:  
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they  
share,

Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;  
The nation thanks them with a public voice;  
By showers of blessings Heaven approves their  
choice;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,  
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,  
Britannia's colors in the zephyrs fly;  
Her chief already has his march begun,  
Crossing the provinces himself had won,  
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,  
Retards the progress of the moving war.  
Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall  
In distant climes far from the perjurd Gaul;  
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,  
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,  
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,  
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.  
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,  
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,  
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,  
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,  
The mighty scheme of all his labors cast,  
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;  
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.  
The long laborious march he first surveys,  
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,  
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,  
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:  
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,  
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews  
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:  
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,  
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,  
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds  
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.  
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,  
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,  
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,  
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd.)  
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,  
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their way  
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.  
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast  
With cooling streams revives the fainting host.  
That cheerfully his labors past forgets,  
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heat.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass  
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)  
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain  
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:  
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks from far,  
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war;  
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,  
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew  
Eugenio to the glorious interview.  
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;

n friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays  
 set each other, mingling blaze with blaze.  
 in courts, and harden'd in the field,  
 'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,  
 rage dwells not in a troubled flood  
 stain spirits, and fermenting blood ;  
 n the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,  
 by reason, and by reason cool'd,  
 of peace content to be unknown,  
 y in the field of battle shown :  
 like these, in mutual friendship join'd,  
 dares intrust the cause of human-kind.  
 mia's graceful sons appear in arms,  
 ass'd troops the hero's presence warms,  
 he high hills and rivers all around  
 undering peals of British shouts resound :  
 g their speed, they march with fresh delight,  
 r glory, and require the fight.  
 taunch bound the trembling deer pursues,  
 ells his footsteps in the tainted dews,  
 ious track unravelling by degrees :  
 n the scent comes warm in every breeze,  
 the near approach he shoots away  
 ull stretch, and bears upon his prey.  
 arch concludes, the various realms are past ;  
 orial Schellenberg appears at last :  
 la th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,  
 lleys at their feet the trenches lie ;  
 s on batteries guard each fatal pass,  
 ning destruction ; rows of hollow brass,  
 hind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,  
 their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep :  
 hurchill owns, charm'd with the glorious  
 sight,  
 ch o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.  
 western Sun now shot a feeble ray,  
 nly scatter'd the remains of day :  
 approach'd ; but oh what host of foes  
 ver to behold that evening close !  
 ing their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,  
 re-compacted Britons win their way ;  
 the cannon their throng'd war defac'd  
 acts of death, and laid the battle waste ;  
 using forward to the fight, they broke  
 flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,  
 ighter'd legions fill'd the trench below,  
 ve their fierce avengers to their foe.  
 on the works the mingling hosts engage ;  
 tie, kindled into tenfold rage,  
 owers of bullets and with storms of fire  
 full fury ; heaps on heaps expire,  
 with nations mix'd confus'dly die,  
 in one promiscuous carnage lie.  
 many generous Britons meet their doom,  
 the field, and heroes in the bloom !  
 trious youths, that left their native shore  
 where Britons never march'd before,  
 love of fame ! O glorious heat,  
 ructive to the brave and great !  
 ch toils o'ercome, such dangers past,  
 l on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last :  
 l, my Muse, may no complaints appear,  
 the day with an ungrateful tear :  
 earlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense  
 ly light, and shine in innocence.  
 g through seas of blood his fiery steed,  
 r his friends retire, or foes succeed :  
 e supports, these drives to sudden flight,  
 ns the various fortune of the fight.  
 ar, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear  
 e the thickest terrors of the war,

Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,  
 Britannia's safety, and the world's repose ;  
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate  
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate :  
 Thou liv'st not for thyself ; thy queen demands  
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;  
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,  
 And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,  
 By crowded armies fortified in vain ;  
 The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,  
 And see their camp with British legions fill'd.  
 So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides  
 The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling  
 tides ;

But if the rushing wave a passage finds,  
 Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,  
 The trembling peasant sees his country round  
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes disperst in flight,  
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)  
 In every rustling wind the victor hear,  
 And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,  
 Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace  
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,  
 The gay victorious army bends its course.  
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
 Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,  
 (The Danube's great increase,) Britannia shares,  
 The food of armies and support of wars :  
 With magazines of death, destructive halls,  
 And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,  
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,  
 And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness crost,  
 And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,  
 That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,  
 And made imaginary realms thy own !  
 Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,  
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,  
 Nor find it there ! Surrounded with alarms,  
 Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms ;  
 The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,  
 And crowd thy standards with the power of France ;  
 While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul  
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,  
 Tempering each other in the victor's mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
 And make the hero and the man complete.  
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain  
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;  
 Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare  
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.  
 In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand  
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,  
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,  
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.  
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,  
 And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat ;  
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,  
 And cries of infants sound in every brake :  
 The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,  
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;  
 The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,  
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far  
 In shriller clangors animates the war ;  
 Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,  
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :

Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,  
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;  
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,  
And, while the thick embattled host he views  
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,  
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,  
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;  
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,  
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,  
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,  
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,  
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,  
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;  
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show  
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array  
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!  
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts  
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;  
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.  
No vulgar fears can British minds control:  
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,  
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,  
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;  
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,  
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;  
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,  
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!  
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,  
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise. [prov'd,  
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was  
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:  
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
So when an angel by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops advance!  
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.  
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,  
And with a general's love of conquest glows;  
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear  
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:  
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,  
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave:  
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,  
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;  
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day  
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:  
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim  
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,  
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.  
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,  
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!  
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,  
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!

In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,  
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,  
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;  
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfir'd,  
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,  
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,  
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.  
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,  
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,  
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,  
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards  
glides,

In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,  
And into Scythian seas their bloated corpses convey.  
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,  
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;  
His waving banners, that so oft had stood  
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,  
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,  
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach.  
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,  
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name  
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,  
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,  
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd.  
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,  
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,  
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!  
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.  
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,  
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!  
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,  
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;  
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own  
The fatal field by such great leaders won.  
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away  
Only the second honors of the day.

With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fall,  
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.  
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,  
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;  
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains  
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;  
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,  
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,  
Their raging king dishonors, to complete  
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.  
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,

The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;  
Freed by the terror of the victor's name.  
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;  
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,  
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,  
In every thought the towering genius shines:  
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,  
O'er the wide continent his march extends;  
If sieges in his laboring thoughts are form'd,  
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;  
If to the fight his active soul is bent,  
The fate of Europe turns on its event.  
What distant land, what region, can afford  
An action worthy his victorious sword?  
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,  
To make the series of his toils complete?

Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,  
Divides the hostile nations in its course.

tracts its bounds, or wider grows,  
 iten'd as the river flows,  
 a mighty bulwark stands,  
 le-extended plain commands;  
 e war was kindled, has it tried  
 e, and twice has chang'd its side;  
 mies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,  
 summer on its walls employ'd.  
 ty chief his arms directs,  
 iumphs from the war expects;  
 dog-star had its course begun,  
 s still nearer to the Sun:  
 rious action, he forgets  
 seasons, and increase of heats;  
 nful that can danger show,  
 vely, that contain a foe.  
 iaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,  
 np within his native land,  
 victorious host he spies,  
 l, from stream to stream he flies:  
 ssions in his heart remain  
 's sword and Hochtete's fatal plain:  
 ia's mighty chief besets  
 verts, and obscure retreats;  
 nqueror's approaching fame,  
 force of armies in his name.  
 ng monarch, whose imperial sway  
 ones are destin'd to obey,  
 ancestry so high extends  
 ran gods his lineage ends,  
 r, in gratitude to own  
 order of his father's throne:  
 glory to his bosom ran,  
 nbraces of the godlike man!  
 eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,  
 s with so much sweetness mixt,  
 tness, such a graceful port,  
 inish'd for the camp or court!  
 s was form'd with ev'ry grace,  
 me but in the second place;  
 father of almighty Rome  
 : with an immortal bloom,  
 s fragrant breath bestow'd)  
 ns of his bright mother glow'd.  
 youth by Marlborough's presence  
 a'd,  
 counsels, by his actions warm'd,  
 h redoubled fury falls,  
 he thunder on its walls,  
 caves of death provokes the fight,  
 onquer in the hero's sight.  
 chief, for mighty toils renown'd,  
 es, and with conquests crown'd,  
 sts his tedious march renews,  
 indings of the Rhine pursues,  
 ders from usurping foes,  
 rescued nations as he goes.  
 more, freed from its dire alarms;  
 feels the terror of his arms:  
 her proud foundations shake,  
 ough presses to the bold attack.  
 atteries, bids his cannon roar,  
 ' Landau might have fall'n before.  
 ar approach, great Louis fears  
 rv'd for his declining years,  
 st of universal sway,  
 teach his subjects to obey;  
 ds on vain attempts employ'd,  
 rejects for his race destroy'd,  
 ges sunk in one campaign,  
 lions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:  
 By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,  
 Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.  
 By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,  
 And taste the sweets of English liberty:  
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie  
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye!  
 Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall  
 Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,  
 Secure the happy, succor the distressed,  
 Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.  
 Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse;  
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
 May tell posterity the wondrous tale.  
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak;  
 Gods may descend in fictions from the skies,  
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise;  
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,  
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.  
 Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,  
 And proudly shine in their own native light,  
 Rais'd of themselves their genuine charms they  
 boast,  
 And those who paint them truest praise them most.

## TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

## ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise  
 We see Britannia's monarch rise,  
 A godlike form, by thee display'd  
 In all the force of light and shade;  
 And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,  
 As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth  
 His secret soul and hidden worth,  
 His probity and mildness shows,  
 His care of friends, and scorn of foes;  
 In every stroke, in every line,  
 Does some exalted virtue shine,  
 And Albion's happiness we trace  
 Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,  
 When the glad nation shall survey  
 Their sovereign, through his wide command,  
 Passing in progress o'er the land!  
 Each heart shall bend, and every voice  
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,  
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,  
 And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,  
 With its bright round of titles grac'd,  
 And stamp't on British coins shall live,  
 To richest ores the value give,  
 Or, wrought within the curious mould,  
 Shape and adorn the running gold.  
 To bear this form, the genial Sun  
 Has daily since his course begun  
 Rejoic'd the metal to refine,  
 And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,  
 The foremost of thy art, hast vi'd  
 With Nature in a generous strife,  
 And touch'd the canvas into life.

Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,  
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,  
And, in the robes of state array'd,  
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there  
His brother with dejected air:  
Triumphant Nassau here we find,  
And with him bright Maria join'd;  
There Anna, great as when she sent  
Her armies through the continent,  
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:  
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,  
(Though Heaven should with my wish agree,  
And long preserve thy art in thee)  
The last, the happiest British king,  
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,  
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,  
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine  
With airs and lineaments divine;  
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,  
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,  
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;  
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes  
Beheld his abdicated skies;  
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,  
In adamant armor frown'd;  
By him the childless goddess rose,  
Minerva, studious to compose  
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,  
And o'er a loom of marble hung:  
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,  
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,  
Reclining on a funeral urn,  
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.  
The last was he, whose thunder slew  
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,  
That from a hundred hills allied  
In impious leagues their king defied.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand  
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:  
For who would hope new fame to raise  
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,  
That, his high genius to approve,  
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove!

#### PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply.  
And guard me with a watchful eye:  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads:  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd  
And streams shall murmur all around.

## MATTHEW PRIOR.

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MATTHEW PRIOR, a distinguished poet, was born 1664, in London according to one account, according to another at Winborne, in Dorsetshire. His father dying when he was young, an uncle, who was a vintner, or tavern-keeper, at Charing-cross, took him under his care, and sent him to Westminster-school, of which Dr. Busby was then master. Before he had passed through the school, his uncle took him home, for the purpose of bringing him into his own business; but the earl of Dorset, a great patron of letters, having found him one day reading Horace, and being pleased with his conversation, determined to give him an university education. He was accordingly admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682, proceeded bachelor of arts in 1686, and was soon after elected to a fellowship. After having proved his poetic talents by some college exercises, he was introduced at court by the Earl of Dorset, and was so effectually recommended, that, in 1690, he was appointed secretary to the English plenipotentiaries who attended the congress at the Hague. Being now enlisted in the service of the court, his productions were, for some years, chiefly directed to courtly topics, of which one of the most considerable was an Ode presented to King William in 1695, on the death of Queen Mary. In 1697, he was nominated secretary to the commissioners for the treaty of Ryswick; and, on his return, was made secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He went to France in the following year, as secretary, first to the earl of Portland, and then to the Earl of Jersey; and being now regarded as one conversant in public affairs, he was summoned by King William to Loo, where he had a confidential audience. In the beginning of 1701, he sat in Parliament for East Grinstead.

Prior had hitherto been promoted and acted with the Whigs: but the Tories now having become the prevalent party, he turned about, and ever after adhered to them. He even voted for the impeachment of those lords who advised that partition treaty in which he had been officially employed. Like most converts, he embraced his new friends with much zeal, and from that time almost all his social connexions were confined within the limits of his party.

The successes in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign were celebrated by the poets on both sides; and Prior sung the victories of Blenheim and families: he afterwards, however, joined in the attack of the great general who had been his theme.

It will not be worth while here to take notice of all his changes in the political world, except to mention the disgraces which followed the famous congress of Utrecht, in which he was deeply engaged. For the completion of that business he was left in France, with the appointments and authority of an ambassador, though without the title, the proud Duke of Shrewsbury having refused to be joined in commission with a man so meanly born. Prior, however, publicly assumed the character till he was superseded by the earl of Stair, on the accession of George I. The Whigs being now in power, he was welcomed, on his return, by a warrant from the House of Commons, under which he was committed to the custody of a messenger. He was examined before the Privy Council respecting his share in the peace of Utrecht, was treated with rigor, and Walpole moved an impeachment against him, on a charge of high treason, for holding clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary. His name was excepted from an act of grace passed in 1717: at length, however, he was discharged, without being brought to trial, to end his days in retirement.

We are now to consider Prior among the poetical characters of the time. In his writings is found that incongruous mixture of light and rather indecent topics with grave and even religious ones, which was not uncommon at that period. In the faculty of telling a story with ease and vivacity, he yields only to Swift, compared to whom his humor is occasionally strained and quaint. His songs and amatory pieces are generally elegant and classical. The most popular of his serious compositions are "Henry and Emma," or the Nut-brown Maid, modernized from an antique original; and "Solomon," the idea of which is taken from the book of Ecclesiastes. These are harmonious in their verification, splendid and correct in their diction, and copious in poetical imagery; but they exert no powerful effect on the feelings or the fancy, and are enfeebled by prolixity. His "Alma," a piece of philosophical pleasantness, was written to console himself when under confinement, and displays a considerable share of reading. As to his elaborate effusions of loyalty and patriotism, they seem to have sunk into total neglect.

The life of Prior was cut short by a lingering illness, which closed his days at Wimpole, the seat of Lord Oxford, in September, 1721, in the 58th year of his age.

## HENRY AND EMMA.

## A POEM,

*Upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.*

## TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command  
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand),

I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,  
Careless of what the censuring world may say:  
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,  
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow?  
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,  
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?  
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;  
Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:

At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd;  
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,  
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:  
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,  
Who change the constant lover for the new.  
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,  
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,  
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,  
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.  
And, while my notes to future times proclaim  
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame,  
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:  
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.  
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,  
And grant me, love, the just reward of verse!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace,  
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;  
And, as her son has to my bosom dealt  
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt:  
O let the story with thy life agree:  
Let men once more the bright example see;  
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.  
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,  
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.  
But, oh! with pity, long-entreated, crown  
My pains and hopes; and, when thou say'st that one  
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beautiful Isis and her husband Tame,  
With mingled waves, for ever flow the same,  
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;  
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward, with successful care,  
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;  
This lord had headed his appointed bands,  
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;  
And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)  
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd  
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,  
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,  
In honorable ease and rural sport,  
The remnant of his days he safely past;  
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.  
He made his wish with his estate comply,  
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,  
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.  
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,  
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:  
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd:  
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.  
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,  
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid.  
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,  
(As still they please, who imitate their lord):  
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;  
The mutual terms around the land were known:  
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;  
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.  
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,  
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!  
From distant shires repair the noble youth,  
And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.  
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,  
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,  
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.  
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,  
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.  
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,  
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.

In vain they combated, in vain they writ:  
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.  
Great Venus only must direct the dart,  
Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart.  
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy one:  
In Henry's cause her favor must be shown;  
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,  
And by their grandeur justified their flame;  
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;  
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:  
In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,  
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress,  
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.  
In his right-hand his beechen pole he bears;  
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.  
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,  
With knowing skill he drives the future prey:  
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;  
And shows the path her steed may safest take;  
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;  
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;  
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:  
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.  
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,  
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.  
And when superior now the bird has flown,  
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;  
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,  
And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.  
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,  
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;  
And by his look and sorrow is express'd,  
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves;  
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.

boring swains around the stranger throng,  
 re, or emulate his song :  
 h soft sorrow he renews his lays,  
 ul of their envy, nor their praise.  
 us Emma's eyes adorn the plain,  
 he raises to a nobler strain,  
 ul respect and studious fear ;  
 areless sound offend her ear.  
 c gipsy now, the house he haunts,  
 ld phrases speaks dissembled wants.  
 ond maids in palmistry he deals :  
 the secret first, which he reveals ;  
 shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;  
 m shall get, and squire maintain the child.  
 bright Emma would her fortune know,  
 ok unbends his opening brow ;  
 bling awe he gazes on her eye,  
 t accents forms the kind reply ;  
 shall prove as fortunate as fair ;  
 en's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.  
 t had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,  
 by all but beauteous Emma's eyes :  
 und means alone to see the dame,  
 r feet to breathe his amorous flame ;  
 se pangs of absence to remove,  
 soft interpreters of love :  
 and Industry (the mighty two  
 ; our wishes nearer to our view)  
 perceive, that the inclining fair  
 his vows with no reluctant ear ;  
 se had confirm'd her equal reign,  
 to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.  
 Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,  
 the secret kept, the love increas'd ;  
 us youth frequents the silent groves ;  
 he meditates, for much he loves.  
 'tis true ; and is belov'd again :  
 his joys ; but will they long remain ?  
 th smiles receives his present flame ;  
 rg, will she ever be the same ?  
 looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;  
 aer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.  
 ove may gain her easy youth :  
 ages thought, and flattery conquers truth.  
 lent estate of human life !  
 pe and Fear maintain eternal strife ;  
 eting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;  
 we question, what we most desire !  
 thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow  
 f love unmix'd ; forbear to throw  
 redients in ; nor pall the draught  
 eous grief : for our ill-judging thought  
 joys the pleasurable taste ;  
 it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.  
 iables rais'd, with jealousies oppress,  
 tyrants of the human breast)  
 eat trial he resolves to prove  
 of woman, and the force of love.  
 ng Emma's virtues, he may find  
 steous frame inclose a steady mind,  
 his hope of future joy secure ;  
 a slave to Hymen's happy power.  
 fair-one, as he fears, is frail ;  
 aright in Reason's equal scale,  
 her merit, and her faults prevail ;  
 he vows to free from amorous care,  
 it mischief from his heart to tear,  
 is azure arms, and shine again in war.  
 f the castle, in a verdant glade,  
 ng beech extends her friendly shade :

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Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;  
 Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.  
 As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,  
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;  
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,  
 Had half express'd, and half conceal'd, his flame,  
 Upon this tree : and, as the tender mark  
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,  
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,  
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.  
 As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,  
 And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,  
 Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care  
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;  
 Which, as with gay delight the lover found,  
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,  
 Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,  
 And to each swain the mystic honor shown ;  
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes :  
 To the lone tree the lovely maid invites.  
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,  
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;  
 That he must something to her ear commend,  
 On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,  
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :  
 For different this from every former note,  
 Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote ;  
 Which told her all his future hopes were laid  
 On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;  
 Which always blest'd her eyes, and own'd her

power ;  
 And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.  
 Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were

laid ;  
 The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid,  
 And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt  
 The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.  
 To her dear Henry, Emma wings her way,  
 With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay ;  
 For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid  
 To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,  
 Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,  
 And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.  
 Not Argus, with his hundred eyes, shall find  
 Where Cupid goes ; though he, poor guide ! is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye  
 To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh :  
 With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,  
 She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.  
 But, oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :  
 On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast ;  
 His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs ;  
 And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love :  
 His painted grief does real sorrow move  
 In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek  
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break ;  
 Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man  
 Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,  
 Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?  
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove  
 With the first tumults of a real love ?  
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his way,  
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey ?



Thy virgin softness hast thou o'er bewail'd,  
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd !  
 And wept the potent god's resistless dart,  
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,  
 And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart !  
 If so, with pity view my wretched state ;  
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate :  
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,  
 By Fortune favor'd, and successful arms ;  
 And only, as the Sun's revolving ray  
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,  
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,  
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.  
 For me, alas ! outcast of human race,  
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace ;  
 For, lo ! these hands in murder are imbrued ;  
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursued :  
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away ;  
 A shameful death attends my longer stay ;  
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,  
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the Moon ?  
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon ?  
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies ?  
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies ?  
 If love, alas ! be pain ; the pain I bear  
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.  
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,  
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd :  
 The god of love himself inhabits there,  
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,  
 His complement of stores, and total war.  
 O ! cease then coldly to suspect my love ;  
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.  
 Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share ;  
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;  
 No future story shall with truth upbraid  
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid ;  
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,  
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.  
 View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st, to go,  
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;  
 For I attest, fair Venus and her son,  
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way ;  
 And take good heed, what men will think and say ;  
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took ;  
 Her father's house and civil life forsook ;  
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,  
 She to the wood-land with an exile ran.  
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,  
 And virgin honor, once, is always stain'd :  
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun :  
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.  
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;  
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.  
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love,  
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told  
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :  
 Let every tongue its various censures choose ;  
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :

Fair Truth, at last, her radiant beams will raise,  
 And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.  
 Let then thy favor but indulge my flight ;  
 O ! let my presence make thy travels light ;  
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name  
 Above the rumors of censorious Fame ;  
 Nor from that busy demon's restless power  
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,  
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,  
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow !  
 With active force repel the sturdy foe !  
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,  
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;  
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,  
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day !  
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,  
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;  
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,  
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :  
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny  
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :  
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee low  
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew  
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;  
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,  
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.  
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame  
 Excite the female breast with martial flame !  
 And shall not love's diviner power inspire  
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire !  
 Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,  
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.  
 Though my inferior strength may not allow  
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow ;  
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,  
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.  
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,  
 Shouldst thou, (but Heaven avert it !) shouldst thou bleed ;  
 To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,  
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair ;  
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown  
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain  
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain !  
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,  
 From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,  
 Can they bear angry Jove ! can they resist  
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east !  
 When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,  
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;  
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,  
 Berries and acorns from the neighboring wood ;  
 And find among the cliffs no other house  
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs ;  
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye  
 Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try  
 (Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)  
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,  
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding wait !

ate, whence long excluded, thou must  
mourn :

, for ever barr'd to thy return :  
not then bewail ill-fated love,  
a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to  
rove !

## EMMA.

e of fortune did I only woe,  
decline determin'd to recede ;  
purpose to embark with thee  
ooth surface of a summer's sea ;  
tle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,  
me's favor fills the swelling sails ;  
I forsake the ship, and make the shore,  
winds whistle, and the tempests roar ?  
r, no : one sacred oath has tied  
: one destiny our life shall guide ;  
nor deep our common way divide.  
From the cave thou risest with the day,  
re woods, and rouse the bounding prey ;  
with moss and branches I'll adorn,  
rful sit, to wait my lord's return :  
n thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,  
m, archers say, thy arrows err)  
quick fuel from the neighboring wood,  
> the sparkling flint, and dress the food ;  
ible duty, and officious haste,  
he furthest mead for thy repast ;  
est herbs I to thy board will bring.  
' thy water from the freshest spring :  
n at night with weary toil oppress,  
ers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest,  
I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer  
e gods to keep thee in their care ;  
as ask, at morn's returning ray,  
ast health, and I may bless the day.  
hts shall fix, my latest wish depend,  
guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :  
we sacred names be Henry known  
i's heart ; and grateful let him own  
of all mankind, could love but him alone !

## HENRY.

thou tell'st me, what the woman's care  
he wildness of the wood prepare :  
> thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,  
re the habit and the sex behind.  
r shall thy comely tresses break  
g ringlets on thy snowy neck ;  
ind thy head, an ample round,  
ul braids with various ribbon bound :  
r shall the bodice aptly lac'd,  
full bosom to thy slender waist,  
and harmony of shape express,  
legrees, and beautifully less :  
thy lower garments' artful plait,  
fair side dependent to thy feet,  
r chaste beauties with a modest pride,  
ble every charm they seek to hide.  
ozial plenty of thy shining hair,  
and lost, scarce lower than thy ear  
ad uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide  
r shape, and comeliness of side :  
t trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee  
us, and to common eye-sight free :  
h a bolder stride and looser air,  
with men, a man thou must appear.  
litude, nor gentle peace of mind,  
maid, shalt thou in forests find :

'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,  
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.  
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view :  
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew,  
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,  
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill ;  
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,  
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :  
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,  
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :  
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,  
Assist their violence, and divide their prey :  
With such she must return at setting light,  
Though not partaker, witness of their night.  
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds  
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds  
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,  
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;  
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,  
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,  
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,  
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,  
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must for-  
sake :

By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,  
No middle object to thy choice is given.  
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love ;  
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to  
rove.

## EMMA.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates  
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates :  
Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run  
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.  
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;  
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :  
And sure my little heart can never err  
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;  
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :  
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd ;  
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.  
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.  
In a small isle, amidst the wildest seas,  
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :  
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat :  
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest :  
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.  
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,  
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :  
For thee again they shall be laid aside ;  
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride  
For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchange'd for thee,  
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee :  
O line extreme of human infamy !  
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear  
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.  
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace  
This little red and white of Emma's face.  
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,  
Lest by my look or color be express'd  
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.  
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,  
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;  
Lost to the world, let me to him be known :  
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own  
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandon'd mind !  
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,  
 Ev'n honor dubious, thou prefer'st to go  
 Wild to the woods with me : said Emma so ?  
 Or did I dream what Emma never said ?  
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !  
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same  
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame ;  
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.  
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?  
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex :  
 No longer loose desire for constant love  
 Mistake : but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st  
 to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and  
 swords,  
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?  
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,  
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !  
 More fatal Henry's words ; they murder Emma's fame.  
 And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,  
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ;  
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,  
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,  
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid ;  
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,  
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid ?  
 Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite  
 Produce my actions to severest light,  
 And tax my open day, or secret night.  
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart  
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?  
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,  
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell ?  
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known  
 One fault, but that which I must never own,  
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone ?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone :  
 Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.  
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind :  
 Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find  
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.  
 By Nature prompted, and for empire made,  
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :  
 When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,  
 We lift the battle-ax and draw the bow :  
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,  
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;  
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use ;  
 As they our conquest or delight produce.  
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,  
 The only boon departing love can give.  
 To be less wretched, be no longer true ;  
 What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue ?  
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new ;  
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth :  
 Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.  
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)  
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;  
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.  
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;  
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight :  
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep ? let Nature judge the  
 case ;

I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase  
 Of Youth and Beauty : I another saw  
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law  
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued  
 More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !  
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;  
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful claim  
 With present power compels me to her arms.  
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind,  
 (If Beauty's force to constant love can bind,)  
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid  
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;  
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,  
 With idle clamors of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err  
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.  
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows.  
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows :  
 Then, from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove  
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love ;  
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods  
 to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led ?  
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?  
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?  
 Am I of mine the most completely curst ?  
 Yet let me go with thee ; and going prove.  
 From what I will endure, how much I love.  
 This potent beauty, this triumphant fair  
 This happy object of our different care,  
 Her let me follow ; her let me attend  
 A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).  
 What she demands, incessant I'll prepare :  
 I'll weave her garlands ; and I'll plait her hair.  
 My busy diligence shall deck her board,  
 (For there at least I may approach my lord.)  
 And, when her Henry's softer hours advise  
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes  
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease  
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,  
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;  
 When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead ;  
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect.  
 With virgin honors let my hearse be deckt,  
 And decent emblem ; and at least persuade  
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid  
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she  
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.  
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe  
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,  
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove.  
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.  
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,  
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart ;  
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear  
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair ;  
 To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone  
 Bid it in lasting characters be known.  
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove ; and conscious Venus, hear  
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear

change, no future flame, shall move  
 ac'd basis of my lasting love.  
 virtue! O victorious fair!  
 muse a trial too severe:  
 triumph, and forget the war.  
 id man, condemn'd in woods to rove,  
 pardon, and implores thy love:  
 knight desires to quit thy arms,  
 action of thy sex's charms,  
 thy love, and honor of my youth!  
 Henry, with eternal truth,  
 y'st wish, shall all his life employ,  
 his glory in his Emma's joy.  
 hold the potent Edgar's heir,  
 arl: him terrible in war  
 onfess, for she has felt his sword,  
 ing fled before the British lord.  
 n peace and wealth fair Deva knows;  
 dst his spacious meadows flows;  
 urn upon his fatten'd lands;  
 s numerous herds imprint her sands.  
 u, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy  
 ought  
 a next to empire: shalt be brought  
 n pomp to my paternal seat;  
 e and plenty on thy word shall wait.  
 song shall wake the marriage-day;  
 the priests accuse the bride's delay,  
 l roses shall obstruct her way.  
 shall still thy evening feasts adorn;  
 ng Peace shall ever bless thy morn.  
 years their happy race shall run,  
 unheeded, by delight come on:  
 uperior Love shall mock his power:  
 old Time shall turn the fated hour,  
 r can our well-tied knot unfold,  
 of both, one sepulchre shall hold.  
 en for ever from my Emma's breast,  
 en of softness, and that seat of rest,  
 and fears, and all that know to move  
 ; grief, and all that trouble love,  
 r winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

## EMMA.

ie fairest sure that ever rose!  
 end of anxious Emma's woes!  
 joy, and source of her delight;  
 with pleasure, take thy happy flight,  
 ach future morn a tincture of thy white.  
 r votary, potent queen of love,  
 Henry, will he never rove?  
 ever kind, and just, and good?  
 e yet no mistress in the wood?  
 there is; the thought was rash and vain;  
 a, and a fancied pain.  
 l for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,  
 us jealousy's corroding smart;  
 nmate shall inhabit there,  
 lief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.  
 t the tides of plenty ebb and flow,  
 e's various gale unheeded blow.  
 et the suppliant goddess stands,  
 her treasure with unwearied hands;  
 t favor cautious I'll embrace,  
 thankful use the proffer'd grace:  
 ume the temporary boon,  
 er pinions, fluttering to be gone;  
 mind, I'll obviate her intent,  
 cern'd return the goods she lent.

Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,  
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel:  
 Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,  
 Must mark the color of my future hours.  
 From the events which thy commands create,  
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date;  
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet, while with close delight and inward pride  
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)  
 I see thee, lord and end of my desire,  
 Exalted high as virtue can require;  
 With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;  
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;  
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,  
 Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;  
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ  
 My life subservient only to thy joy;  
 And at my death to bless thy kindness shown  
 To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,  
 Joyful above them and around them play'd  
 Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;  
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd.  
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,  
 To choose propitious shafts, a precious store;  
 That, when their god should take his future darts,  
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,  
 His happy skill might proper arms employ.  
 All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:  
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate  
 These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopt her bridled doves;  
 Approv'd the little labor of the Loves;  
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;  
 And to the triumph call'd the god of war:  
 Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

"Now, Mars," she said, "let Fame exalt her  
 voice:

Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:  
 But, when she sings great Edward from the field  
 Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield  
 In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to  
 yield;

And when as prudent Saturn shall complete  
 The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,  
 The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,  
 To sing her favorite Anna's wondrous reign;  
 To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,  
 Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;  
 The British soldier from his high command  
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:  
 Let her, at least, perform what I desire;  
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire;  
 And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,  
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.  
 And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;  
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;  
 Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove:  
 And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

"Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;  
 And constant beauty shall reward their care."

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity  
 Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;  
 "And thou," she smiling said, "great god of days  
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise:  
 As on the British earth, my favorite isle,  
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,  
 Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,  
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.

From every annual course let one great day  
To celebrated sports and floral play  
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays  
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise  
And everlasting marks of honor paid  
To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid."

## ALMA:

OR,

## THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

## IN THREE CANTOES.

Πάντα γέλωτος, καὶ πάντα κόπης, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.  
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλλήλων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

## CANTO I.

MATTHEW\* met Richard,† when or where  
From story is not mighty clear:  
Of many knotty points they spoke,  
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.  
Rats half the manuscript have eat:  
Dire hunger! which we still regret.  
O! may they ne'er again digest  
The horrors of so sad a feast!  
Yet less our grief, if what remains,  
Dear Jacob,‡ by thy care and pains  
Shall be to future times convey'd.  
It thus begins:

Here Matthew said,  
"Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,  
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,  
Throughout the body, squat or tall,  
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.  
And yet, slap-dash, is all again  
In every sinew, nerve, and vein:  
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;  
While everywhere she rules the roast.  
"This *system*, Richard, we are told,  
The men of Oxford firmly hold.  
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny  
With *ipse dixit* to comply.  
They say, (for in good truth they speak  
With small respect of that old Greek,)  
That, putting all his words together,  
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

"Alma, they strenuously maintain,  
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain;  
And from that seat of thought dispenses  
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.  
Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,  
Like spectacles, across the eyes;  
By which the spirits bring her word,  
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,  
How quick at park and play they strike;  
The duke they court; the toast they like;  
And at St. James's turn their grace  
From former friends, now out of place.

"Without these aids, to be more serious,  
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:

The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,  
And she not known what they were doing:  
Foolish it had been, and unkind,  
That they should see, and she be blind.

"Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,  
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:  
Could Alma else with judgment tell  
When *cabbage* stinks, or *roses* smell?  
Or who would ask for her opinion  
Between an *oyster* and an *onion*?  
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,  
Some little bits ask leave to flow;  
And, as through these canals they roll,  
Bring up a sample of the whole;  
Like footmen running before coaches,  
To tell the inn what lord approaches.

"By nerves about our palate plac'd,  
She likewise judges of the taste.  
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men  
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*.  
And our ill-judging wives and daughters  
Mistake small-beer for *citron*-waters.

"Hence, too, that she might better see  
She sets a drum at either ear:  
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,  
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.

"Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling,  
(A thing she much delights to deal in.)  
A thousand little nerves she sends  
Quite to our toes and fingers' ends;  
And these, in gratitude, again  
Return their spirits to the brain;  
In which their figure being printed,  
(As just before, I think, I hinted,)  
Alma, inform'd, can try the case,  
As she had been upon the place.

"Thus, while the judge gives different  
To country counsel and attorneys,  
He on the bench in quiet sits,  
Deciding, as they bring the writs.  
The pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,  
And very seldom stirs from home:  
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,  
And having heard what they advise,  
He rules the church's blest dominions,  
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

"The scholars of the Stagyrice,  
Who for the old opinion fight,  
Would make their modern friends confess  
The difference but from more to less.  
The Mind, say they, while you sustain  
To hold her station in the brain;  
You grant, at least, she is extended:  
*Ergo* the whole dispute is ended.  
For, till to-morrow should you plead,  
From form and structure to the head,  
The Mind as visibly is seen  
Extended through the whole *machine*.  
Why should all honor then be ta'en  
From lower parts to load the brain,  
When other limbs, we plainly see,  
Each in his way as brisk as he?  
For music, grant the head receive it,  
It is the artist's hand that gave it;  
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,  
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.  
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,  
Are not his parts, but his allies;  
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim  
Comes *ab origine* from them."

\* Himself.

† Mr. Shelton.

‡ Tasson.

the head perform alone,  
 riendly aids were gone f  
 ure he must make;  
 else but sleep and ache.  
 ters it, that you can show  
 head the spirits go;  
 s started from some goal,  
 through the veins could roll.  
 ould hold them much to blame,  
 t back, before they came.  
 fore, as we must suppose,  
 from fingers, and from toes;  
 fingers, in this case,  
 's self should take the place:  
 ir, you grant thus much,  
 ation is but touch.  
 r toes into cold water,  
 pondent teeth will chatter:  
 the bottom of your feet,  
 r head into a heat.  
 eat, and happy lover,  
 : feeling lies all over.  
 re, Lucretius dares to teach  
 outh may learn from Creech)  
 ere made, but could not view,  
 mbrace, nor feet pursue:  
 s Nature did produce  
 rs first, and then the use.  
 must act was yet unknown,  
 ov'd by Chance alone.  
 first builds a country-seat,  
 the walls not good to eat.  
 nts, and wondering sees  
 or medals on his trees.  
 d philosopher  
 o durst such whims aver.  
 s sake, be human reason,  
 at all, though late in season.  
 , sure, e'er left his house,  
 led Ball, with thoughts so wild,  
 midwife to his spouse,  
 , knew she was with child.  
 ever reapt his corn,  
 he oven drew his bread,  
 nd bakers yet were born,  
 ght them both to sow and knead.  
 're ask'd, can maids refuse?  
 ay," says Dick, "hold in your Muse.  
 Pindaric truths rehearse,  
 : in *alternate* verse."—  
 at replied; "is that my care?"—  
 ooth Richard, "soft and fair."  
 oks, friend Dick, as Nature had  
 d the *salesman's* trade;  
 aply had sat down,  
 t clothes for all the town;  
 hem out to Monmouth-street,  
 t persons they would fit.  
 ree and licens'd tailor  
 is *thesis* find a failure.  
 ms like these his head perplex,  
 he work for either sex?  
 as atoms might prevail,  
 pismire, or a whale.  
 views with studious pleasure  
 , before he takes your measure.  
 ste he made the bodice,  
 ' an *ideal* goddess.  
 ar his shop-board lurk'd;  
 ie folks for whom he work'd:

Still to their size he aim'd his skill:  
 Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?

"Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,  
 Observe, how matters would miscarry:  
 Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;  
 Your spectacles upon your toes:  
 Then you and Memmius shall agree  
 How nicely men would walk, or see.

"But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,  
 Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd;  
 And still your knowledge will increase,  
 As you make other people's less.  
 In arms and science 'tis the same;  
 Our rival's hurts create our fame.  
 At Faubert's, if disputes arise  
 Among the champions for the prize,  
 To prove who gave the fairer butt,  
 John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.  
 So, for the honor of your book,  
 It tells where other folks mistook:  
 And, as their notions you confound,  
 Those you invent get farther ground.

"The commentators on old Ari-  
 stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:  
 They to their own conceits have brought  
 The image of his general thought;  
 Just as the melancholic eye  
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky;  
 And to the poor apprentice' ear  
 The bells sound, 'Whittington, lord-mayor.'  
 The conjurer thus explains his *scheme*;  
 Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;  
 North Britons thus have *second-sight*;  
 And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.

"Theodoret and Origen,  
 And fifty other learned men,  
 Attest, that, if their comments find  
 The traces of their master's mind,  
 Alma can ne'er decay nor die:  
 This flatly t' other sect deny;  
 Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,  
 Great names, but hard in verso to stand.  
 They wonder men should have mistook  
 The *tenets* of their master's book,  
 And hold, that Alma yields her breath,  
 O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.  
 Now which were wise? and which were fools?  
 Poor Alma sits between two stools:  
 The more she reads, the more perplex;  
 The comment ruining the text:  
 Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:  
 But, Richard, let her look to that—  
 Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

"These different *systems*, old or new,  
 A man with half an eye may see,  
 Were only form'd to disagree.  
 Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,  
 And save much Christian ink's effusion,  
 Let me propose an healing *scheme*,  
 And sail along the middle stream;  
 For, Dick, if we could reconcile  
 Old Aristotle with Gassendus,  
 How many would admire our toil!

And yet how few would comprehend us!  
 "Here, Richard, let my *scheme* commence;  
 Oh! may my words be lost in sense!  
 While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write  
 The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

"My simple *system* shall suppose  
 That Alma enters at the *ves*;

That then she mounts by just degrees  
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;  
Next, as the sap of life does rise,  
She lends her vigor to the thighs;  
And all these under-regions past,  
She nestles somewhere near the waist;  
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,  
As we shall show at large hereafter.  
Mature, if not improv'd by time,  
Up to the heart she loves to climb;  
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,  
She makes the head her latest stage.

"From the feet upward to the head"—  
"Pithy and short," says Dick, "proceed."  
"Dick, this is not an idle notion:  
Observe the progress of the motion.  
First, I demonstratively prove,  
That feet were only made to move;  
And legs desire to come and go,  
For they have nothing else to do.

"Hence, long before the child can crawl,  
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:  
To hinder which, your midwife knows  
To bind those parts extremely close;  
Lest Alma, newly enter'd in,  
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,  
Fearful of future grief and pain,  
Should silently sneak out again.  
Full piteous seems young Alma's case;  
As in a luckless gamester's place,  
She would not play, yet must not pass.

"Again; as she grows something stronger,  
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,  
If in the night too oft he kicks,  
Or shows his locomotive tricks;  
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;  
When half asleep, she overlays him.

"Now mark, dear Richard, from the age  
That children tread this worldly stage,  
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,  
And round the parlor love to ride;  
Till thoughtful father's pious care  
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,  
With supplemental hobby-horses:  
And happy be their infant courses!

"Hence for some years they ne'er stand still:  
Their legs, you see, direct their will;  
From opening morn till setting sun,  
Around the fields and woods they run;  
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,  
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can say.

"To her next stage as Alma flies,  
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,  
With *sympathetic* power she warms  
Their good allies and friends, the arms;  
While Betty dances on the green,  
And Susan is at stool-ball seen;  
While John for nine-pins does declare,  
And Rogor loves to pitch the bar:  
Both legs and arms spontaneous move;  
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

"Another motion now she makes:  
O, need I name the seat she takes?  
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;  
The sport and race no more he minds;  
Neglected Tray and pointer lie,  
And covies unmolested fly.  
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,  
And for the nymph in secret grieves.

In dying accents he complains  
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.  
The nymph too long to be alone,  
Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.  
The nymph is warm'd with young desire  
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.  
They meet each evening in the grove;  
Their parley but augments their love:  
So to the priest their case they tell:  
He ties the knot; and all goes well.

"But, O my Muse, just distance keep;  
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.  
In nine months' time, the bodice loose,  
And petticoats too short, disclose  
That at this age the active mind  
About the waist lies most confin'd;  
And that young life and quickening sense  
Spring from his influence darted thence.  
So from the middle of the world  
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:  
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,  
Which quicken Earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,  
Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat  
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,  
And thus the youth put in his word.  
"Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find  
A higher place than you assign'd him."

"Love's advocates! Dick, who are th'  
"The poets, you may well suppose.  
I'm sorry, sir, you have discarded  
The men with whom till now you herde  
*Prose-men* alone, for private ends,  
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.  
*In cor stillavit*, cries Lucretius;  
If he may be allow'd to teach us.  
The self-same thing soft Ovid says,  
(A proper judge in such a case.)  
Horace's phrase is, *torret jecur*;  
And happy was that curious speaker.  
Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.  
What signifies too long quotation?  
In ode and epic, plain the case is,  
That Love holds one of these two places.

"Dick, without passion or reflection,  
I'll straight demolish this objection.

"First, poets, all the world agrees,  
Write half to profit, half to please.  
Matter and figure they produce;  
For garnish this, and that for use:  
And in the structure of their feasts,  
They seek to feed and please their guest.  
But one may balk this good intent,  
And take things otherwise than meant.  
Thus, if you dine with my lord-mayor,  
Roast-beef and venison is your fare;  
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard  
And persevere in tart and custard:  
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*  
Help only to adorn the meal;  
And painted flags, superb and neat,  
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.  
The man of sense his meat devours,  
But only smells the peel and flowers;  
And he must be an idle dreamer,  
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the strear.  
"That Cupid goes with bow and arrow  
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrow:  
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,  
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.

have sometimes shown  
 me, but oftener none.  
 ceives, what bards devise,  
 n is plac'd in Celia's eyes;  
 he sense, direct and moral,  
 re pearl, or lips are coral?  
 race owns, he various writ,  
 ober maggots bit:  
 too much the poet ranted,  
 ikosopher recanted,  
 pistles may disprove  
 Odes he made to Love.  
 is keeps a mighty pother  
 and his fancied mother;  
 eat queen of Earth and Air,  
 t winds and seas obey her;  
 her honor he rehearses,  
 r to inspire his verses.  
 e from this poetic madness,  
 e says, in sober sadness,  
 d all her fellow-gods  
 their high abodes,  
 f this world below,  
 r hanging, weal or woe;  
 sturb their heavenly spirits  
 's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.  
 can Latin poets prove  
 the real seat of Love.  
 urn, and cor they pierce,  
 et supplies their verse;  
 ask the reason for't,  
 a long, and t'other short.  
 ume, the British Muse  
 e freedom strangers use.  
 property is greater:  
 it then be less in metre?  
 rows a single dart,  
 im wound the lover's heart:  
 kes his bow and quiver,  
 must transfix the liver:  
 with reason may dispense,  
 has right to govern sense.  
 your friends in verse suppose,  
 shall be allow'd in prose;  
 can make it clear,  
 minds his own affair;  
 dies our public uses,  
 nd strains the vital juices;  
 me useful bile aside,  
 chyle's insipid tide:  
 uld want both gibe and satire;  
 burst with pure good-nature.  
 bitter with a witness,  
 all delight and sweetness.  
 en has lost its aim,  
 d bitter be the same:  
 thinks, is no great scholar,  
 istake desire for choler.  
 e may of the heart be said;  
 i terror there are bred.  
 those hearts are loose and low,  
 y hear but the tattoo:  
 physical their fear is;  
 noise of combat near is,  
 descending to their breeches,  
 heir stomach cruel twitches.  
 who o'ercome or die,  
 hearts hung extremely high,  
 of which, in battle's heat,  
 ir very corslets beat;

Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,  
 And yield them most excessive pleasure.

"Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart  
 That Courage does itself exert,  
 'Twill be prodigious hard to prove  
 That this is eke the throne of Love.  
 Would Nature make one place the seat  
 Of fond desire, and fell debate?  
 Must people only take delight in  
 Those hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?  
 And has no man, but who has kill'd  
 A father, right to get a child?  
 These notions then I think but idle;  
 And Love shall still possess the middle.

"This truth more plainly to discover,  
 Suppose your hero were a lover.  
 Though he before had gall and rage,  
 Which death or conquest must assuage,  
 He grows dispirited and low;  
 He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

"In scornful sloth Achilles slept,  
 And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:  
 Nor would return to war and slaughter,  
 Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

"Antonius fled from Actium's coast,  
 Augustus pressing, Asia lost:  
 His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,  
 To keep the fair, he gave the world.  
 Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,  
 Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd,  
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care,  
 Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,  
 Chang'd peace and power for rage and wars,  
 Only to dry one widow's tears—

"France's fourth Henry we may see  
 A servant to the fair d'Estree;  
 When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,  
 And Fortune taught at length to yield,  
 He from his guards and midnight tent  
 Disguis'd o'er hills and valleys went,  
 To wanton with the sprightly dame,  
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.

"Bold is the critic who dares prove  
 These heroes were no friends to love;  
 And bolder he, who dares aver  
 That they were enemies to war.  
 Yet, when their thought should, now or never,  
 Have rais'd their heart, or fir'd their liver,  
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone,  
 Which Love more justly calls his own.

"Examples I could cite you more;  
 But be contented with these four:  
 For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,  
 Four are as valid as four dozen.  
 One came from Greece, and one from Rome;  
 The other two grew nearer home.  
 For some in ancient books delight;  
 Others prefer what moderns write:  
 Now I should be extremely loth,  
 Not to be thought expert in both."

## CANTO II.

"But shall we take the Muse abroad,  
 To drop her idly on the road?  
 And leave our subject in the middle,  
 As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle?  
 Yet he, consummate master, knew,  
 When to recede, and where pursue:



His noble negligences teach  
 What others' toils despair to reach.  
 He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,  
 And balances your fear and hope :  
 If, after some distinguish'd leap,  
 He drops his pole, and seems to slip,  
 Straight gathering all his active strength,  
 He rises higher half his length.

With wonder you approve his sleight,  
 And owe your pleasure to your fright :  
 But like poor Andrew I advance,  
 False *mimic* of my master's dance.  
 Around the cord awhile I sprawl,  
 And thence, though low, in earnest fall.

"My preface tells you, I digress'd :  
 He's half absolv'd who has confess'd."

"I like," quoth Dick, "your *simile*,  
 And, in return, take two from me.  
 As masters in the *claire obscure*  
 With various light your eyes allure,  
 A flaming yellow here they spread,  
 Draw off in blue, or charge in red ;  
 Yet, from these colors oddly mix'd,  
 Your sight upon the whole is fix'd :  
 Or as, again, your courtly dames  
 (Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)  
 By arts improve the stuffs they vary,  
 And things are best as most contrary ;  
 The gown, with stiff embroidery shining,  
 Looks charming with a slighter lining ;  
 The out-, if Indian figure stain,  
 The in-side must be rich and plain.

So you great authors have thought fit  
 To make digression temper wit :  
 When arguments too fiercely glare,  
 You calm them with a milder air :  
 To break their points, you turn their force,  
 And *subbelow* the plain discourse."

"Richard," quoth Mat, "these words of thine  
 Speak something sly, and something fine :  
 But I shall e'en resume my *theme*,  
 However thou may'st praise or blame.

"As people marry now, and settle,  
 Fierce Love abates his usual mettle :  
 Worldly desires, and household cares,  
 Disturb the godhead's soft affairs :  
 So now, as health or temper changes,  
 In larger compass Alma ranges.  
 This day below, the next above,  
 As light or solid whimsies move.  
 So merchant has his house in town,  
 And country-seat near Bansted-down :  
 From one he dates his foreign letters,  
 Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors :  
 In t'other, at his hours of leisure,  
 He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

"And now your matrimonial Cupid,  
 Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid.  
 For story and experience tell us  
 That man grows old, and woman jealous.  
 Both would their little ends secure ;  
 He sighs for freedom, she for power :  
 His wishes tend abroad to roam,  
 And hers to domineer at home.  
 Thus passion flags by slow degrees,  
 And, ruffled more, delighted less,  
 The busy mind does seldom go  
 To those once-charming seats below ;  
 But, in the breast encamp'd, prepares  
 For well-bred feints and future war.

The man suspects his lady's crying  
 (When he last autumn lay a-dying)  
 Was but to gain him to appoint her  
 By codicil a larger jointure.

The woman finds it all a trick,  
 That he could swoon when she was sick  
 And knows, that in that grief he reck'd  
 On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

"Thus having strove some tedious y  
 With feign'd desires, and real fears ;  
 And, tir'd with answers and replies  
 Of John affirms, and Martha lies,  
 Leaving this endless altercation,  
 The Mind affects a higher station.

"Politis, that generous king of Thra  
 I think, was in this very case.

All Asia now was by the ears,  
 And gods beat up for volunteers  
 To Greece and Troy ; while Politis sat  
 In quiet governing his state.

'And whence,' said the pacific king,  
 'Does all this noise and discord spring  
 'Why, Paris took Atrides' wife.'—

'With ease I could compose this strife :  
 The injur'd hero should not lose,  
 Nor the young lover want a spouse.  
 But Helen chang'd her first condition,  
 Without her husband's just permission.  
 What from the dame can Paris hope ?  
 She may as well from him elope.

Again, how can her old good man,  
 With honor, take her back again ?  
 From hence I logically gather,  
 The woman cannot live with either.  
 Now, I have two right honest wives,  
 For whose possession no man strives :  
 One to Atrides I will send,  
 And t'other to my Trojan friend.

Each prince shall thus with honor hav  
 What both so warmly seem to crave :  
 The wrath of gods and man shall cease  
 And Politis live and die in peace.'

"Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,  
 Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

"Howe'er swift Alma's flight may  
 (Take this by way of *corollary*)

Some limbs she finds the very same,  
 In place, in dignity, in name :  
 These dwell at such convenient distan  
 That each may give his friend assistan

Thus he who runs or dances begu  
 The equal vigor of two legs ;  
 So much to both does Alma trust,  
 She ne'er regards which goes the first.

Teague could make neither of them st

When with himself he ran away.

The man who struggles in the fight,

Fatigues left arm as well as right ;

For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,

And on the earth extends the foe,

T'other would take it wondrous ill,

If in your pocket it lay still.

And, when you shoot, and shut one ey

You cannot think he would deny

To lend the other friendly aid,

Or wink as coward, and afraid.

No, sir ; whilst he withdraws his flame

His comrade takes the surer aim :

One moment if his beams recede,

As soon as e'er the bird is dead,

ain, he lays his claim  
 profit, half the fame,  
 to pocket up the game.  
 He tradesman slips away,  
 partner fairer play.  
 mbe again, in bulk or stature  
 not akin by nature,  
 ct, like modern friends,  
 e serves the other's ends.  
 us waits upon the heart,  
 take the bully's part,  
 hough warm, decides more slow  
 er executes the blow.  
 y may chance to have it,  
 himself perceives he gave it.  
 orous eyes thus always go  
 for their friends below ;  
 efore the squire and dame  
 -tête reliev'd their flame,  
 et are brought about,  
 sympathy looks out,  
 rimel, and longs to meet her,  
 sees, is sure to greet her,  
 ash-window, on the stairs,  
 ay (authors say) at prayers.—  
 ernal of some valiant knight  
 his thing its proper light.  
 vo gauntlets; these declare  
 his hands were us'd to war.  
 his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd  
 re equally concern'd.  
 ou not, with thought, beheld  
 hang dangling o'er the shield ?  
 ws the breast, that plate was us'd to,  
 y right arm to trust to :  
 e peep-holes in his crest,  
 rtually confest,  
 his eyes took distant aim,  
 d respect to that bright dame,  
 elight his hope he center'd,  
 rose glove his life was ventur'd ?  
 ons to my general *system*  
 erhaps; and I have mist them ;  
 all to my assistance  
 mark that!) and distance;  
 that all things, on occasion,  
 and desire adhesion ;  
 merely is a scale,  
 as, like the weights, prevail.  
 side turn down nor up,  
 r gain, with fear or hope,  
 e always would hang even,  
 met's tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heaven.  
 ichard, is a curious case :  
 ur eyes sent equal rays  
 distant pots of ale,  
 ng which was mild or stale :  
 state your doubtful choice  
 er have the casting voice ;  
 t or worst you could not think,  
 u must for want of drink ;  
 e chance inclines your sight,  
 pot in fairer light ;  
 prefer or A, or B,  
 d angles best agree :  
 resolvd impels your will :  
 your hand—so drink your fill.  
 ou not seen a baker's maid  
 wo equal panniers sway'd ?

Her tallies useless lie, and idle,  
 If plac'd exactly in the middle :  
 But, forc'd from this unactive state  
 By virtue of some casual weight,  
 On either side you hear them clatter,  
 And judge of right and left hand matter.  
 "Now, Richard, this coercive force,  
 Without your choice, must take its course ;  
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,  
 Like loaded needles to the north.  
 And thou and I, by power unseen,  
 Are barely passive, and suck'd-in  
 To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,  
 As straw and paper are by amber.  
 If we sit down to play or set,  
 (Suppose at *ombre* or *basset*.)  
 Let people call us cheats or fools,  
 Our cards and we are equal tools.  
 We sure in vain the cards condemn :  
 Ourselves both cut and shuffled them.  
 In vain on Fortune's aid rely :  
 She only is a stander-by.  
 Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they  
 Do some impulsive force obey :  
 And are but play'd with—do not play.  
 But space and matter we should blame ;  
 They palm'd the trick that lost the game.  
 "Thus, to save further contradiction  
 Against what you may think but fiction,  
 I for attraction, Dick, declare :  
 Deny it those bold men that dare.  
 As well your motion, as your thought,  
 Is all by hidden impulse wrought :  
 Ev'n saying that you think or walk,  
 How like a country squire you talk !  
 "Mark then ;—Where fancy, or desire.  
 Collects the beams of vital fire ;  
 Into that limb fair Alma slides,  
 And there, *pro tempore*, resides.  
 She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,  
 When Pyrrhus chants the heavenly song.  
 When Pedro does the lute command,  
 She guides the cunning artist's hand.  
 Through Macer's gullet she runs down,  
 When the vile glutton dines alone.  
 And, void of modesty and thought,  
 She follows Bibb's endless draught.  
 Through the soft sex again she ranges,  
 As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.  
 Fair Alma, careless and serene,  
 In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen ;  
 While they diffuse their infant beams,  
 Themselves not conscious of their flames.  
 Again fair Alma sits confest  
 On Florimel's experter breast ;  
 When she the rising sigh constrains,  
 And, by concealing, speaks her pains.  
 In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,  
 When the vain thing her jewels shows :  
 When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,  
 Fair Alma plays about her waist :  
 And when the swelling hoop sustains  
 The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns  
 Into that lower space to enter,  
 Of the large round herself the centre.  
 "Again : that single limb or feature,  
 (Such is the cogent force of Nature,)  
 Which most did Alma's passion move  
 In the first object of her love,

For ever will be found confest,  
 And printed on the amorous breast.  
 "O Abelard! ill-fated youth,  
 Thy tale will justify this truth:  
 But well I weet, thy cruel wrong  
 Adorns a nobler poet's song.  
 Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,  
 With kind concern and skill has weav'd  
 A silken web; and ne'er shall fade  
 Its colors; gently has he laid  
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress,  
 And Venus shall the texture bless.  
 He o'er the weeping nun has drawn  
 Such artful folds of sacred lawn,  
 That Love, with equal grief and pride,  
 Shall see the crime he strives to hide,  
 And, softly drawing back the veil,  
 The god shall to his votaries tell  
 Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,  
 That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.  
 Happy the poet, blest the lays,  
 Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise!

"Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,  
 A hundred gambols Alma plays.  
 If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,  
 Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;  
 Though gout and age his speed detain,  
 Old John halloo his hounds again;  
 By his fire-side he starts the hare,  
 And turns her in his wicker-chair;  
 His feet, however lame, you find,  
 Have got the better of his Mind.

"If, while the Mind was in her leg,  
 The dance affected nimble Peg;  
 Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,  
 Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.  
 In public mask, or private ball,  
 From Lincoln's-inn to Goldsmiths'-hall,  
 All Christmas long away she trudges,  
 Trips it with prentices and judges.  
 In vain her children urge her stay,  
 And age or palsy bar the way.  
 But, if those images prevail  
 Which whilom did affect the tail,  
 She still renews the ancient scene,  
 Forgets the forty years between:  
 Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,  
 Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;  
 O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,  
 She cheats her son, to wed her page.

"If Alma, whilst the man was young,  
 Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue,  
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,  
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.  
 On any point if you dispute,  
 Depend upon it, he'll confute:  
 Change sides, and you increase your pain,  
 For he'll confute you back again.  
 For one may speak with Tully's tongue,  
 Yet all the while be in the wrong.  
 And 'tis remarkable, that they  
 Talk most, who have the least to say.  
 Your dainty speakers have the curse,  
 To plead bad causes down to worse:  
 As dames, who native beauty want,  
 Still uglier look, the more they paint.

"Again: if in the female sex  
 Alma should on this member fix,  
 (A cruel and a desperate case,  
 From which Heaven shield my lovely lam!)

For evermore all care is vain,  
 That would bring Alma down again.  
 As, in habitual gout or stone,  
 The only thing that can be done,  
 Is to correct your drink and diet,  
 And keep the inward foe in quiet;  
 So, if for any sins of ours,  
 Or our forefathers', higher powers,  
 Severe, though just, afflict our life  
 With that prime ill, a talking wife;  
 Till Death shall bring the kind relief,  
 We must be patient, or be deaf.

"You know a certain lady, Dick,  
 Who saw me when I last was sick:  
 She kindly talk'd, at least three hours.  
 Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers;  
 Describ'd our pre-existing station,  
 Before this vile terrene creation;  
 And, lest I should be wearied, madam,  
 To cut things short, came down to Adam;  
 From whence, as fast as she was able,  
 She drowns the world, and builds up Babel  
 Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,  
 And takes the Romans in the close.

"But we'll descant on general nature:  
 This is a system, not a satire.

"Turn we this globe, and let us see  
 How different nations disagree  
 In what we wear, or eat and drink;  
 Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.  
 In water as you smell and taste  
 The soils through which it rose and past,  
 In Alma's manners you may read  
 The place where she was born and bred.

"One people from their swaddling-bands  
 Releases their infants' feet and hands;  
 Here Alma to these limbs was brought,  
 And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.

"Another taught their babes to talk,  
 Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:  
 There Alma settled in the tongue,  
 And orators from Athens sprung.

"Observe but in these neighboring lands  
 The different use of mouths and hands;  
 As men repose'd their various hopes,  
 In battles these, and those in tropes.

"In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,  
 The ladies trip in petticoats;  
 Which, for the honor of their nation,  
 They quit but on some great occasion.

"Men there in breeches clad you view:  
 They claim that garment as their due.  
 In Turkey the reverse appears;  
 Long coats the haughty husband wears,  
 And greets his wife with angry speeches,  
 If she be seen without her breeches.

"In our fantastic climes, the fair  
 With cleanly powder dry their hair:  
 And round their lovely breast and head  
 Fresh flowers their mingled odors shed.  
 Your nicer Hottentots think meet  
 With guts and tripe to deck their feet:  
 With downcast looks on Totta's legs  
 The ogling youth most humbly begs  
 She would not from his hopes remove  
 At once his breakfast and his love:  
 And, if the skittish nymph should fly,  
 He in a double sense must die.

"We simple toasters take delight  
 To see our women's teeth look white.

ucy ill-bred fellow  
 outh profoundly yellow.  
 e hold women sweet,  
 mags are black as jet.  
 put nine queens to death,  
 atute, *Ivory Teeth*.  
 in, if a prince should die,  
 rite, who never lie,  
 f counsellor, and priest,  
 im most, and lov'd him best,  
 light his funeral fire,  
 on the pile expire.  
 ould be hard to find  
 e one half so kind.  
 e we to the farthest east,  
 erve the gentry dress.  
 and his royal sisters,  
 ten thousand comely blisters;  
 maining on the skin,  
 uality within.  
 ashes deck the great:  
 ls in birth or state,  
 es are more and ampler:  
 wn body was a sampler.  
 imate, where the beau  
 me suit for use and show:  
 ll expense, your wife,  
 pink'd, is cloth'd for life.  
 d again, the Indian fair  
 ar'd with fat of bear:  
 e, you smell your toast;  
 she who stinks the most.  
 arks and cleanest beaux  
 shoulders to the toes:  
 eir skins! their joints how easy!  
 only are not greasy!  
 d different ways of breeding:  
 our children's reading.  
 hn the English maid  
 gives of gingerbread;  
 child may learn the better,  
 me, he eats the letter.  
 hus with vast delight,  
 d gnaws, from left to right.  
 ebrew's hopeful son  
 ppose the book begun,  
 ould thank you for your kindness,  
 te backward from our *finis*.  
 arning ne'er so fast,  
 ld be reserv'd the last.  
 instance of this matter  
 mers of a daughter.  
 a harmless maid,  
 d by Love betray'd,  
 wife, become a nurse,  
 ould look on her the worse.  
 mpier's Travels tell ye,  
 Index for Pagelli.)  
 ritish ships unmoor,  
 g-boat rows to shore,  
 he nobles of the land:  
 his daughter in his hand,  
 e imperious tar  
 but one hour his care.  
 other stands affrighted,  
 daughter should be slighted:  
 s Yaya dreads the shame  
 k the maid she came.  
 how custom, Dick, compels  
 t in *Europe dwells*:

After her tea, she slips away,  
 And what to do, one need not say.  
 Now see how great Pomonque's queen  
 Behav'd herself amongst the men:  
 Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul  
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl;  
 And sprinkled in the captain's face  
 The marks of her peculiar grace.—  
 "To close this point, we need not roam  
 For instances so far from home.  
 What parts gay France from sober Spain?  
 A little rising rocky chain.  
 Of men born south or north o'th' hill,  
 Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.  
 Dick, you love maps, and may perceive  
 Rome not far distant from Geneve.  
 If the good pope remains at home,  
 He's the first prince in Christendom.  
 Choose then, good pope, at home to stay,  
 Nor westward curious take thy way:  
 Thy way unhappy should'st thou take  
 From Tyber's bank to Leman lake,  
 Thou art an aged priest no more,  
 But a young flaring painted whore:  
 Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone;  
 No longer Rome, but Babylon.  
 That some few leagues should make this change  
 To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.  
 "But need we, friend, insist on this?  
 Since, in the very Canton Swiss,  
 All your philosophers agree,  
 And prove it plain, that one may be  
 A heretic, or true believer,  
 On this, or t'other side a river."  
 "Here," with an artful smile, quoth Dick,  
 "Your proofs come mighty full and thick."  
 The bard, on this extensive chapter  
 Wound up into poetic rapture,  
 Continued: "Richard, cast your eye,  
 By night, upon a winter-sky:  
 Cast it by day-light on the strand,  
 Which compasses fair Albion's land:  
 If you can count the stars that glow  
 Above, or sands that lie below,  
 Into those commonplaces look,  
 Which from great authors I have took,  
 And count the proofs I have collected,  
 To have my writings well protected.  
 These I lay by for time of need,  
 And thou may'st at thy leisure read.  
 For, standing every critic's rage,  
 I safely will to future age  
 My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,  
 Victorious over Spite and Death."

## CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,  
 Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep;  
 And sense like this, in vocal breath,  
 Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.  
 Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought,  
 Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.  
 Old Homer taught us thus to speak;  
 If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.  
 "As folks," quoth Richard, "prone to leasing,  
 Say things at first, because they're pleasing,  
 Then prove what they have once asserted,  
 Nor care to have their lie deserted,

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,  
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em :  
Or as, again, those amorous blades,  
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,  
Though at the first their wild desire  
Was but to quench a present fire ;  
Yet if the object of their love  
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,  
They seldom let the bantling roar  
In basket at a neighbor's door ;  
But, by the flattering glass of Nature  
Viewing themselves in *cake-bread's* feature,  
With serious thought and care support  
What only was begun in sport :

"Just so with you, my friend, it fares,  
Who deal in philosophic wares.  
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,  
To gratify your private pleasure ;  
Till airy seeds of casual wit  
Do some fantastic birth beget ;  
And, pleas'd to find your system mended  
Beyond what you at first intended,  
The happy whimsey you pursue,  
Till you at length believe it true.  
Caught by your own delusive art,  
You fancy first, and then assert."

Quoth Matthew : "Friend, as far as I  
Through Art or Nature cast my eye,  
This axiom clearly I discern,  
That one must teach, and t'other learn.  
No fool Pythagoras was thought ;  
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,  
He made his listening scholars stand,  
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand :  
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,  
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,  
Might have refus'd to let his ears  
Attend the music of the spheres ;  
Denied all transmigrating scenes,  
And introduced the use of beans.  
From great Lucretius take his void,  
And all the world is quite destroy'd.  
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter,  
You leave him neither fire nor water.  
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,  
If you, in answer to his book,  
Say in the front of your discourse,  
That things have no elastic force !  
How could our *chymic* friends go on,  
To find the *philosophic* stone,  
If you more powerful reasons bring,  
To prove that there is no such thing ?

"Your chiefs in sciences and arts  
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.  
They find she giddy is, or dull :  
She doubts if things are void, or full :  
And who should be presum'd to tell  
What she herself should see, or feel ?  
She doubts if two and two make four,  
Though she has told them ten times o'er.  
It can't—it may be—and it must ;  
To which of these must Alma trust ?  
Nay further yet they make her go  
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.  
Can *sylogism* set things right ?  
No : *majors* soon with *minors* fight ;  
Or, both in friendly consort join'd,  
The *consequence* limps false behind.  
So to some cunning man she goes,  
And asks of him, how much she knows.

With patience grave he hears her speak,  
And from his short notes gives her back  
What from her tale he comprehended ;  
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

"From the account the loser brings,  
The conjurer knows who stole the things."  
"Squire," interrupted Dick, "since who  
Were you amongst these cunning men ?"

"Dear Dick," quoth Mat, "let not thy  
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.

I tell thee, this is Alma's case,  
Still asking what some wise man says,  
Who does his mind in words reveal,  
Which all must grant, though few can see  
You tell your doctor that y're ill :  
And what does he, but write a bill ?  
Of which you need not read one letter :  
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.  
For if you knew but what you take,  
Though you recover, he must break.

"*Ideas, forms, and intellects,*  
Have furnish'd out three different sects,  
*Substance, or accident,* divides  
All Europe into adverse sides.

"Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,  
You must have friends to back your cause  
In *philosophic* matters so  
Your judgment must with others go :  
For as in senates, so in schools,  
Majority of voices rules.

"Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,  
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err ;  
With panting haste, and quick surprise,  
From every leaf that stirs, she flies ;  
Till, mingled with the neighboring herd,  
She slights what erst she singly fear'd :  
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,  
She dares pursue, if they dare lead ;  
As their example still prevails,  
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales."  
"He then," quoth Dick, "who by your  
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool ;  
As party man, who leaves the rest,  
Is call'd but *whimsical*\* at best.

"Now, by your favor, master Mat,  
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.  
I must be listed in your sect,  
Who, though they teach not, can protect."

"Right, Richard," Mat in triumph cried  
"So put off all mistrust and pride.  
And, while my principles I beg,  
Pray answer only with your leg.  
Believe what friendly I advise :  
Be first secure, and then be wise.  
The man within the coach that sits,  
And to another's skill submits,  
Is safer much, (what'er arrives),  
And warmer too, than he that drives.

"So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,  
And I will pour into thy ear  
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose  
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.  
Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply :  
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

"When Alma now, in different ages,  
Has finish'd her ascending stages,

\* Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were  
guished by that appellation.

read at length she gets,  
in public grandeur sits,  
of things, and censure wits.

Richard, how could I explain  
your labyrinths of the brain!  
my readers, whilst I tell 'em  
how, and *cerebellum*!

Would I play the commentator  
and on *pia mater*!

Hot and cold, and dry and wet,  
each the other's place to get;

In incessant toil and strife,  
in possession during life.

Monstrate every pore,  
Memory lays up all her store;

And inch compute the station  
of judgment and imagination.

! I could display much learning,  
to men of small discerning.

It contains ten thousand cells:  
some active fancy dwells;

Always is at work, and framing  
rational follies I was naming.

Give's vinaceous dome.

Sand bees enjoy their home,  
as her studious actions vary,

And come, to fetch and carry;  
It renews her little labor,

As her assiduous neighbor:  
Whilst this *thesis* I maintain,

Dick, I know thy brain.

He mighty *theme* affected,  
but see thy head dissected!"

Head!" quoth Dick, "to serve your  
him!

It, and take some other limb.

Our nice affairs of *system*,  
I propose; but fools assist 'em."

Matthew, "Richard, keep thy head,  
I thy peace; and I'll proceed."

Head!" quoth Dick: "Sir, I aver,  
I already gone too far.

Simple once are in the wrong,  
as they add is much too long.

Test walks, but walks astray,  
farthest from his way.

Our conceits! must I believe,  
absurd, what you conceive;

Your friendship, live and die  
in philosophy?

Whatever you maintain

in the heart or brain,

Next man alive may tell ye,  
of empire is the belly:

Once she sends out those supplies,  
make us either stout or wise;

Length of every other member  
ed on your belly-timber;

Limbs or raptures of your blood  
proportion to your food;

You would improve your thought,  
it be fed as well as taught.

Each makes your fabric roll,  
he bias rules the bowl.

At Achilles might employ  
length design'd to ruin Troy;

On lion's marrow, spread  
of ammunition bread:

But, by his mother sent away,  
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,

Effeminate he sat, and quiet:

Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!

Now give my argument fair play,

And take the thing the other way:

The youngster, who at nine and three

Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,

From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,

Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke:

He pays due visits after noon

To cousin Alice and uncle John.

At ten from coffee-house or play

Returning, finishes the day.

But, give him port and potent sack,

From *milk-sop* he starts up *Molack*;

Holds that the happy know no hours;

So through the street at midnight scours,

Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,

And thence proceeds to nicking sashes;

Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,

And first knock'd down, and then led home,

He damns the footman, strikes the maid,

And decently reels up to bed.

"Observe the various operations

Of food and drink in several nations.

Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel

Upon the strength of water-gruel!

But who shall stand his rage and force,

If first he rides, then eats his horse?

Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,

Tune the Italian spark's guitar.

And, if I take Dan Congreve right,

Pudding and beef make Britons fight.

Tokay and coffee cause this work

Between the German and the Turk;

And both, as they provisions want,

Chicane avoid, retire and faint.

"Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,

Give the same death in different words.

To push this argument no further;

To starve a man, in law is murder.

"As in a watch's fine machine,

Though many artful springs are seen;

The added movements, which declare

How full the Moon, how old the year,

Derive their secondary power

From that which simply points the hour.

For, though those gimcracks were away,

(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)

However more reduc'd and plain,

The watch would still a watch remain:

But, if the *horal-orbit* ceases,

The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;

Is now no longer what it was,

And you may e'en go sell the case.

So, if unprejudic'd you scan

The goings of this clock-work man,

You find a hundred movements made

By fine devices in his head;

But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke

That tells his being what's o'clock.

If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,

He talks no more in mode and figure;

Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,

His buildings fall, his ship stands still;

Or, lastly, break his *politic*-weight,

His voice no longer rules the state.

Yet, if these finer whims are gone,  
Your clock, though plain, would still go on;  
But spoil the engine of digestion,  
And you entirely change the question.  
Alma's affairs no power can mend;  
The jest, alas! is at an end:  
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,  
And you consign the corpse to Russell.

"Now make your Alma come or go  
From leg to hand, from top to toe,  
Your *system*, without my addition,  
Is in a very sad condition.

So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,  
Fit for the war, or road, or course!  
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,  
His foot was sure as ever trod:  
One fault he had (a fault indeed!)  
And what was that? the horse was dead."

"Dick, from these instances and fetches,  
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,"  
Quoth Mat, "to me thou seem'st to mean,  
That Alma is a mere *machine*:  
That, telling others what's o'clock,  
She knows not what herself has struck;  
But leaves to standers-by the trial  
Of what is mark'd upon her dial."

"Here hold a blow, good friend," quoth Dick,  
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.  
"Fight fair, sir: what I never meant  
Don't you infer. In argument  
Similies are like songs in love:  
They much describe; they nothing prove."

Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,  
Tost up his nose, and would have cavill'd;  
But, calling Hermes to his aid,  
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:  
(Where mind 'tis for the author's fame)  
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.  
In danger heroes, and in doubt  
Poets find gods to help them out.)

"Friend Richard, I begin to see,  
That you and I shall scarce agree.  
Observe how oddly you behave:  
The more I grant, the more you crave.  
But, comrade, as I said just now,  
I should affirm, and you allow.  
We *system*-makers can sustain

The *thesis*, which you grant was plain;  
And with remarks and comments tease ye,  
In case the thing before was easy.

But, in a point obscure and dark,  
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;  
And, when no reason we can show,  
Why matters this or that way go,  
The shortest way the thing we try,  
And what we know not, we deny;  
True to our own o'erbearing pride,  
And false to all the world beside.

"That old philosopher grew cross,  
Who could not tell what motion was:  
Because he walk'd against his will,  
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.  
And he who, reading on the heart,  
(When all his *quodlibets* of art  
Could not expound its pulse and heat)  
Swore he had never felt it beat.

Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,  
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,

That all things, which our mind can view,  
May be at once both false and true.  
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,  
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:  
Says he, 'So little can our mind  
Of matter or of spirit find,  
That we by guess at least may gather  
Something, which may be both, or neither.'  
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true,  
(But this is only *entre nous*)

That many knotty points there are,  
Which all discuss, but few can clear;  
As Nature slyly had thought fit,  
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit:  
Circles to square, and cubes to double,  
Would give a man excessive trouble;  
The longitude uncertain roams,  
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.  
What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd  
The cause why woman has no beard?

Or why, as years our frame attack,  
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black!  
In points like these we must agree,  
Our barbers know as much as we.  
Yet still, unable to explain,  
We must persist the best we can;  
With care our *system* still renew,  
And prove things likely, though not true.

"I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,  
By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute;  
With learned skill, now push, now parry,  
From Darii to Bocardo vary,  
And never yield; or, what is worst,  
Never conclude the point discours'd.  
Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know  
How much you to my candor owe,  
I'll from the disputant descend,  
To show thee, I assume the friend:  
I'll take thy notion for my own—  
(So most philosophers have done)  
It makes my *system* more complete:  
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?"

[sic] "Take what thou wilt," said Dick, "d  
But bring thy matters to an end."

"I find," quoth Mat, "reproof is vain:  
Who first offend, will first complain.  
Thou wishest I should make to shore;  
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.  
What I have told thee fifty times  
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:  
A huge fat man in country-fair,  
Or city-church, (no matter where,)  
Labor'd and push'd amidst the crowd,  
Still bawling out extremely loud,  
'Lord save us! why do people press!'  
Another, marking his distress,  
Friendly replied, 'Plump gentleman,  
Get out as fast as e'er you can;  
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:  
You make the very crowd you blame.'"

Says Dick, "Your moral does not need  
The least return; so e'en proceed:  
Your tale, howe'er applied, was short:  
So far, at least, I thank you for't."

Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone  
More magisterial, thus went on.

"Now Alma settles in the head,  
As has before been sung or said:

begins this farce of life ;  
 enge, Ambition, Strife :  
 both sides men advance,  
 earnest Bays's dance.  
 not using half his store,  
 bless that he has no more ;  
 the present tun, for fear  
 ge should be bad next year ;  
 o-day with inward sorrow,  
 of fancied want to-morrow.  
 the *surtout* you wear  
 rigor of the air ;  
 u be warmer, if at home  
 he fabric and the loom ?  
 o boots keep out the weather,  
 d you have two hides of leather ?  
 lro, think you, make no trial  
 s on his viol,  
 had the total gut  
 very string at first was cut ?  
 Rarus shows you his cartone,  
 s tells you, with a groan,  
 o of that same hand were torn,  
 re you or he were born.  
 /ento's mind so much is crost,  
 f his Petronius lost,  
 an never take the pains  
 stand what yet remains.  
 toid did honest Curio take,  
 t inquiries did he make,  
 e medal wanting yet,  
 et all his Roman set !  
 : and, O his happy lot !  
 it, lock'd up, and lies forgot :  
 o more you hear him speak :  
 egin upon the Greek.  
 ig'd and show'd, shall in their turns  
 beure as in their urns. —  
 r lamps, at any rate,  
 ng true antique, I bought ;  
 y melted down my plate,  
 iern models to be wrought :  
 s I alike pursue,  
 hey're old, because they're new.  
 I have seen you with delight,  
 gy\* make a paper kite.  
 le ode too many show ye  
 e complaisance to Chloe.  
 nd lovers are decreed  
 e fools."—"That's brave, indeed !"  
 ck : "such truths are worth receiving."  
 Dick look'd as not believing.  
 Alma, to divines and prose  
 y frauds, and crimes, and woes ;  
 : to-night of thy ill-nature,  
 y follies, idle creature !  
 s of thy uncertain wing,  
 he malice of thy sting :  
 : of being great and wise  
 mention, to despise ;  
 ith anger and disdain,  
 e gives thee joy or pain ;  
 a *bronze*, a flower, a root,  
 a butterfly, can do't :  
 mance, a tune, a rhyme,  
 : to pass the tedious time,

Which else would on thy hand remain ;  
 Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again ;  
 And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,  
 To ease the pain of coward Thought :  
 Happy result of human wit !  
 That Alma may herself forget.

"Dick, thus we act ; and thus we are,  
 Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.  
 With endless pain this man pursues  
 What, if he gain'd, he could not use :  
 And t'other fondly hopes to see  
 What never was, nor e'er shall be.  
 We err by use, go wrong by rules,  
 In gesture grave, in action fools :  
 We join hypocrisy to pride,  
 Doubling the faults we strive to hide.  
 Or grant that, with extreme surprise,  
 We find ourselves at sixty wise,  
 And twenty pretty things are known,  
 Of which we can't accomplish one ;  
 Whilst, as my *system* says, the Mind  
 Is to these upper rooms confin'd.  
 Should I, my friend, at large repeat  
 Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,  
 The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,  
 My poem would be too prolix.  
 For, could I my remarks sustain,  
 Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,  
 Who in these times would read my books,  
 But Tom o'Stoles, or John o'Nokes ?

"As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,  
 After long thought and grave advice,  
 Into Lardella's coffin peeping,  
 Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping :  
 So Alma, now to joy or grief  
 Superior, finds her late relief :  
 Wearied of being high or great,  
 And nodding in her chair of state ;  
 Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat  
 Of Will did this, and Nan said that ;  
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,  
 Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,  
 Through which she wings her destin'd way ;  
 Upward she soars, and down drops clay :  
 While some surviving friend supplies  
*Hic jacet*, and a hundred lies.

"O Richard, till that day appears,  
 Which must decide our hopes and fears,  
 Would Fortune calm her present rage,  
 And give us playthings for our age :  
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,  
 And twist our thread with gold and silk ;  
 Would she, in friendship, peace and plenty,  
 Spin out our years to four times twenty ;  
 And should we both, in this condition,  
 Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition,  
 (Else those two passions, by the way,  
 May chance to show us scurvy play.)  
 Then, Richard, then should we sit down,  
 Far from the tumult of this town ;  
 I fond of my well-chosen seat,  
 My pictures, medals, books complete.  
 Or, should we mix our friendly talk,  
 O'ershaded in that favorite walk,  
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted,  
 Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted ;  
 Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection  
 Would spoil thy grove, and my collection :

\* Mr. Shelton's son.



Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,  
And Time some uncouth heir supply,  
Who shall for nothing else be known  
But spoiling all that thou hast done.  
Who set the twigs shall he remember  
That is in haste to sell the timber?  
And what shall of thy woods remain,  
Except the box that threw the main?

"Nay, may not Time and Death remove  
The near relations whom I love?  
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,  
(Who hold the plow, or skim the dairy.)  
My favorite books and pictures sell  
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?  
Kindly throw in a little figure,  
And set the price upon the bigger?  
Those who could never read the grammar,  
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,  
May think books best, as richest bound;  
My copper medals by the pound  
May be with learned justice weigh'd;  
To turn the balance, Otho's head  
May be thrown in; and, for the metal,  
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—  
"Tir'd with these thoughts"—"Less tir'd  
than I,"

Quoth Dick, "with your philosophy—  
That people live and die, I knew  
An hour ago, as well as you.  
And, if Fate spins us longer years,  
Or is in haste to take the shears,  
I know we must both fortunes try,  
And bear our evils, wet or dry.  
Yet, let the goddess smile or frown,  
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown;  
And in a cottage, or a court,  
Drink fine *champaigne*, or muddled *port*.  
What need of books these truths to tell,  
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?  
And must we spectacles apply,  
To view what hurts our naked eye!

"Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim  
To make me merrier than I am,  
I'll be all night at your devotion—  
Come on, friend, broach the pleasing notion;  
But, if you would depress my thought,  
Your *system* is not worth a groat—

"For Plato's fancies what care I?

I hope you would not have me die,  
Like simple Cato in the play,  
For any thing that he can say:  
E'en let him of ideas speak  
To heathens in his native Greek.  
If to be sad is to be wise,  
I do most heartily despise  
Whatever Socrates has said,  
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.

"Dear Drift,\* to set our matters right,  
Remove these papers from my sight;  
Burn Mat's Deecart, and Aristotle:  
Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle."

\* Mr. Prior's secretary and executor.

## SOLOMON

ON

### THE VANITY OF THE WORK

A POEM,

IN THREE BOOKS.

'O Βλος γὰρ ὄντος' ἔχει, πόντος δ' ἔργου :

*Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac estate repuer  
cunis vagiam, valde recusem.*—CIC. *de Senec*

The bewailing of man's miseries has been elegant  
only set forth by many in the writings as well  
poems as divine; and is both a pleasant and a pro  
templation.—BACON.

#### BOOK I.—KNOWLEDGE.

*Texts chiefly alluded to in Book I*

"The words of the Preacher the son of David  
Jerusalem."—ECCLES. chap. i. ver. 1.

"Vanity of vanities, says the Preacher, vanity  
all is vanity."—Ver. 2.

"I communed with mine own heart, saying,  
come to great estate, and have gotten more  
than all they that have been before me in J  
yea, my heart had great experience of wi  
knowledge."—Ver. 16.

"He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that i  
non, even unto the hyssop that springeth  
wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fow  
creeping things, and of fishes."—1 KINGS, ch  
33.

"I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall i  
nothing can be put to it, nor any thing take  
and God doeth it, that men should fear befo  
ECCLES. chap. iii. ver. 14.

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his  
he hath set the world in their heart, so that  
can find out the work that God maketh fro  
ginning to the end."—Ver. 11.

"For in much wisdom is much grief: and h  
creaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."—ch

"And further, by these, my son, be admon  
making many books there is no end: and m  
is a weariness of the flesh."—ch. xii. ver. 12.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON, seeking happiness from knowle  
venes the learned men of his kingdom;  
them to explain to him the various o  
and effects of Nature; discourses of ve  
animals, and man; proposes some  
concerning the origin and situation of  
table Earth; proceeds to examine the  
the visible Heaven; doubts if there  
be a plurality of worlds; inquires into  
ture of spirits and angels; and wishes to

informed as to the attributes of the Supreme  
g. He is imperfectly answered by the rab-  
and doctors; blames his own curiosity; and  
udes, that, as to human science, All is  
y.

of men, with just regard attend,  
the preacher, and believe the friend,  
serious Muse inspires him to explain,  
we act, and all we think, is vain;  
this pilgrimage of seventy years,  
ks of perils, and through vales of tears,  
to march, our doubtful steps we tend,  
ith the toil, yet fearful of its end:  
om the womb we take our fatal shares  
es, passions, labors, tumults, cares;  
approach of Death, shall only know  
th, which from these pensive numbers flow,  
e pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.  
iness, object of that waking dream,  
we call life, mistaking: fugitive theme  
pursuing verse, ideal shade,  
d good, by fancy only made,  
tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,  
dancing beams mislead our fond desire,  
if our care, and error of our mind;  
dst thou ever been by Heaven design'd  
m, and his mortal race; the boon  
had been reserv'd for Solomon:  
the partial lot had been bestow'd,  
my cup the golden draught had flow'd.  
)! ere yet original man was made,  
foundations of this Earth were laid,  
opponent to our search, ordain'd  
y, still sought, should never be attain'd.  
d experience cites me to reveal,  
bat I dictate is from what I feel.  
, as I was, great David's favorite son,  
my people, on the Hebrew throne,  
s my court, with Ophir's treasures blest,  
ne extended to the farthest east,  
ly cloth'd with every outward grace,  
b in my limbs, and beauty in my face,  
ning thought with fruitful notions crown'd,  
my invention, and my judgment sound:  
"I comman'd with myself, "arise;  
to be happy; to be great, be wise:  
of spirit must from science flow,  
a godlike attribute to know."  
l; and sent my edict through the land:  
my throne the letter'd rabbins stand;  
leaves revolve, long volumes spread,  
l discoursing as the younger read:  
I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said:  
s vegetable world, each plant and tree,  
l, its name, its nature, its degree,  
low'd, as Fame reports, to know  
e fair cedar on the craggy brow  
anon, nodding supremely tall,  
ping moss and hyssop on the wall:  
t and conscious to myself, I find  
and doubts oppose the searching mind.  
now not why the beech delights the glade  
nghts extended, and a rounder shade;  
towering firs in conic forms arise,  
th a pointed spear divide the skies:  
y again the changing oak should shed  
rily honor of his stately head;  
the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,  
g'd his branch, and permanent his green.

Wanting the Sun, why does the caltha fade?  
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?  
The fig and date, why love they to remain  
In middle station, and an even plain:  
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,  
And while the hill with olive shade is crown'd?  
Why does one climate and one soil endure  
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,  
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?  
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot  
A various color from one parent root;  
While the fantastic tulip strives to break  
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?  
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose,  
With laviah grace, their morning scents disclose:  
The smelling tuberoses and jonquil declare  
The stronger impulse of an evening air.  
Whence has the tree (resolve me), or the flower,  
A various instinct, or a different power?  
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one  
breath,  
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?  
"Whence does it happen, that the plant, which  
well  
We name the Sensitive, should move and feel?  
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,  
And with quick horror fly the neighboring hand?  
"Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,  
Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread:  
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,  
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;  
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride  
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.  
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd  
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast:  
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose  
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment  
flows.  
Take but the humblest lily of the field,  
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,  
It must, by sure comparison, be shown  
That on the regal seat great David's son,  
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,  
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.  
"Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire:  
How the mute race engender, or respire,  
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream,  
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,  
To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas  
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,  
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays?  
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth  
From freezing waters and the colder north,  
To southern climes directing their career,  
Their station changing with th' inverted year?  
How all with careful knowledge are endued,  
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food;  
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood?  
"Of birds, how each, according to her kind,  
Proper materials for her nest can find,  
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man  
Would or amend or imitate in vain!  
How in small flights they know to try their young,  
And teach the callow child her parent's song?  
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood?  
Why every land has her specific brood?  
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow, goes,  
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows;  
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,  
In temporary death confin'd to sleep;

Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly  
To milder regions, and a southern sky?

"Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace  
The wondrous nature, and the various race;  
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,  
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

"Toll me, ye studious, who pretend to see  
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee  
Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer  
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air?  
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows  
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,  
And honey-making flowers their opening buds dis-  
close?

Hew from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,  
Finds she the labor of her day is done?  
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,  
To bring her burthen to the certain hive;  
And through the liquid fields again to pass,  
Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass?

"And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,  
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,  
By constant journeys careful to prepare  
Her stores; and, bringing home the corny ear,  
By what instruction does she bite the grain,  
Lest, hid in earth, and taking root again,  
It might elude the foresight of her care?  
Distinct in either insect's deed appear  
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.

"Fix thy corporeal and internal eye  
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;  
On the vile worm that yesterday began  
'To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man! [see,  
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they  
They show their passions by their acts, like thee:  
Darting their stings, they previously declare  
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:  
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove  
The genial power, and full effect of love.  
Each then has organs to digest his food,  
One to beget, and one receive the brood;  
Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and brain,  
Life and her proper functions to sustain,  
Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.  
What more can our penurious reason grant  
To the large whale, or costed elephant;  
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,  
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile:  
Than that all differ but in shape and name,  
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame?

"For potent Nature loves a various act,  
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;  
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,  
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.  
The object, spread too far, or rais'd too high,  
Denies its real image to the eye;  
Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,  
Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.  
Water and air the varied form confound;  
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows  
round.

"Thus, while with fruitless hope and weary pain,  
We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,  
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat;  
Around her myriads of ideas wait,  
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen  
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,  
As from our lost pursuit she wills, to hide  
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

"Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains,  
'Tis his life in biting on his chains:

For the kind gifts of water and of food  
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,  
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood:  
While the strong camel, and the generous horse,  
Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,  
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,  
And answer to the spur, and own the bit;  
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,  
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.

"Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,  
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;  
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,  
And flies the hated neighborhood of man:  
While the kind spaniel and the faithful hound,  
Likest that fox in shape and species found,  
Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,  
Pursues the noted path, and covets home,  
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,  
Takes what the gluttied child denies to eat,  
And, dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet.

"By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,  
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.  
I see in others, or I think I see,  
That strict their principles and ours agree.  
Evil like us they shun, and covet good;  
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.  
Like us they love or hate; like us they know  
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.  
With seeming thought their action they intend;  
And use the means proportion'd to the end.

Then vainly the philosopher avers,  
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.  
How can we justify different causes frame,  
When the effects entirely are the same?  
Instinct and reason how can we divide?  
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

"With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his swiftness,  
If the brute beast refuses to obey.  
For tell me, when the empty boaster's word  
Proclaims himself the universal lord,  
Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw  
Should join his plea against the fancied law?  
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,  
If in the schools or porches should appear  
The fierce hyena, or the foaming bear?

"The combatant too late the field declines,  
When now the sword is girded to his loins.  
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,  
Too late the sailor views the land behind.  
And 'tis too late now back again to bring  
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:  
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld  
From nobler objects, and a larger field.

"Consider with me this ethereal space,  
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.  
Anxious I ask you, how the pensile ball  
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall?  
When I reflect how the revolving Sun  
Does round our globe his crooked journeys run,  
I doubt of many lands, if they contain  
Or herd of beast, or colony of man;  
If any nation pass their destin'd days  
Beneath the neighboring Sun's directer rays:  
If any suffer on the polar coast  
The rage of Arctos and eternal frost.

"May not the pleasure of Omnipotence  
To each of these some secret good dispense?  
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,  
May they not gales unknown to us receive?  
See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth,  
And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth?

not pity us, condemn'd to bear  
 as heaven of an obliquer sphere;  
 fix'd laws, and with a just return,  
 twelve hours that shade, for twelve that  
 turn;  
 as the neighboring Sun, whose constant  
 flame  
 as them with seasons still the same?  
 not those, whose distant lot is cast  
 on Tartary's extended waste;  
 though the plains of one continual day  
 months pursue their even way,  
 exceeding urge their dusky flight,  
 with vapors, and o'erwhelm'd in night?  
 ask, the natives of these climes  
 may inform succeeding times)  
 tidian change of heaven prefer  
 a vicissitude, and equal share  
 d night, disparted through the year?  
 not scorn our Sun's repeated race,  
 bounds prescrib'd, and little space,  
 from morn, and headlong driven from  
 noon,  
 as daily toil yet scarcely done?  
 not justly to our climes upbraid  
 of night, and penury of shade;  
 our wearied limbs are justly blest  
 leasome sleep, and necessary rest,  
 as demands return of care,  
 as toil of yesterday to bear?  
 when the solar beams salute their sight,  
 secure in half a year of light,  
 as pted voyages they take  
 motest wood, and farthest lake;  
 as fishing, and pursue the course  
 as extended nerves, and more continued  
 force?  
 as declining day forsakes their sky,  
 as hering clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;  
 as ity for the coming season blest,  
 months (an age) they live, releas'd  
 the labor, process, clamor, woe,  
 as sad scenes of daily action know:  
 as the shining lamp, prepare the feast,  
 full mirth receive the welcome guest;  
 as air tender loves (the only care  
 as they suffer) to the listening fair;  
 as d in pleasure, or repose'd in ease,  
 alternate of substantial peace)  
 as the long nocturnal influence shed  
 own'd goblet, and the genial bed.  
 as reign isles, which our discoverers find,  
 this length of continent disjoin'd,  
 as ed bear's, or spotted lynx's brood,  
 the valleys, and infest the wood;  
 as cry crocodile, and hissing snake,  
 as he troubled stream and fenny brake;  
 as , untaught and ravenous as the beast,  
 as ey, wood, and brake, and stream, infest:  
 as these men and animals their birth  
 as nk of oak, or pregnant womb of Earth?  
 as then the old belief, that all began  
 as shade, and one created man?  
 as this progeny was wafted o'er,  
 as ng boats, from next adjacent shore;  
 as some, from whom we will suppose they  
 spring,  
 as : to harmless lands and poison bring?  
 as ey on board or bears or lynxes take,  
 as she-adder, and the brooding snake?

Or could they think the now-discover'd isle  
 Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

"And, since the savage lineage we must trace  
 From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race;  
 How should their fathers happen to forget  
 The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,  
 To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,  
 And load with grateful flames the holy shrine;  
 While the great sire's unhappy sons are found,  
 Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,  
 Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,  
 And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?

"How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue  
 The varied forms of every thing we view;  
 That all is chang'd, though all is still the same,  
 Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?

Of those materials, which have been confess'd  
 The pristine springs and parents of the rest,  
 Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth  
 To grass and plants, and thickens into earth:  
 Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,  
 Dilates its drops, and softens into air:  
 Those finer parts of air again aspire,  
 Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:  
 The fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,  
 And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious womb  
 Alters its particles; is fire no more,  
 But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore;  
 Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,  
 Changes its shape, puts off its old remains;  
 With watery parts its lessen'd force divides,  
 Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

"Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,  
 And, deep surcharg'd, by sandy mountains lie,  
 Obscurely sepulchred. By beating rain,  
 And furious wind, down to the distant plain,  
 The hill, that hides his head above the skies,  
 Shall fall; the plain, by slow degrees, shall rise  
 Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill;  
 For Time must Nature's great behest fulfil.

"Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,  
 All things are light or heavy, small or great:  
 Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,  
 And Egypt's pyramids refine to air:  
 Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,  
 And travellers inquire where Babel stood.  
 Now where we see these changes often fall,  
 Sedate we pass them by as natural;  
 Where to our eye more rarely they appear,  
 The pompous name of prodigy they bear.  
 Let active thought these close meanders trace;  
 Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:  
 Are all things miracle, or nothing such?  
 And prove we not too little, or too much?

"For, that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod,  
 Should, at a word pronounc'd, revive and bud;  
 Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,  
 Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,  
 Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds,  
 And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?  
 That each successive night, from opening Heaven,  
 The food of angels should to man be given;  
 Is this more strange, than that with common bread  
 Our fainting bodies every day are fed?  
 Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,  
 Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,  
 And from the handful, which the tiller sows,  
 The labor'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows.

"Then, from whatever we can to sense produce,  
 Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,

From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,  
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws,  
That an effect must presuppose a cause:  
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,  
Touching each link of the continued chain,  
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see  
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity,  
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

"This great Existence, thus by reason found,  
Blest by all power, with all perfection crown'd;  
How can we bind or limit his decree,  
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?  
Say then, is all in heaps of water lost,  
Beyond the islands, and the midland coast?  
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,  
Sever'd those waters by some other earth,  
Countries by future plowshares to be torn,  
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!  
Ere the progressive course of restless age  
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,  
May not our power and learning be supprest,  
And arts and empire learn to travel west?"

"Where, by the strength of this idea charm'd;  
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,  
Ascends my soul? what sees she white and great  
Amidst subject'd seas? An isle, the seat  
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,  
For justice and for mercy sought and known;  
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven,  
From thence to this distinguish'd nation given.  
Yet farther west the western isle extends  
Her happy fame; her armed fleet she sends  
To climates fold'd yet from human eye,  
And lands, which we imagine wave and sky.  
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,  
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;  
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,  
In other Indies, and a second world.

"Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)  
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame:  
Long shall her favor'd monarchy engage  
The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age:  
Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,  
Of human things least changeable, least vain.  
Yet all must with the general doom comply,  
And this great glorious power, tho' last, must die.

"Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our eye  
To the large convex of yon azure sky:  
Behold it like an ample curtain spread,  
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red;  
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,  
And choosing sable for the peaceful night.  
Ask Reason now, whence light and shade were given,  
And whence this great variety of Heaven.  
Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,  
Than that the Sun illuminates the sky;  
Than that night rises from his absent ray,  
And his returning lustre kindles day?"

"But we expect the morning-red in vain:  
'Tis hid in vapors, or obscur'd by rain.  
The noontide yellow we in vain require:  
'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.  
Fitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,  
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:  
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,  
With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.  
Send forth, ye wisc, send forth your laboring  
thought;  
Let it return with empty notions fraught,

Of airy columns every moment broke,  
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke:  
Yet this solution but once more affords  
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words:  
In other garb my question I receive,  
And take the doubt the very same I gave.

"Lo! as a giant strong, the lusty Sun  
Multiplied rounds in one great round does run;  
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,  
Changing the day, and finishing the year.  
Again, when his descending orb retires,  
And Earth perceives the absence of his fires;  
The Moon affords us her alternate ray,  
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,  
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race;  
Various her beams, and changeable her face.  
Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,  
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer;  
Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd;  
Each knows his course with different periods bound;  
And, in his passage through the liquid space,  
Nor hastens, nor retards, his neighbor's race.  
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays!  
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?  
Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)  
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,  
All servants to that source of light, the Sun?"

"Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,  
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,  
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,  
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build.)  
But shining with such vast, such various light,  
As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.  
How mean the order and perfection sought,  
In the best product of the human thought,  
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns  
In what the Spirit of the world ordains!"

"Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his ray,  
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day!  
How small a portion of his power is given  
To orbs more distant, and remoter Heaven!  
And of those stars, which our imperfect eye  
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,  
Each, by a native stock of honor great,  
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,  
(Itself a sun) and with transmissive light  
Enliven worlds denied to human sight.  
Around the circles of their ambient skies  
Now moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,  
And other stars may to those suns be earths,  
Give their own elements their proper births,  
Divide their climates, or elevate their pole,  
See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll:  
Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,  
Primitive founts, and origins of light,  
May each to other (as their different sphere  
Makes or their distance or their light appear)  
Be seen a nobler or inferior star,  
And, in that space which we call air and sky,  
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie  
Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye.

"In vain we measure this amazing sphere,  
And find and fix its centre here or there;  
Whilst its circumference, seeming to be brought  
Ev'n into fancied space, eludes our vanquish'd  
thought.

"Where then are all the radiant monsters driven,  
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd  
Heaven?"

will their fictious images remain?  
 -schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.  
 problem yet, this offspring of a guess,  
 or once a child of truth confess,  
 se fair stars, these objects of delight  
 or to our searching dazzled sight,  
 lds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.  
 these worlds display their beams, or guide  
 ba, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?  
 but dust, thy stature but a span,  
 nt thy duration, foolish man!  
 may the minutest emmet say,  
 ucasus was rais'd to pave his way;  
 il, that Lebanon's extended wood  
 tin'd only for his walk and food;  
 st cockle, gaping on the coast  
 unds the ample seas, as well may boast,  
 ggy rock projects above the sky,  
 in safety at its foot may lie;  
 whole ocean's confluent waters swell, [shell.  
 quench his thirst, or move and blanch his  
 gher flight the venturous goddess tries,  
 material worlds and local skies;  
 what are the beings, where the space,  
 m'd and held the angels' ancient race.  
 d Lucifer with Michael fought,  
 only what tradition taught.)  
 ed cherub against cherub rose,  
 ld to shield, and power to power oppose;  
 rung with triumph, Hell was fill'd with  
 woes.  
 are these forms of which your volumes tell,  
 ne fought great, and others recreant fell?  
 ound to bear an everlasting load,  
 of chain, and banishment of God;  
 turns their wretched strength to tire,  
 in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire:  
 bone, exalted to primeval light,  
 f blessing, and supreme delight,  
 receive some little pause of joys  
 great moments when their God employs  
 inistry, to pour his threaten'd hate  
 roud king, or the rebellious state;  
 verse Jehovah's high command,  
 ak the thunder falling from his hand,  
 his duty the proud king returns,  
 rebellious state in ashes mourns;  
 good angels be in Heaven confin'd,  
 that presence, which no space can bind?  
 above, beneath, or yon, or here?  
 made all, is he not everywhere?  
 can wicked angels find a night  
 to hide them from that piercing light,  
 brn'd the eye, and gave the power of sight?  
 it mean I now of angel, when I hear  
 dy, spirit pure, or fluid air?  
 o action spiritual confin'd,  
 to our thought, and kindred to our mind,  
 uly act and prompt us from within,  
 external eye be ever seen.  
 ot, therefore, to our fathers known,  
 se had appetite, and limb, and bone?  
 v could Abraham wash their wearied feet?  
 please their taste with savory meat?  
 should they fear? or why did Lot engage  
 their bodies from abusive rage?  
 v could Jacob, in a real fight,  
 resist the wrestling angel's might?  
 ld a form in strength with matter try?  
 a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?

"Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?  
 How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,  
 By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,  
 By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?  
 "Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)  
 Substances real, and existing frames?  
 How comes it, since with them we jointly share  
 The great effect of one Creator's care,  
 That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,  
 Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?  
 Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath  
 With want and sorrow, with disease and death,  
 Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ  
 On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?  
 "Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,  
 And found, that nothing by itself was made;  
 When thought has rais'd itself, by just degrees,  
 From valleys crown'd with flowers, and hills with  
 trees;  
 From smoking mineral, and from rising streams;  
 From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;  
 From all the living, that four-footed move  
 Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;  
 From all that can with fins or feathers fly  
 Through the aerial or the watery sky;  
 From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul,  
 That miserable master of the whole;  
 From this great object of the body's eye,  
 This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,  
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,  
 With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;  
 From essences unseen, celestial names,  
 Enlightening spirits, ministerial flames,  
 Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,  
 All that in each degree the name of creature owns:  
 Lift we our reason to that sovereign Cause,  
 Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with  
 laws;  
 Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,  
 His will and act, his word and work the same;  
 To whom a thousand years are but a day;  
 Who bade the Light her genial beams display,  
 And set the Moon, and taught the Sun its way;  
 Who, waking Time, his creature, from the source  
 Primeval, order'd his predestin'd course;  
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,  
 Holding, obedient to his high command,  
 The deep abyss, the long-continued store,  
 Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes  
 pour  
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more:  
 This Alpha and Omega, first and last,  
 Who like the potter in a mould has cast  
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be  
 Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see;  
 Yet, if he wills, may change or spoil the whole;  
 May take yon beauteous, mystic, starry roll,  
 And burn it like an useless parchment scroll;  
 May from its basis in one moment pour  
 This melted earth—  
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore;  
 Who, sole in power, at the beginning said,  
 Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made;  
 And it was so;—and, when he shall ordain  
 In other sort, has but to speak again,  
 And they shall be no more: of this great theme,  
 This glorious, hollow'd, everlasting name,  
 This God, I would discourse."—  
 The learned elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,  
 And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;

Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame,  
 (Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame)  
 Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,  
 And turn superior to the vulgar herd,  
 Began: That human learning's furthest reach  
 Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;  
 That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey;  
 For I in knowledge more than power did sway:  
 And the astonish'd world in me beheld  
 Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.  
 Humble a second bow'd, and took the word;  
 Foresaw my name by future age ador'd:  
 "O live," said he, "thou wisest of the wise;  
 As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise  
 Excelling thee."—

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,  
 Pernicious Flattery! thy malignant seeds,  
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,  
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,  
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,  
 And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,  
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,  
 Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how  
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:  
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,  
 All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see!

My prophets and my sophists finish'd here  
 The civil efforts of the verbal war:  
 Not so my rabbins and logicians yield;  
 Retiring, still they combat; from the field  
 Of open arms unwilling they depart,  
 And skulk behind the subterfuge of art.  
 To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,  
 Divide the simple, and the plain define:  
 Fix fancied laws, and form imagin'd rules,  
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,  
 Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd,  
 And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;  
 The adverse sect denied what this had taught;  
 And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,  
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched impotence of human mind!  
 We, erring still, excuse for error find,  
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man! since first thy blushing sire essay'd  
 His folly with connected leaves to shade,  
 How does the crime of thy resembling race  
 With like attempt that pristine error trace!  
 Too plain thy nakedness of soul espied,  
 Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide  
 By masks of eloquence and veils of pride?

With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd,  
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;  
 But bent, and inward to myself, again  
 Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.  
 My search still tir'd, my labor still renew'd,  
 At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,  
 Impartial; both in equal balance laid, [weigh'd.  
 Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy

Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess,  
 That human science is uncertain guess.  
 Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,  
 Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.  
 Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?  
 Or who shall tell me what is space or time?  
 In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes  
 To what our Maker to their ken denies:

*The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies.*

The little which imperfectly we find,  
 Seduces only the bewilder'd mind  
 To fruitless search of something yet behind.  
 Various discussions tear our heated brain;  
 Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;  
 And who indulges thought, increases pain.  
 How narrow limits were to Wisdom given!  
 Earth she surveys; she thence would meet  
 Heaven:

Through mists obscure now wings her tedious  
 Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;  
 And from the summit of a pathless coast  
 Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the cur'd desire to know,  
 Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe.  
 Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,  
 And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit;  
 With empty labor and eluded strife,  
 Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;  
 For ever from that fatal tree debar'd,  
 Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard

## BOOK II.—PLEASURE.

### *Texts chiefly alluded to in Book II.*

"I said in my own heart, Go to now, I will  
 thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure  
 EccLES. chap. ii. ver. i.

"I made me great works, I builded me houses  
 planted me vineyards."—*Ver. 4.*

"I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted  
 trees in them of all kind of fruits."—*Ver. 5.*

"I made me pools of water, to water therewith  
 wood that bringeth forth trees."—*Ver. 6.*

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands  
 wrought, and on the labor that I had in  
 to do: and behold all was vanity and vexat-  
 spirit; and there was no profit under the Sun  
*Ver. 11.*

"I gat me men-singers and women-singers, an  
 delights of the sons of men, as musical instru-  
 and that of all sorts."—*Ver. 8.*

"I sought in mine heart to give myself unto  
 (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom)  
 to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was  
 good for the sons of men, which they shall  
 under Heaven all the days of their life."—*Ver.*

"Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth  
 the fool, so it happeneth even unto me; and  
 was I then more wise? Then I said in my  
 that this also is vanity."—*Ver. 15.*

"Therefore I hated life, because the work that  
 wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me  
*Ver. 17.*

"Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth  
 stinking savor: so doth a little folly him that  
 in reputation for wisdom and honor."—*Ch. x. e.*

"The memory of the just is blessed, but the me-  
 of the wicked shall rot."—*PROVERBS, ch. x. ver.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again seeking happiness, inquires if  
 and greatness can produce it; begins with  
 magnificence of gardens and buildings, the love  
 of music and feasting; and proceeds to the

sires of love. In two episodes are shown lies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, disappointed, falls under the temptations of nism and idolatry; recovers his thought; is aright; and concludes, that, as to the t of pleasure and sensual delight, All is and vexation of spirit.

1, O man, the moments to deceive,  
In the womb attend thee to the grave:  
Nied Nature find some apter scheme:  
Be thy hope, and Pleasure be thy theme.  
Perplexing and unequal ways,  
Tudy brings thee; from the endless maze,  
Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede  
Ay field and flowery path, that lead  
d mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:  
What may instruct, for what may please;  
Ausing art, and proud expense,  
Ce thy reason subject to thy sense.  
Mun'd thus: the power of wealth I tried,  
The various lux of costly pride;  
nd plans reliev'd my solemn hours;  
d palaces, and planted bowers;  
hes, beasts, of each exotic kind,  
Limits of my court confin'd;  
transferr'd I gave a second birth,  
e a foreign shade grace Judah's earth;  
ds were made, where former forests grew,  
s were levell'd to extend the view;  
lverted from their native course,  
nd with chains of artificial force,  
ge cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd,  
hrough figur'd stono, or breathing gold;  
rthiest Africa's tormented womb  
ble brought, erects the spacious dome,  
the pillars' long-extended rows,  
h the planted grove, the pensile garden,  
grows.  
orkmen here obey the master's call,  
the turret, and to paint the wall,  
the pavement there with various stone,  
the jasper steps to rear the throne:  
ading cedar, that an age had stood,  
of trees, and mistress of the wood,  
n and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,  
anon his ruin'd honor mourns.  
usand artists show their cunning power,  
the wonders of the ivory tower.  
nd maidens ply the purple loom,  
e the bed, and deck the regal room;  
e confesses her exhausted store,  
her coast the murex\* is no more;  
a the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,  
untains grieto their hopes of marble lost;  
ia's woods return their just complaint,  
ood decay'd, and want of elephant.  
ll design with vast expense achiev'd,  
beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd;  
be folly of my thoughtless haste,  
work perfected, the joy was past.  
y new courts sad Thought did still repair,  
nd my gilded roofs hung hovering Care.  
on silken beds I sought repose,  
dless oft from purple couches rose;  
as Thought still found my flying mind  
nd by limits, nor to place confin'd;

murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a tor is made.

Haunted my nights, and terrified my days;  
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursu'd my ways,  
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding maze.

Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense  
Indulge; add music to magnificence:  
Essay if harmony may grief control,  
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul.  
Often our seers and poets have confest,  
That music's force can tame the furious beast:  
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain  
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane,  
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget  
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.  
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?  
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose; and the cheerful choir  
Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre  
Soft'ned the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound  
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found  
When mix'd); the fife the viol's notes refin'd,  
And every strength with every grace was join'd.  
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay;  
Of opening Heaven they sung and gladsome day.  
Each evening their repeated skill express'd  
Scenes of repose, and images of rest:  
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought:  
But how unequal the effects it brought!  
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,  
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;  
The solemn violence of the graver sound  
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry  
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;  
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,  
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.  
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found  
The fickle ear soon glutt'd with the sound,  
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,  
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bade the virgins and the youth advance,  
To temper music with the sprightly dance.  
In vain! too low the mimic motions seem;  
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.  
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,  
Forming her movements to the rules of art;  
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand  
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank; I lik'd it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,  
An airy scene of transitory joys.  
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl  
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.  
To the late revel, and protracted feast,  
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;  
And as, at dawn of morn, fair Reason's light  
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,  
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done?  
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?  
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,  
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,  
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,  
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,  
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,  
Offence and torture to the sober ear:  
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought  
From this man's error, from another's fault;  
From topics, which good-nature would forget,  
And prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen  
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene.



Or harsh, which, once elanc'd, must ever fly  
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,  
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate;  
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course  
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continual force.

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage  
To different ills alternately engage;  
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees  
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,  
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,  
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;  
And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,  
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

Remains there aught untried that may remove  
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love.  
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,  
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,  
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore  
This last great remedy's mysterious power.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast?  
Why ceases it one moment to be blest?  
"Fly swift, my friends; my servants, fly; employ  
Your instant pains to bring your master joy.  
Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd;  
Let them to-night attend the royal feast;  
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair;  
The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war:  
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,  
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace."

I said: the feast was serv'd, the bowl was crown'd;  
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round.  
The women came: as custom wills, they past:  
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast  
The favorite glance! O! yet my mind retains  
That fond beginning of my infant pains.  
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;  
Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her  
face;

Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air;  
Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose; her hair,  
Untied, and ignorant of artful aid,  
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,  
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.  
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,  
"Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve  
Your monarch's bliss," I said; "fresh roses bring  
To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd Spring  
Confess her want; around my amorous head  
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed,  
Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,  
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require  
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph! draw  
nigh,

Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye,  
Thy master's joy, long sought, at length is found;  
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;  
O favorite virgin! that hast warm'd the breast,  
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East!"

I said: and sudden from the golden throne,  
With a submissive step, I hasted down.  
The glowing garland from my hair I took,  
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;  
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:  
"O favorite virgin!" yet again I said,  
"Receive the honors destin'd to thy brow;  
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!  
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:  
Rise up, my love, my fair-one, come away."

What pangs, alas! what ecstasy of smart,  
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart.

When she, with modest scorn, the wreath return'd  
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,  
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest:

And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast.  
Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care  
Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,  
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,  
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid  
(Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread;  
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,  
Renew'd my flame, repented my disgrace;  
By turns put on the suppliant and the lord;  
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd:  
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,  
And choice of happy love, or instant death.  
Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,  
Far as she might she decently retir'd;  
And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,

"What means," said she, "king Solomon the wise?"

"This wretched body trembles at your power:  
Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.  
Free to herself my potent mind remains,  
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains."

"'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,  
Supreme of seers! of angel, man, and brute;  
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,  
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force;  
That, to the tribes attentive, thou canst show  
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow:  
That thou in science as in power art great,  
And truth and honor on thy edicts wait.

Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,  
With just advice and timely counsel fraught?  
Where now, O judge of Israel! does it rove?—  
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—  
Love! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;  
'Tis all the color of remaining life:

And human misery must begin or end,  
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.  
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,  
To the first bride-bed of the world receive  
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?  
Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,  
That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void;  
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast  
His flames and torments only are express;  
His rage can in my smiles alone relent,  
And all his joys solicit my consent.

"Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root  
Must from two hearts with equal vigor shoot;  
Whilst each, delighted and delighting, gives  
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives:  
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;  
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,  
And round the happy soil diffusive odor flows.  
If angry Fate that mutual care denies,  
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;  
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies."

"By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd:  
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.  
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:  
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,  
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,  
Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'dst the field.  
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;  
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:  
But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease,  
Approach his awful throne by just degrees,  
And, if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please."

4 that those arts can here successful prove,  
 m destin'd to another's love.  
 I the cruel bounds of thy command,  
 dear equal in my native land,  
 ghthd vow I gave; I his receiv'd:  
 wore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.  
 utual contract was to Heaven convey'd;  
 al scales the busy angels weigh'd  
 mn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread  
 sting roll, recording what we said.  
 w in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;  
 he sad life which I have long disdain'd;  
 a dying virgin's wretched fate,  
 l-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate:  
 ng as blood informs these circling veins,  
 ting breath its latest power retains,  
 ne to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,  
 my part, be thine, O king, despair.  
 w strike," she said, and open'd bare her  
 breast;  
 I in Judah's chronicles confest,  
 David's son, by impious passion mov'd,  
 a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!"  
 um'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,  
 my soul, yet uncollected, said,  
 thyself, fond Solomon, return;  
 again, and thou again shalt mourn.  
 I through number'd years have Pleasure  
 sought,  
 vain hope the wanton phantom caught;  
 k my sense, and mortify my pride,  
 another's power, and is denied.  
 king, great Heaven! does life or death  
 in the wrath or mercy of my breath;  
 kneeling I my servant's smiles implore,  
 ie mad damsel dares dispute my power?  
 ravish her! that thought was soon depress'd,  
 must debase the monarch to the beast.  
 d her back! O whither, and to whom?  
 ds where Solomon must never come?  
 t insulting rival's happy arms,  
 om, disdaining me, she keeps her charms?  
 ntastic tyrant of the amorous heart,  
 and thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!  
 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway,  
 ose are punish'd most who most obey.  
 dah's king revere thy greater power:  
 anst thou covet, or how triumph more?  
 hen, O Love, with an obdurate ear,  
 his proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer?  
 o some simple shepherd does she run  
 he fond arms of David's favorite son?  
 lies she from the glories of a court,  
 wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,  
 ae poor cottage on the mountain's brow,  
 leak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,  
 pinching want must curb her warm desires,  
 ousehold cares suppress thy gonial fires?  
 o aptly the afflicted Heathens prove  
 rce, while they erect the shrines of Love.  
 ystic form the artisans of Greece  
 nded stone, or molten gold, express;  
 yprus to his godhead pays her vow,  
 his hand the idol holds his bow;  
 er by his side sustains his store  
 nted darts; sad emblems of his power:  
 of wings he has, which he extends  
 o be gone! which now again he bends,  
 to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.

Entirely thus I find the fiend portray'd,  
 Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid.  
 I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:  
 Curs'd demon! O! for ever broken lie  
 Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!  
 O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed!  
 Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,  
 Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring  
 The damsel back, and save the love-sick king!"  
 My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,  
 I'nable to enjoy, or to forget;  
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:  
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd;  
 Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,  
 I from necessity receiv'd relief:  
 Time gently aided to assuage my pain,  
 And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.  
 But O, how short my interval of woe!  
 Our griefs how swift! our remedies how slow!  
 Another nymph, (for so did Heaven ordain,  
 To change the manner, but renew the pain.)  
 Another nymph, amongst the many fair,  
 That made my softer hours their solemn care,  
 Before the rest affected still to stand,  
 And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.  
 Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste  
 To grace my presence; Abra went the last;  
 Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;  
 And, though I call'd another, Abra came.  
 Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,  
 And, laughing, gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.  
 To me her actions did unheeded die,  
 Or were remark'd but with a common eye;  
 Till more appriz'd of what the rumor said,  
 More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.  
 The Sun declined had shot his western ray,  
 When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,  
 I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,  
 And banquet private in the women's bowers.  
 I call'd, before I sat, to wash my hands  
 (For so the precept of the law commands):  
 Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn  
 To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.  
 With awful homage and submissive dread,  
 The maid approach'd, on my declining head  
 To pour the oils; she trembled as she pour'd:  
 With an unguarded look she now devour'd  
 My nearer face! and now recall'd her eye,  
 And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.  
 "And whence," said I, "canst thou have dread  
 or pain?  
 What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?  
 Secluded from the world and all its care,  
 Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?  
 For sure," I added, "sure thy little heart  
 Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart."  
 Abash'd, she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:  
 Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke  
 "If the great master will descend to hear  
 The humble series of his handmaid's care;  
 O! while she tells it, let him not put on  
 The look, that awes the nations from the throne!  
 O! let not death severe in glory lie  
 In the king's frown, and terror of his eye!  
 "Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;  
 And though to mention be to suffer pain,  
 If the king smile whilst I my woe recite,  
 If, weeping, I find favor in his sight,  
 Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.

"O! witness Earth beneath, and Heaven above!  
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;  
If madness may the name of passion bear,  
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair. [trolls

"Thou Sovereign Power! whose secret will con-  
The inward bent and motion of our souls!  
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees  
Between the cause and cure of my disease?  
The mighty object of that raging fire,  
In which unpitied Abra must expire,  
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,  
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,  
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,  
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,  
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.  
For him at night, the dear expected guest,  
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;  
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,  
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,  
Wavering, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,  
Till he and joy together should appear,  
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.  
On my declining neck and open breast  
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,  
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,  
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,  
To rise and from the fold release the sheep,  
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

"Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame,  
(For sure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),  
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour  
With height of title, and extent of power;  
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,  
Fond of the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

"Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,  
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,  
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,  
And gather honey falling from his tongue,  
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,  
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,  
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,  
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.  
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams  
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;  
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair  
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair  
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red  
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;  
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock  
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook  
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.  
Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains  
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.  
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set  
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;  
His stature all majestic, all divine,  
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.  
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,  
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.  
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!  
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said  
'Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,  
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;  
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,  
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to  
come."

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.  
O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!  
My suffering heart for ever shall defy  
Few wounds and danger from a future eye.

O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain  
The wretched memory of my former pain,  
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

"As time," I said, "may happily efface  
That cruel image of the king's disgrace,  
Imperial reason shall resume her seat,  
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.  
Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,  
We wisely should exert a double care,  
Nor ever ought a second time to err."

This Abra then—  
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave  
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.  
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,  
And generous pity to that truth was due.  
Well I entreated her, who well deserv'd;  
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd.  
Use made her person easy to my sight,  
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers,  
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)  
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,  
The cakes she kneaded was the savory meat:  
But fruits their odor lost, and meats their taste.  
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast;  
Dishonor'd did the sparkling goblet stand,  
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;  
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,  
Raising their voices to the master lyre,  
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;  
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;  
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,  
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.

Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,  
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.  
A bright tiara, round her forehead tied,  
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;  
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast  
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;  
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,  
And every gem augmented every charm.  
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,  
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame  
The several follies of my former flame;  
Willing my heart for recompense to prove  
The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.  
"For what," said I, "from Abra can I fear.  
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe!  
'The damsel's sole ambition is to please:  
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease;  
She soothes, but never can enthrall my mind:  
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?  
Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is  
made!

How by himself insensibly betray'd!  
In our own strength unhappily secure,  
Too little cautious of the adverse power,  
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,  
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.  
On Pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,  
Masters as yet of our returning way;  
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,  
And give our conduct to the waves and wind;  
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,  
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,  
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,  
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,  
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,  
(Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;

t into the boundless ocean borne,  
 r confidence too late we mourn;  
 r devoted heads the billows beat. [treat.  
 our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-  
 ty Love! from thy unbounded power  
 the human bosom rest secure?  
 our thought avoid the various snare?  
 n to our caution'd soul declare  
 ent shapes thou pleasest to employ,  
 it to hurt, and certain to destroy?  
 ightly nymph, in open beauty drest,  
 ounters our unguarded breast:  
 with majesty, and moves with state;  
 r soul, and in misfortune great,  
 s the world, and dares the rage of Fate.  
 hilst we take stern manhood for our guide,  
 d our conduct with becoming pride;  
 with the courage in her action shown,  
 : her mind, the image of our own,  
 an please is certain to persuade,  
 lov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.  
 we see through Reason's optics right,  
 ow Beauty's rays elude our sight:  
 th her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,  
 r we speak her great, we wish her kind.  
 row, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair  
 ing sorrow, and dishevoll'd hair;  
 omplaint, and humble is her tale,  
 explaining where her accents fail.  
 erous softness warms the honest breast;  
 the sad, and succor the distress'd.  
 lat our wish prepares the kind relief,  
 ty mitigates her rising grief,  
 n soon from her contagious care,  
 r her sorrows, groan for her despair;  
 not Love too late those bosoms arm,  
 ars can soften, and which sighs can warm.  
 t this nearest, cruellest of foes,  
 ll Wit meditate, or Force oppose?  
 feeble Nature, shall we summon aid,  
 pity and our pride betray'd?  
 remedy shall we hope to find, [mind;  
 e close fiend has gain'd our treacherous  
 there does Reason's power deride,  
 d himself, conducts the dazzled guide?  
 eror now, my lovely Abra, held  
 om in her chains; my heart was fill'd  
 , with her alone; in her alone  
 its peace and joy: while she was gone,  
 and griev'd, impatient of her stay;  
 she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away:  
 nce made the night, her presence brought  
 the day.  
 ll, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:  
 make the song, the dance with her I lead.  
 er various in each shape and dress,  
 ury may form, or thought express.  
 , beneath the palm-tree on the plains,  
 sh's arms and habit Abra reigns:  
 ith, denoting conquest, guides her brow.  
 like Barak, at her feet I bow.  
 ic chorus sings her prosperous hand,  
 d slain the foe, and sav'd the land.  
 row she approves a softer air,  
 the pomp and pageantry of war,  
 of peaceful Abigail assumes,  
 the village with the present comes.  
 hful band depose their glittering arms,  
 her bounties, and recite her charms;

Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,  
 To meet with due regard my future queen.

If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd  
 To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,  
 Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly court  
 Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.  
 In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,  
 Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait  
 Till Abra comes: she comes; a milk-white steed  
 Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,  
 Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose,  
 (As the Sydonian maids or Thracian use,)  
 And half her knee and half her breast appear,  
 By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.  
 Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,  
 A silver bow she carries in her right,  
 And from the golden quiver at her side  
 Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.  
 Sapphires and diamonds on her front display  
 An artificial moon's increasing ray.  
 Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,  
 The favorite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.  
 Her, as the present goddess, I obey:  
 Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.  
 The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame:  
 Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim  
 Her mystic praise; the vocal triumphs bound  
 Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.

If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,  
 To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,  
 Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands,  
 To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.  
 Upon the watery beach an artful pile  
 Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle:  
 A golden chariot in the midst is set,  
 And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.  
 Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,  
 In semblance of the Grecian Venus known:  
 Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,  
 And sing in moving strains the force of love;  
 Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,  
 And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,  
 I, her adorer, too devoutly stand  
 Fast on the utmost margin of the land,  
 With arms and hopes extended, to receive  
 The fancied goddess rising from the wave.

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!  
 Whither yet further would my folly rove?  
 Is it enough, that Abra should be great  
 In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?  
 That, masking habits, and a borrow'd name,  
 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?  
 No, no! Jerusalem combin'd must see  
 My open fault, and regal infamy.  
 Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:  
 Abra invites; the nation is the guest.  
 To have the honor of each day sustain'd,  
 The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd:  
 Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:  
 The edible creation decks the board:  
 Hardly the phenix 'scapes—  
 The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,  
 To sing my happiness, and Abram's praise;  
 And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse  
 In lying strains and ignominious verse:  
 While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,  
 Whom prudent Love from public eyes should hide,  
 I show her to the world, confess'd and known  
 Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

"O! witness Earth beneath, and Heaven above!  
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;  
If madness may the name of passion bear,  
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair. [trolls

"Thou Sovereign Power! whose secret will con-  
The inward bent and motion of our souls!  
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees  
Between the cause and cure of my disease?  
The mighty object of that raging fire,  
In which unpitied Abra must expire,  
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,  
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,  
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,  
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,  
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.  
For him at night, the dear expected guest,  
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;  
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,  
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,  
Wavering, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,  
Till he and joy together should appear,  
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.  
On my declining neck and open breast  
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,  
To and from beneath his head, at dawning day,  
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,  
To rise and from the fold release the sheep,  
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

"Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame,  
(For sure from Heaven the faithful ardor came),  
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour  
With height of title, and extent of power;  
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,  
Fond the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

"Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,  
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,  
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,  
And gather honey falling from his tongue,  
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,  
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,  
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,  
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.  
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams  
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;  
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair  
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair  
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red  
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;  
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock  
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook  
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.  
Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains  
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.  
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set  
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;  
His stature all majestic, all divine,  
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.  
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,  
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.  
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!  
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said  
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,  
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;  
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,  
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to  
come."

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.  
O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!  
My suffering heart for ever shall defy  
View wounds and danger from a future eye.

O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain  
The wretched memory of my former pain.  
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

"As time," I said, "may happily efface  
That cruel image of the king's disgrace,  
Imperial reason shall resume her seat,  
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.  
Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,  
We wisely should exert a double care,  
Nor ever ought a second time to err."

This Abra then—  
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave  
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.  
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,  
And generous pity to that truth was due.  
Well I entreated her, who well deserv'd;  
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd.  
Use made her person easy to my sight,  
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

Whence'er I revell'd in the women's bowers,  
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)  
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,  
The cakes she kneaded was the savory meat:  
But fruits their odor lost, and meats their taste,  
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast;  
Dishonor'd did the sparkling goblet stand,  
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;  
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,  
Raising their voices to the master lyre,  
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;  
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;  
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,  
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.

Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,  
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.  
A bright tiara, round her forehead tied,  
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;  
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast  
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;  
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,  
And every gem augmented every charm.

Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,  
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.  
And now I could behold, avow, and blame  
The several follies of my former flame;  
Willing my heart for recompense to prove  
The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.  
"For what," said I, "from Abra can I fear,  
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?  
The damsel's sole ambition is to please:  
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:  
She soothes, but never can enthral my mind:  
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?"

Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is  
made!

How by himself insensibly betray'd!  
In our own strength unhappily secure,  
Too little cautious of the adverse power,  
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,  
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.  
On Pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,  
Masters as yet of our returning way;  
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,  
And give our conduct to the waves and wind;  
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,  
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,  
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,  
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,  
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,  
(Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;

lift into the boundless ocean borne,  
 ish confidence too late we mourn :  
 our devoted heads the billows beat. 'treat  
 m our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-  
 thy Love! from thy unbounded power  
 till the human bosom rest secure!  
 all our thought avoid the various snare!  
 torn to our caution'd soul declare  
 erent shapes thou pleasest to employ,  
 ent to hurt, and certain to destroy!  
 naughty nymph, in open beauty drest,  
 encounters our unguarded breast:  
 as with majesty, and moves with state;  
 her soul, and in misfortune great,  
 ns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.  
 whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,  
 and our conduct with becoming pride;  
 l with the courage in her action shown,  
 se her mind, the image of our own,  
 t can please is certain to persuade.  
 belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.  
 k we see through Reason's optics right,  
 l how Beauty's rays elude our sight:  
 with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,  
 en we speak her great, we wish her kind.  
 orrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair  
 owing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;  
 complaint, and humble is her tale,  
 as explaining where her accents fail.  
 nerous softness warms the honest breast;  
 e the sad, and succor the distress'd.  
 hilst our wish prepares the kind relief,  
 pity mitigates her rising grief.  
 ten soon from her contagious care,  
 for her sorrows, groan for her despair;  
 ainst Love too late those bosoms arm,  
 tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.  
 ust this nearest, cruellest of foes,  
 hall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?  
 e, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid,  
 ar pity and our pride betray'd?  
 d remedy shall we hope to find, [mind;  
 the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous  
 g there does Reason's power deride,  
 ind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?  
 queror now, my lovely Abra, held  
 dom in her chains; my heart was fill'd  
 er, with her alone; in her alone  
 at its peace and joy: while she was gone,  
 l and griev'd, impatient of her stay;  
 d, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away:  
 sence made the night, her presence brought  
 the day.  
 ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:  
 I make the song, the dance with her I lead.  
 her various in each shape and dress,  
 xury may form, or thought express.  
 ay, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,  
 orah's arms and habit Abra reigns:  
 eath, denoting conquest, guides her brow,  
 w, like Barak, at her feet I bow.  
 mic chorus sings her prosperous hand,  
 had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.  
 orrow she approves a softer air,  
 s the pomp and pageantry of war,  
 m of peaceful Abigail assumes,  
 m the village with the present comes.  
 uful hand depose their glittering arms,  
 s her bounties, and recite her charms;

Whilst I assume my father's step and mien.  
 To meet with due regard my future queen.  
 If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd  
 To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,  
 Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly court  
 Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.  
 In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,  
 Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait  
 Till Abra comes: she comes: a milk-white steed  
 Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,  
 Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose,  
 (As the Sydonian maids or Thracian use.)  
 And half her knee and half her breast appear.  
 By art, like negligence, disclosed and bare.  
 Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight.  
 A silver bow she carries in her right,  
 And from the golden quiver at her side  
 Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.  
 Sapphires and diamonds on her front display  
 An artificial moon's increasing ray.  
 Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,  
 The favorite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.  
 Her, as the present goddess, I obey:  
 Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.  
 The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame:  
 Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim  
 Her mystic praise: the vocal triumphs bound  
 Against the hills: the hills reflect the sound.  
 If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,  
 To the large fish-pools, or the glassy flocks,  
 Her mind to-morrow points: a thousand hands,  
 To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.  
 Upon the watery beach an artful pile  
 Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle:  
 A golden chariot in the midst is set,  
 And silver cygnet seem to feel its weight.  
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 The edible creation decks the board:  
 Hardly the phoenix 'scapes—  
 The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,  
 To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;  
 And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse  
 In lying strains and ignominious verse:  
 While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,  
 Whom prudent Love from public eyes should hide,  
 I show her to the world, confess'd and known  
 Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;  
From Dan and from Beer-sheba they resort:  
They barter places, and dispose of grants,  
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;  
They teach her to recede, or to debate,  
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;  
By practis'd rules her empire to secure,  
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.  
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,  
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,  
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;  
By ignominious arts, for servile ends,  
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.

And now I leave the true and just supports  
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,  
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,  
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,  
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,  
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.  
And now (unhappy counsel!) I prefer  
Those whom my follies only made me fear,  
Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;  
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,  
Though they had spur'd his rule, and curs'd him  
to his fate.

Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd;  
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:  
Her will alone could settle or revoke,  
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care:  
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.  
I durst not reason with my wounded heart;  
Abra possess'd; she was its better part.  
O! had I now review'd the famous cause,  
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,  
In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue  
Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,  
And real care in vain, and native love,  
In the true parent's panting breast had strove;  
While both, deceiv'd, had seen the destin'd child  
Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknown to command, proud to obey,  
A lifeless king, a royal shade, I lay.  
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain;  
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.  
Causes unjustly disgrace the loaded file,  
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.  
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,  
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.  
No more the young nobility were taught  
How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.  
Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,  
Or lost in drink and game the solid day.  
Porches and schools, design'd for public good,  
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd, stood,  
Or nodded, threatening ruin—  
Half pillars wanted their expected height,  
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.  
The artists grieve; the laboring people droop:  
My father's legacy, my country's hope,  
God's temple, lies unfinished.—

The wise and great deplor'd their monarch's fate,  
And future mischiefs of a sinking state.  
"Is this," the serious said, "is this the man,  
Whose active soul through every science ran?  
Who, by just rule and elevated skill,  
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?  
Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,  
On large phylacteries expressive writ,

Were to the forehead of the rabbins tied,  
Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride!  
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain?  
Then was our hearing, and his preaching, vain!  
What from his life and letters were we taught,  
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?"

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay  
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)  
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,  
And charms superior to their master's fame.  
Laughing, some praise the king, who let them see  
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:  
Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife  
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.  
"However, friend, here's to the king," one cries:  
"To him who *was* the king," the friend replies.  
"The king, for Judah's and for Wisdom's curse,  
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?  
Our looser lives let Chance or Folly steer.  
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.  
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair.  
And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:  
Let us the bliss without the sting receive.  
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.

Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow:  
Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe.  
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,  
And added to the thousand he has made."

"Sadly, O Reason! is thy power express'd,  
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frightened breast!  
And harsh the rules which we from thee receive.  
If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;  
And more to think he only more to grieve:  
If Judah's king, at thy tribunal tried,  
Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride,  
And, changing sorrows, I am only found  
Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more  
strictly bound!"

"But do I call thee tyrant, or complain  
How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?  
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,  
To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same:  
The idle product of a troubled thought,  
In borrow'd shapes and airy colors wrought;  
A fancied line, and a reflected shade;  
A chain which man to fetter man has made:  
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd!"

"Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,  
Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,  
I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.  
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul.  
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.  
Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard;  
Virtue for once shall be her own reward:  
Yes; rebel Israel! this unhappy maid  
Shall be dismiss'd: the crowd shall be obey'd:  
The king his passion and his rule shall leave,  
No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.  
My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate;  
I will, alas! be wretched to be great,  
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state."

I said: resolv'd to plunge into my grief  
At once so far, as to expect relief  
From my despair alone—  
I chose to write the thing I durst not speak  
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.  
The harsh epistle labor'd much to prove  
How inconsistent majesty and love.  
I always should, it said, esteem her well,  
But never see her more: it bid her feel

e pain for me; but instant wed  
 more proportion'd to her bed,  
 st dedicate her remnant life  
 ist duties of an humble wife.  
 ad, and forth to me she wildly ran,  
 he ease of all her former pain.  
 d'd, entreated, struggled, threaten'd, cried,  
 an alternate passion liv'd and died:  
 r, denied the liberty to mourn,  
 rude fury from my presence torn,  
 y object of my real care,  
 rom hope, abandon'd to despair,  
 few posting fatal hours is hurl'd  
 alth, from power, from love, and from the  
 world.  
 : tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,  
 ferent sorrows did within thee roll?  
 ugs, what fires, what racks, didst thou  
 sustain?  
 I vicissitudes of smarting pain?  
 from pomp and state did I remove,  
 despair, and cherish hopeless love?  
 all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,  
 aties press'd, and panting in my arms?  
 with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,  
 mimic fancy might her likeness trace?  
 desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,  
 in shades with her and Love alone?  
 all night pursued her in my dreams,  
 very valleys, and through crystal streams,  
 king, view'd with grief the rising Sun,  
 ily mourn'd the dear delusion gone?"  
 thus the gather'd storms of wretched love  
 voln bosom, with long war had strove;  
 h they broke their bounds; at length their  
 force  
 vn whatever met its stronger course,  
 the civil bonds of manhood waste,  
 ter'd ruin as the torrent past.  
 the hills, whose hollow caves contain  
 gregated snow and swelling rain,  
 full stores their ancient bounds disdain,  
 into the furious torrent flows:  
 would speed avoid, or strength oppose;  
 breasts, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd,  
 a great death deform the dreary ground:  
 ood woes from distant rocks resound.  
 r, what impious ways my wishes took,  
 y the monarch and the man forsook;  
 v I follow'd an abandon'd will,  
 crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;  
 lah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,  
 my prostituted bed receives;  
 tribes of women how I loosely rang'd  
 it: lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;  
 the instinct of capricious lust,  
 disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:  
 these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,  
 s of decent silence justly veil'd!  
 te wanton images convey'd  
 oblivion and eternal shade!  
 eir sad epitome alone,  
 ward lines, to futuro age be known,  
 to propagate the sure belief,  
 re engenders shame, and folly broods o'er  
 grief!  
 I in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay;  
 at I revell'd, and I slept the day.  
 aps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,  
 ly change extinguish'd young desires.

By its own force destroy'd, fruition cens'd,  
 And, always wearied, I was never pleas'd.  
 No longer now does my neglected mind  
 Its wonted stores and old ideas find.  
 Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,  
 To take the true, or set the false aside.  
 No longer does swift Memory trace the cells,  
 Where springing Wit, or young Invention, dwells.  
 Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;  
 Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.  
 By sad degrees impair'd, my vigor dies,  
 Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.  
 The women on my dotage build their sway:  
 They ask, I grant; they threaten, I obey.  
 In legal garments now I gravely stride,  
 Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride:  
 Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,  
 In ropes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.  
 Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,  
 And shape my foolishness to their desire;  
 Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,  
 At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.  
 With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,  
 And curling frankincense ascends to Baal,  
 To each new harlot I new altars dress,  
 And serve her god, whose person I caress.  
 Where, my deluded sense, was Reason flown?  
 Where the high majesty of David's throne?  
 Where all the maxims of eternal truth,  
 With which the living God inform'd my youth,  
 When with the lewd Egyptian I adore  
 Vain idols, deities that ne'er before  
 In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,  
 Beastly divinities, and droves of gods;  
 Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,  
 And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food?  
 When in the woody hills' forbidden shade  
 I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid;  
 When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal  
 Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;  
 To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,  
 And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd;  
 When to all beings sacred rites were given,  
 Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heaven?  
 Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,  
 Some seeds of light at length began to roll.  
 The rising motion of an infant ray  
 Shot glimmering thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.  
 And now, one moment able to reflect,  
 I found the king abandon'd to neglect,  
 Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.  
 I found my subjects amicably join  
 To lessen their defects by citing mine.  
 The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,  
 And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.  
 The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son  
 The sad examples which he ought to shun.  
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.  
 Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,  
 "A wise child better than a foolish king."  
 Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd,  
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.  
 A mighty king I am, an earthly god;  
 Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:  
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free,  
 And life or death depends on my decree.  
 Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;  
 O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;  
 Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,  
 Insult the master's tributary will:



And he, from whom the nations should receive  
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,  
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,  
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

"O Reason! once again to thee I call;  
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.  
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heaven receiv'd her birth,  
Her beams transmitted to the subject Earth:  
Yet this great empress of the human soul  
Does only with imagin'd power control,  
If restless Passion, by rebellious sway,  
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

"O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,  
Without thy poor advice, the laboring heart  
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,  
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone!"

Oft have I said, the praise of doing well  
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.  
Now, if some flies, perchance, however small,  
Into the alabaster urn should fall,  
The odors of the sweets inclos'd would die,  
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply.  
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,  
Of future ill become the fatal seed;  
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,  
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:  
Of thy past errors recollect the store;  
And silent weep, that, while the deathless Muse  
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse  
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim  
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame  
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.  
Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,  
Much of my women and their gods ashamed;  
From this abyss of exemplary vice  
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise;  
Again I bid the mournful goddess write  
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight;  
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,  
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing  
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,  
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd,  
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,  
Their wishes, smiles, and looks, deceitful all, and  
vain.

#### BOOK III.—POWER.

*Texts chiefly alluded to in Book III.*

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."—*ECCLES. chap. xii. ver. 6.*

"The Sun riseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose."—*CH. i. 5.*

"The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north. It whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again, according to his circuit."—*VER. 6.*

"All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."—*VER. 7.*

"Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—*CH. xii. 7.*

"Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house."—*2 CHRON. vii. 1.*

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down: yea, we wept, when we remembered Sion," &c.—*PSALM cxxxvii. 1.*

"I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?"—*ECCLES. ii. 2.*

"No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end."—*CH. iii. 11.*

"Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it; and God doeth it, that men should fear before him."—*FER. 14.*

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."—*CH. xii. 13.*

#### ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes, in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom till the redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

Come then, my soul! I call thee by that name.  
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am:  
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;  
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.  
But how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring?  
For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Bear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,  
Some separate particles of finer earth,  
A plain effect which Nature must beget.  
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;  
Companion of the body's good or ill,  
From force of instinct, more than choice of will;  
Conscious of fear or valor, joy or pain,  
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;  
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,  
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;  
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,  
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death!

Or, if thy great existence would aspire  
To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire  
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,  
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay:  
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,  
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;  
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame,  
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;  
To guide its actions with informing care,  
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;  
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,  
As fits the various course of human age;  
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,  
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls;

while upon the sad remains,  
 Now the pile or sepulchre contains;  
 So with liberty unbounded flies,  
 To regain her native skies.  
 'Er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go,  
 Which we rather may dispute than know,) )  
 Thou little inmate of this breast,  
 R thy sake from passions I divest,  
 , thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,  
 Under thy repose, and trouble life.  
 In level of thy actions laid,  
 Chance wills, and prudence may persuade:  
 Sections undisturb'd and clear,  
 , what may great or good appear,  
 If life be worth the liver's care.  
 'd in man, there justly is beheld  
 Ough the whole creation has excell'd:  
 and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,  
 It's forecast and intelligence:  
 These glorious seeds what harvest flows,  
 Our blessings, and compare our woes.  
 e light let clearest reason see  
 Dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;  
 and naked, on a woman's knees  
 Pos'd and rear'd as she may please,  
 neglect, and pine from her disease:  
 Her eye by too direct a ray  
 l, and flying from unpractic'd day;  
 : assaulted by invading air,  
 ing fervent to the vital war;  
 ung sense how various forms appear,  
 ke his wonder, and excite his fear:  
 tortions he reveals his pains;  
 s tears and by his sighs complains;  
 and use assist the infant wretch,  
 n words and rudiments of speech,  
 s in plainer characters to show,  
 t more perfect figures of his woe;  
 'd to sacrifice his childish years  
 ing ignorance, and to empty fears;  
 he riper period of his age,  
 is part upon a crowded stage;  
 g toils expos'd, and endless cares,  
 dangers, and to secret snares;  
 e, which the vengeful foe intends,  
 more dangerous love of seeming friends.  
 s examin'd by the people's will,  
 forget the good, and blame the ill;  
 censur'd in their curs'd debate,  
 the scorner's or the judge's seat,  
 condemn the virtue which they hate.  
 d he rather leave this frantic scene,  
 s and beasts prefer to courts and men,  
 motest wood and lonely grot  
 o meet that worst of evils, Thought;  
 ideas to his memory brought,  
 ricate as are the pathless woods,  
 s some as the descending floods;  
 ious doubts, with raging passions torn,  
 t companion near with whom to mourn,  
 the echoing rock return his sighs,  
 t himself the frighted hermit flies.  
 through what path soe'er of life we rove,  
 spans our hate, and grief our love.  
 th the present moment's heavy gloom,  
 k we brightness from the years to come?  
 and broken like a sick man's sleep,  
 yled thoughts to distant prospects leap,  
 still what flies us to o'ertake,  
 is but the dream of those that wake:

But, looking back, we see the dreadful train  
 Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,  
 We should refuse to tread the path again;  
 Still adding grief, still counting from the first,  
 Judging the latest evils still the worst,  
 And sadly finding each progressive hour  
 Heighten their number and augment their power.  
 Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,  
 Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,  
 We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,  
 Compell'd our common impotence to mourn.  
 Thus through the round of age to childhood we

return;

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb  
 We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb  
 Naked again we must to-morrow lie,  
 Born to lament, to labor, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,  
 The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;  
 The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,  
 The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;  
 The frequent errors of the pathless wood,  
 The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;  
 The noisome pestilence, that, in open war,  
 Terrible marches through the mid-day air,  
 And scatters death; the arrow that by night  
 Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;  
 The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,  
 That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,  
 And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;  
 The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,  
 Canker or locust, hurtful to infest  
 The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,  
 And eminence of want distinguishes the year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,  
 Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;  
 The cruel stone with congregated war  
 Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,  
 With frequent impulses, and continued strife,  
 Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;  
 The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,  
 The sad experience of decay; and age,  
 Herself the sorest ill; while Death and ease,  
 Oft and in vain invoc'd or to appease  
 Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede  
 From the vex'd patient and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,  
 Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near  
 To the cold shaking paralytic hand,  
 Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command;  
 Nor longer apt or able to fulfil  
 The dictates of its feeble master's will.  
 Nought shall the psaltery and the harp avail,  
 The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale,  
 When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,  
 And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flowery hill,  
 The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,  
 The ocean rolling, and the shelley shore,  
 Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,  
 When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye  
 In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.  
 Day follows night; the clouds return again  
 After the falling of the latter rain;  
 But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return  
 Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn  
 The Sun and Moon, and every starry light,  
 Eclipse'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where Age's wretched victim lies,  
 See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes.

Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;  
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,  
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time, the silver cord  
Dissever'd lies; unhonor'd from the board  
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,  
And apter utensils their place supply.  
These things and thou must share one equal lot,  
Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;  
While still another and another race  
Shall now supply, and now give up the place;  
From earth all came, to earth must all return,  
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd,  
And view we man with health and vigor blest.  
Home he returns with the declining Sun,  
His destin'd task of labor hardly done;  
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,  
Again his travel for his bread to pay,  
And find the ill sufficient to the day.  
Haply at night he does with horror shun  
A widow'd daughter or a dying son;  
His neighbor's offspring he to-morrow sees,  
And doubly feels his want in their increase;  
The next day, and the next, he must attend  
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.  
In every act and turn of life, he feels  
Public calamities, or household ills;  
The due reward to just desert refus'd,  
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;  
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,  
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws;  
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,  
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;  
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,  
Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice re-  
claim.

Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,  
Produc'd as atoms from the fluttering dance?  
Or higher yet their essence may we draw  
From destin'd order and eternal law?  
Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat:  
Spring they, I say, from accident or Fate?  
Yet such we find they are as can control  
The servile actions of our wavering soul:  
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;  
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search! in which the laboring mind,  
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to  
find

A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,  
From years of pain one moment of release;  
Hoping at least she may herself deceive,  
Against experience willing to believe,  
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last  
Has through this doleful vale of misery past,  
Who to his destin'd stage has carried on  
The tedious load, and laid his burthen down;  
Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shows  
Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes.  
He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate  
To shorter labor and a lighter weight,  
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,  
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.  
But O! beyond description happiest he,  
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;  
Who, with bless'd freedom, from the general doom  
Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,  
Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the tomb!

Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must  
mourn;

And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear:

Are not these general maxims too severe?  
Say: cannot power secure its owner's bliss?  
And is not wealth the potent sire of peace?  
Are victors bless'd with fame, or kings with ease?"

I tell thee, life is but one common care,  
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.

"But is no rank, no station, no degree,  
From this contagious taint of sorrow free?"

None, mortal! none. Yet in a bolder strain  
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.

But hence, ye worldly and profane, retire;  
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre,  
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:  
Yet still must covet life, and be deceiv'd;  
Your very fear of death shall make you try  
To catch the shade of immortality;  
Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save  
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;  
To those who may survive you to bequeath  
Something entire, in spite of Time and Death;  
A fancied kind of being to retrieve,  
And in a book, or from a building, live.  
False hope! vain labor! let some ages fly.  
The dome shall moulder, and the volume die:  
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,  
That all the parts of this great fabric change.  
Quit their old station, and primeval frame,  
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name!

Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys, are vain;  
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain. [sing

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort

The name of wise or great, of judge or king!  
What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear  
The public burthen of the nation's care;  
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;  
Now falls a victim to the people's ease;  
From the first-blooming of his ill-taught youth,  
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth;  
At home surrounded by a servile crowd,  
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;  
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,  
His very state acknowledging his fears;  
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows  
His secret terror of a thousand foes:  
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,  
To blind events and fickle chance a slave;  
Seeking to settle what for ever flies,  
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

But he returns with conquest on his brow,

Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow:

The captive generals to his car were tied;

The joyful citizens' tumultuous tide,

Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.

What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise.

One great collection of the people's voice.

The wretches he brings back in chains relate

What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.

The spoils and trophies, borne before him, show

National loss, and epidemic woe,

Various distress, which he and his may know.

Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain.

The heroes, once the glory of the plain,

Left in the conflict of the fatal day,

Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey!

Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,

Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tear!

where he comes, the darling of the war!  
 lions crowding round the gilded car!  
 Fast joys of this ecstatic hour,  
 All fruition of successful power,  
 Moment and one thought might let him scan  
 Rapturous turns of life, and fickle state of man.  
 Dire images of sad distrust,  
 Pular change, obscur'd amid the dust  
 From the victor's rapid wheel?  
 Loud clarion or shrill sife repel  
 Ward cries of care? can Nature's voice,  
 Ere, be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise;  
 A shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,  
 Ee birds, now releas'd, and shake the ivory  
 chair?  
 n crowd," he might reflect, "yon joyful  
 crowd,  
 with my honors, in my praises loud,  
 I fleeting Victory to the vanquish'd go,  
 she depress my arms, and raise the foe,)  
 for that foe with equal ardor wait  
 high palace, or the crowded gate;  
 endless rage would pull my statues down,  
 at the brass anew to his renown.  
 mpotent desire of worldly sway!  
 who make the triumph of to-day,  
 to-morrow's pomp one part appear,  
 with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!  
 vileness of mankind!) then of all these,  
 my dilated eye with labor sees,  
 one, alas! repeat me good, or great,  
 my pale body, or bewail my fate!  
 rch'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,  
 ctor's pastime, and the sport of war,  
 one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,  
 so poor, to own he was my friend!"  
 ills it then, O Reason, to be wise?  
 this cruel scene with quicker eyes?  
 ow with more distinction to complain,  
 ive superior sense in feeling pain?  
 us revolve that roll with strictest eye,  
 , safe from Time, distinguish'd actions lie;  
 dge if greatness be exempt from pain,  
 ure ever may with power remain.  
 m, great type, for whom the world was made,  
 irest blessing to his arms convey'd,  
 ming wife; and air, and sea, and land,  
 l that move therein, to his command  
 'd obedient: say, my pensive Muse,  
 did these golden promises produce?  
 tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd:  
 y, I think, in Paradise he liv'd;  
 d the next his journey to pursue,  
 wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.  
 t he earns his bread, adown his brow,  
 d to earth, his laboring sweat must flow;  
 ibs must ache, with daily toils oppress'd,  
 ag-wish'd night brings necessary rest.  
 ewing, with regret, his darling Eve,  
 her follies and his own must grieve;  
 ling still afresh their hapless choice;  
 r oft frightened with the imag'd voice:  
 aven, when first it thunder'd; oft his view  
 t, as when the infant lightning flew,  
 e stern cherub stopp'd the fatal road,  
 with the flames of an avenging God.  
 unger son on the polluted ground,  
 uit of Death, lies plaintive of a wound  
 by a brother's hand: his eldest birth  
 mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er Earth.

Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,  
 Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.  
 Each age sinn'd on, and guilt advanc'd with  
 time:  
 The son still added to the father's crime;  
 Till God arose, and, great in anger, said,  
 "Lo! it repenteth me that man was made!  
 Withdraw thy light, thou Sun! be dark, ye skies!  
 And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!"  
 The frightened angels heard th' Almighty Lord,  
 And o'er the Earth from wrathful vials pour'd  
 Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.  
 Meantime, his providence to Noah gave  
 The guard of all that he design'd to save.  
 Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood,  
 Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.  
 The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease,  
 The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;  
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,  
 Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.  
 If on the backward world his views are cast,  
 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste:  
 Present, (sad prospect!) can he aught descry  
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)  
 The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,  
 In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?  
 While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,  
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;  
 When of God's image only eight he found  
 Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from  
 nations drown'd;  
 And of three sons, the future hopes of Earth,  
 The seed whence empires must receive their birth,  
 One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,  
 And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race!  
 Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,  
 Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;  
 By blood and battles must his power maintain,  
 And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;  
 Must deal just portions of a servile life  
 To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife;  
 Must with the mother leave the weeping son,  
 In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;  
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,  
 To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,  
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,  
 Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.  
 Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?  
 The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,  
 And clouded in a deep abyss of light;  
 While present, too severe for human sight,  
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.  
 The following days, and months, and years, decreed  
 To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.  
 His youth with wants and hardships must engage;  
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age;  
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,  
 Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:  
 And Israel did his rage so far provoke,  
 That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke,  
 His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,  
 In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;  
 And died obedient to severest law,  
 Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.  
 My father's life was one long line of care.  
 A scene of danger, and a state of war.  
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage  
 The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.  
 By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear  
 Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.

Forlorn he must and persecuted fly,  
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,  
And often ask, and be refus'd, to die.

For ever, from his manly toil, are known  
The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.  
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,  
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?  
When every object his offence revil'd,  
The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,  
The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?  
What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd,  
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;

And the inexorable prophet's voice [choice?  
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his

He died; and, oh! may no reflection shed  
Its poisonous venom on the royal dead!  
Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,  
Which long has labor'd in this pensive breast:  
Dying, he added to my weight of care;  
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;  
Left his unfinished murder to his son,  
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasten'd to fulfil  
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.  
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,  
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look,  
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,  
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;  
But could with joy his years of folly trace,  
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;  
Could follow him, where'er he stray'd from good,  
And cite his sad example, whilst I trod  
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.  
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,  
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;  
Soon in a brother could a rival view,  
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.  
In vain for life he to the altar fled:  
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.  
Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell,  
But that my interest did my rage conceal.  
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive,  
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.  
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain;  
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,  
Join fraud to force, and policy to power,  
Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,  
In solemn state to parricide I rise,  
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse;  
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse,  
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;  
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt;  
The deed was acted by the subject's hand;  
The sword was pointed by the king's command.  
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone:  
Years of contrition must the crime atone;  
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,  
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,  
Her love of truth superior to her art,  
Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd  
The mournful figures of my actions past.  
The pensive goddess has already taught  
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;  
From growing childhood to declining age,  
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.  
This course of vanity almost complete,  
I'd in the field of life, I hope retreat

In the still shades of Death: for dread and pain,  
And griefs, will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,  
And their points broke, retorted from the head,  
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frightened Reason! what is death?  
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;  
The utmost limit of a narrow span,  
And end of motion, which with life began.  
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires  
Is seen this moment, and the next expires;  
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,  
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost;  
So vanishes our state, so pass our days;  
So life but opens now, and now decays;  
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.  
To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,  
Death only shows us what we knew was near.  
With courage, therefore, view the pointed hour.  
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power;  
Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,  
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.

Cautious thro' doubt, by want of courage wise,  
To such advice the reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long-continued space,  
Every successive day's repeated race,  
Since Time first started from his pristine goal,  
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul  
Join'd to my body, swell'd the womb; I was  
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass  
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,  
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?  
Must the whole man, amazing thought! return  
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?  
And never shall those particles agree,  
That were in life this individual he?  
But, sever'd, must they join the general mass.  
Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass.  
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was!  
Does the great Word, that gave him sense, ordain  
That life shall never wake that sense again?  
And will no power his sinking spirits save  
From the dark caves of Death, and chambers of the  
Grave?

Each evening I behold the setting Sun,  
With downward speed, into the Ocean run:  
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hour)  
Exerts his vigor, and renews his powers;  
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame  
Rises and sets, returning still the same.  
I mark the various fury of the winds;  
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds;  
They now dilate, and now contract their force;  
Various their speed, but endless is their course.  
From his first fountain and beginning ouze,  
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:  
Though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,  
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same;  
Still other waves supply the rising urns,  
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,  
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise,  
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;  
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er  
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;  
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly,  
A meteor shooting from the summer sky;  
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;  
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;

tide shadow, and a midnight dream ;  
 ablems which, with semblance apt, proclaim  
 irthly course : but, O my soul ! so fast  
 ife run off, and death for ever last !  
 : dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd :  
 : hence this hope, and terror of the mind ?  
 omething still, and somewhere, yet remain,  
 d or punishment, delight or pain ?  
 all our relics second birth receive ?  
 we to wake, and only die to live ?  
 the sad wife has closed her husband's eyes,  
 ier'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,  
 ie pale corpse not yet entirely dead,  
 irt only from the body fled ;  
 umer part of heat and motion void,  
 by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd ;  
 ul, immortal substance, to remain,  
 ous of joy, and capable of pain ?  
 f her acts have been directed well,  
 with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell.  
 he with safety reach her pristine seat ?  
 er rest endless, and her bliss complete ?  
 hile the buried man we idly mourn,  
 els joy to see his better half return ?  
 'she has deform'd this earthly life  
 auderous rapine, and seditious strife,  
 d, repuls'd, and by those angels driven  
 the ethereal seat, and blissful Heaven,  
 lasting darkness must she lie,  
 ore unhappy, that she cannot die ?  
 d two seas, on one small point of land,  
 ed, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand :  
 her side our thoughts incessant turn ;  
 rd we dread, and looking back we mourn ;  
 the present in this dubious haste,  
 at ourselves betwixt the future and the past.  
 se cruel doubts contending in my breast,  
 erson staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,  
 ' more," I said, "once more I will inquire,  
 is this little, agile, perversive fire,  
 uttering motion, which we call the Mind ?  
 loes she act ? and where is she confin'd ?  
 we the power to guide her as we please ?  
 re then those evils that obstruct our ease ?  
 ppiness pursue ; we fly from pain ;  
 e pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain :  
 hile poor Nature labors to be blest,  
 y with pleasure, and by night with rest,  
 stronger power eludes our sickly will,  
 ug our rising hope with certain ill ;  
 takes us, with reflective trouble, see  
 ll is destin'd, which we fancy free. [mind,  
 at Power superior then, which rules our  
 decree by human prayer inclin'd ?  
 e for sacrifice our sorrows ease ?  
 an our tears reverse his firm decrees ?  
 let Religion aid, where Reason fails :  
 ' loads of incense in, to turn the scales ;  
 t the silent sanctuary show,  
 from the babbling schools we may not know,  
 nan may shun or bear his destin'd part of woe.  
 hat shall amend, or what absolve, our fate ?  
 as we hover in a mediate state,  
 t infinity and nothing, bounds,  
 ndless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.  
 al thought ! whilst all we apprehend  
 : our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,  
 : Creator deigns to be our friend."  
 d ;—and instant had the priests prepare  
 tual sacrifice and solemn prayer

Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,  
 A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.  
 The artful youth proceed to form the choir ;  
 They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.  
 The maids in comely order next advance ;  
 They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.  
 Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,  
 Chanting, by just return, the holy song.  
 Along the choir in solemn state they past :  
 —The anxious king came last.  
 The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow  
 I paid ; and, bowing at the altar low,  
 "Father of Heaven !" I said, "and Judge of  
 Earth !  
 Whose word call'd out this universe to birth ;  
 By whose kind power and influencing care  
 The various creatures move, and live, and are ;  
 But ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,  
 They move, (alas ! ) and live, and are no more :  
 Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,  
 To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.  
 "Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,  
 Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease !  
 Redem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts  
 Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts :  
 From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,  
 Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide  
 (It was thy hand that made it) through the tide  
 Impetuous of this life : let thy command  
 Direct my course, and bring me safe to land !  
 "If, while this wearied flesh draws fleeting  
 breath,  
 Not satisfied with life, afraid of death,  
 It haply be thy will, that I should know  
 Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe !  
 From Now, from instant Now, great Sire ! dispel  
 The clouds that press my soul ; from Now reveal  
 A gracious beam of light ; from Now inspire  
 My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre ;  
 My open thought to joyous prospects raise,  
 And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.  
 Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait  
 Some new hereafter, and a future state,  
 Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,  
 And raise my mind superior to my care.  
 Let me, howe'er unable to explain  
 The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,  
 With humble zeal confess thy awful power ;  
 Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore :  
 So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,  
 And for thy justice be thy name rever'd."  
 My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom  
 Darkens the air ; loud thunder shakes the dome.  
 To the beginning miracle succeed  
 An awful silence and religious dread.  
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common day ;  
 The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,  
 Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—  
 Ambrosial odor, such as never flows  
 From Arab's gum, or the Sabrean rose.  
 Does round the air evolving scents diffuse :  
 The holy ground is wet with heavenly dew :  
 Celestial music (such *Jessides'* lyre,  
 Such *Miriam's* timbrel, would in vain require)  
 Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear.  
 With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear  
 And lo ! what sees my ravish'd eye ? what feels  
 My wand'ring soul ? An opening cloud reveals  
 An heavenly form, embodied, and array'd  
 With robes of light. I heard. The angel said :

"Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief  
From daily trouble and continued grief;  
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,  
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind;  
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,  
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe;  
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,  
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb;  
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,  
Portions of toil, and legacies of care;  
Send the successive ills through ages down,  
And let each weeping father tell his son,  
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,  
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

"The child to whose success thy hope is bound,  
Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,  
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd,  
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind!)  
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,  
And lose his great defence, his people's love;  
Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,  
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd;  
Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown  
With lessen'd rays descending to his son;  
Shall see the wreaths, his grandsire knew to reap  
By active toil and military sweat,  
Pining, incline their sickly leaves, and shod  
Their falling honors from his giddy head;  
By arms or prayer unable to assuage  
Domestic horror and intestine rage,  
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,  
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear;  
Shall cast his wearied limbs on Jordan's flood,  
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kin-  
dred blood. [race,

"Hence laboring years shall weep their destin'd  
Charg'd with ill omens, sullied with disgrace.  
Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go  
Through scenes of war, and opothas of woe.  
The empire, lessen'd in a parted stream,  
Shall lose its course—

Indulge thy tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme;  
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame,  
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

"New Egypt yet and second bonds remain,  
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.  
Again, obedient to a dire command,  
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.  
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,  
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.

"These pointed spires, that wound the ambient  
sky,

(Inglorious change!) shall in destruction lie  
Low, level'd with the dust; their heights unknown,  
Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,  
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat  
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,  
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,  
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.  
The tyrant shall demand yon sacred load  
Of gold, and vessels set apart to God,  
Then, by vile hands to common use debas'd,  
Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,  
With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

"Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete;  
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;  
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know  
A different master, and a change of woe,  
With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,  
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

"Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,  
Fast by the stream where Babel's waters run;  
Their harps upon the neighboring willows hung,  
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,  
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,  
Their wearied limbs aspiring but to rest.  
In the reflective stream the sighing bride,  
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd, shall hide  
Her pensive head; and in her languid face  
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race.  
While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace.  
With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn  
Their long-neglected feasts' despair'd return,  
And sad oblivion of their solemn days.  
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,  
Louder to weep. By day, your frightened seers  
Shall call for fountains to express their tears,  
And wish their eyes were floods; by night, from  
dreams

Of opening gulfs, black storms, and raging flames,  
Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show  
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types of woe.

"The captives, as their tyrant shall require  
That they should breathe the song, and touch the  
lyre,

Shall say: 'Can Jacob's servile race rejoice,  
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice?  
What can we play,' (they shall discourse,) 'how ming  
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king?  
We and our fathers, from our childhood bred  
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread  
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,  
(Outcast of mortal race!) can we conceive  
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay?  
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day.

The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know  
Is but some interval from active woe,  
In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn.  
Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.  
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?  
Our endless anguish does not Nature claim!

Reason and sorrow are to us the same.  
Alas! with wild amazement we require,  
If idle Folly was not Pleasure's fire?  
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth  
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth."

"This is the series of perpetual woe,  
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.  
Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:  
View not what Heaven ordains with Reason's eye;  
Too bright the object is; the distance is too high.  
The man who would resolve the work of Fate,  
May limit number, and make crooked straight:  
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense,  
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.  
'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,  
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.  
Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;  
What derogates from his command, is ill;  
And that alone is good which centres in his will.

"Yet, that thy laboring senses may not droop,  
Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,  
Remark what I, God's messenger, aver  
From him, who neither can deceive nor err.  
The land, at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn.  
Shall from her sad captivity return.  
Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,  
And in her courts the law again be read.  
Again the glorious temple shall arise,  
(And with new lustre pierce the neighboring skies

I seat of empire shall again  
 ountain, and command the plain ;  
 y race distinguish'd, one shall spring,  
 t than victor, more than king  
 id power, sent down from heaven,  
 arth. To him, to him, 'tis given,  
 care, and anguish, to destroy.  
 a, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,  
 r the world redeem'd shall flow ;  
 y man inquire, nor angel know.  
 domon! remembering who thou art,  
 thy remnant life the decent part.  
 strong : with patience and with care  
 I suffer : to thyself severe,  
 others, thy desires suppress'd,  
 virtues ; first of men! be beat.  
 duty let two worlds contain ;  
 'graven in thy heart remain!  
 and be just." The angel said :—  
 d speed his agile wings he spread ;  
 e holy ground I prostrate lay,  
 oublets impell'd, or to obey,  
 ; at length (my mournful look  
 d erect) determin'd, thus I spoke :  
 s, all-wise, eternal Potentate!  
 , sole Disposer of our fate!  
 light and immortality,  
 an fully sees, and none can see!  
 beings! Power divine!  
 live, and that I think, is thine!  
 stor! let thy plastic hand  
 own effect; let thy command  
 at Father! thy instructed son;  
 act may thy great will be done!"

## THIEF AND THE CORDELIER.

## A BALLAD:

*of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*

e'er been at Paris, must needs know the  
 rêve,  
 treat of th' unfortunate brave;  
 or and Justice most oddly contribute  
 ves' pains by a halter and gibbet  
 down, down, hey derry down.  
 ath breaks the shackles which Force had  
 it on,  
 ngman completes what the judge but  
 gun;  
 quire of the pad, and the knight of the  
 set,  
 pains no more balk'd, and their hopes  
 more crost.  
 down, &c.

ims are there made, and great secrets  
 e known; [own;  
 ug, and the law, and the thief, has his  
 rers cry out, "What a deuce dost thou  
 I?  
 reflections, and give us thy tale."  
 down, &c.

ore then, in civil respect to harsh laws,  
 nt of false witness to back a bad cause,  
 though late, was obliged to appear;  
 assist, but a grave Cordelier!  
 down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the  
 scene,  
 Seem'd not in great haste that the show should  
 begin :  
 Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,  
 And often took leave, but was loth to depart.  
 Derry down, &c.

"What frightens you thus, my good son!" says  
 the priest:  
 "You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest."  
 "O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;  
 For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken."  
 Derry down, &c.

"Pugh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with  
 such fancies :  
 Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:  
 If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,  
 You have only to die : let the church do the rest.  
 Derry down, &c.

"And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?  
 It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :  
 Courage, friend ; for to-day is your period of sorrow ;  
 And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow."  
 Derry down, &c.

"To-morrow!" our hero replied, in a fright :  
 "He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-  
 night."—  
 "Tell your beads," quoth the priest, "and be fairly  
 truss'd up,  
 For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup."  
 Derry down, &c.

"Alas!" quoth the squire, "howe'er sumptuous  
 the treat,  
 Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat ;  
 I should therefore esteem it great favor and grace.  
 Would you be so kind as to go in my place."  
 Derry down, &c.

"That I would," quoth the father, "and thank  
 you to boot ;  
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit  
 The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste ;  
 For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast."  
 Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,  
 "Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade ;  
 For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,  
 And we live by the gold for which other men die."  
 Derry down, &c.

## A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,  
 You wish fair winds may waft him over.  
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,  
 That bear me far from what I love?  
 Alas! what dangers on the main  
 Can equal those that I sustain,  
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain!

Be gentle, and in pity choose  
 To wish the wildest tempest loose :



That, thrown again upon the coast  
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,  
I may once more repeat my pain;  
Once more in dying notes complain  
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

### THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,  
The violet sweet and lily fair,  
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath;  
The flowers less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:  
And every nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they look'd more gay  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found  
Their odors lost, their colors past;  
She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
As any Muse's tongue could speak,  
When from its lid a pearly tear  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
"My love, my life," said I, "explain  
This change of humor: pr'ythee tell:  
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and, to the flowers  
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:  
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder, what a change is made!"

"Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,  
And that of Beauty, are but one:  
At morn both flourish bright and gay;  
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;  
The amorous youth around her bow'd:  
At night her fatal knell was rung;  
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died to-day;  
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:  
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display  
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

### AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Mrs Danaë, when fair and young,  
(As Horace has divinely sung)  
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace  
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

The reason of the thing is clear,  
Would Jove the naked truth aver.  
Cupid was with him of the party,  
And show'd himself sincere and hearty;  
For, give that whipster but his errand,  
He takes my lord chief justice' warrant:  
Dauntless as Death, away he walks;  
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks;  
Searches the parlor, chamber, study;  
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

"Since this has been authentic truth,  
By age deliver'd down to youth;  
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,  
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?  
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,  
Make us less curious, her less fair?  
The spy, which does this treasure keep,  
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?  
Does she to no excess incline?  
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?  
Or have not gold and flattery power  
To purchase one unguarded hour?

"Your care does further yet extend:  
That spy is guarded by your friend.—  
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?  
May he not feel the cruel dart,  
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?  
May he not, with too tender zeal,  
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,  
How much he wishes she were free?  
May he not craftily infer  
The rules of friendship too severe,  
Which chain him to a hated trust;  
Which make him wretched, to be just?  
And may not she, this darling she,  
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,  
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,  
Allow this logic to be good?"

"Sir, will your questions never end?  
I trust to neither spy nor friend.  
In short, I keep her from the sight  
Of every human face."—"She'll write."  
"From pen and paper she's debarr'd."  
"Has she a bodkin and a card?  
She'll prick her mind."—"She will, you say:  
But how shall she that mind convey?  
I keep her in one room: I lock it:  
The key, (look here,) is in this pocket."  
"The key-hole, is that left?"—"Most cer-  
tain."

"She'll thrust her letter through, Sir Marin."  
"Dear, angry friend, what must be done!  
"Is there no way?"—"There is but one.  
Send her abroad: and let her see,  
That all this mingled mass, which she,  
Being forbidden, longs to know,  
Is a dull farce, an empty show,  
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;  
A staple of romance and lies,  
False tears and real perjuries:  
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,  
And love is made but to be told:  
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir  
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;  
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,  
Must give up age to want and shame.  
Let her behold the frantic scene,  
The women wretched, false the men:  
And when, these certain ills to shun,  
She would to thy embraces run,

her with extended arms,  
 ore delighted with her charms :  
 her to the Park and play ;  
 good-humor ; make her gay ;  
 r virtues very kind ;  
 r faults a little blind ;  
 er ways be unconfin'd ;  
 p your padlock—on her mind."

## A SONG.

and music have the power  
 se the sickness of the soul,  
 bus every string explore,  
 bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.  
 r their friendly aid employ,  
 ke my Chloe's absence light ;  
 k for pleasure, to destroy  
 orrows of this livelong night.

to-morrow will return :  
 ; be thou to-morrow great ;  
 tles strow, thy odors burn,  
 meet thy favorite nymph in state.  
 Idess, to no other powers  
 to-morrow's blessings own :  
 ing loves shall guide the hours ;  
 ll the day be thine alone.

## THE FEMALE PHAETON.

rry \*, beautiful and young,  
 rld as colt untam'd,  
 the fair from whence she sprung,  
 ittle rage inflam'd :

with rage at sad restraint,  
 wise mamma ordain'd ;  
 ly vext to play the saint,  
 wit and beauty reign'd :

thumb holy books, confin'd  
 Abigails forsaken ?  
 r other things design'd,  
 n much mistaken.

dy Jenny friak about,  
 sit with her cousins ?  
 must she make all the rout,  
 ing home hearts by dozens ?

as she better, pray, than I,  
 idden charms to boast,  
 mankind for her should die,  
 I am scarce a toast ?

mamma ! for once let me,  
 n'd, my fortune try ;  
 my earl as well as she,†  
 w the reason why.

marine Hyde, now Duchess of Queensberry.  
 of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.

"I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,  
 Make all her lovers fall :  
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before ;  
 She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way ;  
 Kitty, at heart's desire,  
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
 And set the world on fire.

## THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,  
 Their rural sports, and jocund strains :  
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow !)  
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks ;  
 And, wandering through the lonely rocks,  
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came :  
 His grief some pity, others blame ;  
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :  
 He mingled his concern with theirs ;  
 He gave them back their friendly tears ;  
 He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest ;  
 And she too kind concern exprest,  
 And ask'd the reason of his woe :  
 She ask'd, but with an air and mien,  
 That made it easily foreseen,  
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head ;  
 "And will you pardon me," he said,  
 "While I the cruel truth reveal ?  
 Which nothing from my breast should tear ;  
 Which never should offend your ear,  
 But that you bid me tell.

"'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;  
 You are the cause of all my care ;  
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;  
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart :  
 I love, and I despair."

"Too much, Alexis, I have heard :  
 'Tis what I thought ; 'tis what I fear'd :  
 And yet I pardon you," she cried :  
 "But you shall promise ne'er again  
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :"  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

## AN ODE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;  
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;  
 When Chloe noted her desire,  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;  
 And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd ;  
 I sung, and gaz'd ; I play'd and trembled :  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

#### THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

In imitation of a Greek Idyllium.

CELIA and I, the other day,  
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea :  
 The setting Sun adorn'd the coast,  
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost :  
 And, on the surface of the deep,  
 The winds lay only not asleep :  
 The nymph did like the scene appear,  
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :  
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air.  
 With secret joy I heard her say,  
 That she would never miss one day  
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.  
 But, oh the change ! the winds grow high ;  
 Impending tempests charge the sky ;

The lightning flies, the thunder roars,  
 And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.  
 Struck with the horror of the sight,  
 She turns her head, and wings her flight :  
 And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again  
 Approach the shore, or view the main.

"Once more, at least, look back," said I,  
 Thyself in that large glass descry :  
 When thou art in good-humor drest ;  
 When gentle reason rules thy breast ;  
 The Sun upon the calmest sea  
 Appears not half so bright as thee :  
 'Tis then that with delight I rove  
 Upon the boundless depth of Love :  
 I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;  
 Nor think on all I left on shore.

"But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;  
 When the big lip and watery eye  
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;  
 'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,  
 Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;  
 And the poor sailor, that must try  
 Its fury, labors less than I.

"Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,  
 While Love and Fate still drive me back :  
 Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,  
 I chide thee first, and then obey.  
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,  
 I with thee, or without thee, die."

## JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY, a well-known poet, was born at or near Barnstaple, in Devonshire, in 1688. After an education at the free-school of Barnstaple, he was sent to London, where he was put apprentice to a silk-merchant. A few years of negligent attendance on the duties of such a station procured him a separate agreement from his master; and he not long afterwards addicted himself to poetical composition, of the first-fruits were his "Rural Sports," published in 1711, and dedicated to Pope, then first rising in literature. In the following year, Gay, who possessed a sweetness of disposition, but was indolent and idle, accepted an offer from the Duchess of Devonshire to reside with her as her secretary. He was secure enough in this employment to produce the same year his poem of "Trivia, or the Art of Living in the Streets of London," which proved one of the most entertaining of its class. It was much read; and displayed in a striking manner that facility for the description of external objects which early characterized the author.

In 1714, he made his appearance on the press on a singular occasion. Pope and Ambrose Philips had a dispute about the respective merits of their verses; upon which, Gay, in order to serve the interest of his friend, undertook to compose a set of verses, in which the manners of the country should be depicted in their natural coarseness, with a view to giving, by a sort of caricature, the absurdity of the countryman's system. The offer was accepted; and he who entitled his work "The Shepherd's Calendar," went through the usual topics of a set of verses in a parody, which is often extremely humorous. But the effect was in one respect different from his intended purpose; for his pictures of rural life were so extremely natural and amusing, intermixed with circumstances so beautiful and interesting, that his pastorals proved the most popular of the kind in the language. This performance was dedicated to Lord Bolingbroke; and at that period Gay seems to have obtained a large share of the favor of the Tory party then in power. He afterwards nominated secretary to the Earl of Sandwich, in his embassy to the court of Hanover; the death of Queen Anne recalled him from his position, and he was advised by his friends not to neglect the opportunity afforded him to ingratiate himself with the new family. He accordingly wrote a critical epistle upon the arrival of the Princess of Wales, which compliment procured him the honorable attendance of the prince and princess at the production of a new dramatic piece.

Gay had now many friends, as well among persons of rank, as among his brother-poets; but little yet done to raise him to a state of independence. The description to a collection of his poems published in 1720, cleared him a thousand pounds; and

some South-sea stock presented to him by secretary Craggs, raised his hopes of fortune at one time to a considerable height; but the loss of the whole of this stock affected him so deeply as to throw him into a dangerous degree of languor, for his recovery from which he made trial of the air of Hampstead. He then wrote a tragedy called "The Captives," which was acted with applause; and in 1726, he composed the work by which he is best known, his "Fables," written professedly for the young Duke of Cumberland, and dedicated to him. In the manner of narration there is considerable ease, together with much lively and natural painting, but they will hardly stand in competition with the French fables of La Fontaine. Gay naturally expected a handsome reward for his trouble; but upon the accession of George II. nothing better was offered him than the post of gentleman-usher to the young Princess Louisa, which he regarded rather as an indignity than a favor, and accordingly declined.

The time, however, arrived when he had little occasion for the arts of a courtier to acquire a degree of public applause greater than he had hitherto experienced. In 1727, his famous "Beggar's Opera" was acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, after having been refused at Drury-lane. To the plan of burlesquing the Italian operas by songs adapted to the most familiar tunes, he added much political satire derived from his former disappointments; and the result was a composition unique in its kind, of which the success could not with any certainty be foreseen. "It will either (said Congreve) take greatly, or be damned confoundedly." Its fate was for some time in suspense; at length it struck the nerve of public taste, and received unbounded applause. It ran through sixty-three successive representations in the metropolis, and was performed a proportional number of times at all the provincial theatres. Its songs were all learned by heart, and its actors were raised to the summit of theatric fame. This success, indeed, seems to indicate a coarseness in the national taste, which could be delighted with the repetition of popular ballad-tunes, as well as a fondness for the delineation of scenes of vice and vulgarity. Gay himself was charged with the mischiefs he had thus, perhaps unintentionally, occasioned; and if the "Beggar's Opera" delighted the stage, it encountered more serious censure in graver places than has been bestowed on almost any other dramatic piece. By making a highwayman the hero, he has incurred the odium of rendering the character of a freebooter an object of popular ambition; and, by furnishing his personages with a plea for their dishonesty drawn from the universal depravity of mankind, he has been accused of sapping the foundations of all social morality. The author wrote a second part of this work, entitled "Polly;" but the Lord Cham-

berlain refused to suffer it to be performed; and though the party in opposition so far encouraged it by their subscriptions that it proved more profitable to him than even the first part, it was a very feeble performance, and has sunk into total neglect.

Gay, in the latter part of his life, received the kind patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who took him into their house, and condescended to manage his pecuniary concerns. At this

time he employed such intervals of health and spirits as he enjoyed, in writing his "Acis and Galatea," an opera called "Achilles," and a "Serenata." His death took place in 1732, at the early age of forty-four, in consequence of an inflammation of the bowels. He was sincerely lamented by his friends; and his memory was honored by a monument in Westminster Abbey, and an epitaph in a strain of uncommon sensibility by Pope.

### RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1731.\*

—Securi prælia ruris  
Pandimus. *Nemesian.*

#### CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,  
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;  
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,  
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.  
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,  
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,  
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng.

To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,  
Nor brighten'd plowshares in paternal land,  
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,  
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;  
Where news and politics divide mankind,  
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind:  
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue  
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:  
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,  
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties:  
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,  
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;  
While calumny upon each party's thrown,  
Which both promote, and both alike disown.  
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,  
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,  
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,  
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.  
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,

And deck with rural sports her native strains;  
And the same road ambitiously pursue,  
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,  
But all the grateful country breathes delight;

Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,  
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.  
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,  
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,  
Where I behold the farmer's early care  
In the revolving labors of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,  
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,  
The laborer with a bending scythe is seen,  
Shaving the surface of the waving green;  
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,  
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;  
While with the mounting Sun the meadow glows,  
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:  
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,  
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;  
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,  
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;  
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,  
And spreads along the field in equal rows. [game.

Now when the height of Heaven bright Phoebus  
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,  
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,  
And in the middle path-way basks the snake:  
O lead me, guard me, from the sultry hours,  
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,  
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,  
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;  
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,  
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,  
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,  
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound;  
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,  
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,  
And learn the labors of Italian swains;  
In every page I see new landscapes rise,  
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;  
I wander o'er the various rural toil,  
And know the nature of each different soil:  
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,  
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:  
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,  
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:  
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,  
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:  
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,  
While burning love ferments in every vein;  
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,  
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:

\* This poem received many material corrections from the author, after it was first published.

eful insect 'midst his works I view,  
 m the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;  
 lden treasures load his little thighs,  
 er his distant journey through the skies;  
 gainst hostile drones the hive defend,  
 with sweets the waxen cells distend,  
 the toil his destin'd office bears,  
 the little bulk a mighty soul appears.  
 en the plowman leaves the task of day,  
 dging homeward, whistles on the way;  
 he big-udder'd cows with patience stand,  
 the strokings of the damsel's hand;  
 ling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,  
 t kind slumbers, to the sprays retire;  
 o rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,  
 en leaves confess the gentlest breeze;  
 in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,  
 my farewell of the parting day;  
 he deep the Sun his glory hides,  
 t of gold the sea and sky divides:  
 ple clouds their amber linings show,  
 g'd with flame, rolls every wave below:  
 naive I behold the fading light,  
 r the distant billow lose my sight.  
 Night in silent state begins to rise,  
 nklung orbs bestow th' uncloudy skies;  
 row'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,  
 the main a glittering path extends;  
 of worlds hang in the spacious air,  
 ound their suns their annual circles steer;  
 ontemplation elevates my sense,  
 survey the works of Providence.  
 the Muse in loftier strains rehearse  
 rious Author of the universe,  
 ns the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,  
 umbnails the floating worlds their rounds;  
 should overflow in songs of praise,  
 Creator's name inspire my lays!  
 successive course—the seasons roll,  
 ing pleasures recreate the soul.  
 enial Spring a living warmth bestows,  
 r the year her verdant mantle throws,  
 lling inundation hides the grounds,  
 stal currents glide within their bounds:  
 y brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
 the sun, and skim along the lake;  
 equent leap they range the shallow streams,  
 lver coats reflect the dazzling beams.  
 : the fisherman his toils prepare,  
 n himself with every watery snare;  
 ks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,  
 : his tackle, and his rod re-tie.  
 : floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,  
 ag the streams with swift-descending rain;  
 ters tumbling down the mountain's side,  
 : loose soil into the swelling tide;  
 on as vernal gales begin to rise,  
 ve the liquid burthen through the skies,  
 er to the neighboring current speeds,  
 rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:  
 rising border of the brook  
 him down, and ties the treacherous hook;  
 eptation cheers his eager thought,  
 m glows with treasures yet uncaught;  
 is eyes a banquet seems to stand,  
 every guest applauds his skilful hand.  
 p the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
 lown the murmuring current gently flows;  
 f or chance or hunger's powerful sway  
 the roving trout his fatal way,

He greedily sucks in the twining bait,  
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:  
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!  
 How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!  
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,  
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use,  
 Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose:  
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size,  
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;  
 And, if too small, the naked fraud 's in sight,  
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.  
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,  
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:  
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,  
 Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;  
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,  
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the Sun displays his glorious beams,  
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,  
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,  
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day:  
 You now a more delusive art must try,  
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide  
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride;  
 Let Nature guide thee! sometimes golden wire  
 The shining bellies of the fly require;  
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,  
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.  
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
 And lends the growing insect proper wings;  
 Silks of all colors must their aid impart,  
 And every fur promote the fisher's art.  
 So the gay lady, with excessive care,  
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air; [plays,  
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-  
 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,  
 How the succeeding insect race appear:  
 In this revolving Moon one color reigns,  
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.  
 Oft have I seen the skilful angler try  
 The various colors of the treacherous fly;  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,  
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;  
 When, if an insect fall, (his certain guide,)  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;  
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size,  
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds;  
 So just the colors shine through every part,  
 That Nature seems again to live in Art.  
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,  
 While all thy hopes hang on a single hair;  
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,  
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;  
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,  
 With natural motion from thy hand supplied;  
 Against the stream now gently let it play,  
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.

The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,  
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air:  
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,  
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
 And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,

berlain refused to suffer it to be performed; and though the party in opposition so far encouraged it by their subscriptions that it proved more profitable to him than even the first part, it was a very feeble performance, and has sunk into total neglect.

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And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.  
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And no rude wind through rustling oisers blows,  
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng.

To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,  
Nor brighten'd plowshares in paternal land,  
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,  
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;  
Where news and politics divide mankind,  
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind:  
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue  
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:  
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,  
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties:  
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And honesty forsakes them all by turns;  
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Which both promote, and both alike disown.  
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And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,  
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Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.  
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,

And deck with rural sports her native strains;  
And the same road ambitiously pursue,  
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,  
But all the grateful country breathes delight;

Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,  
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.  
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,  
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,  
Where I behold the farmer's early care  
In the revolving labors of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,  
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,  
The laborer with a bending scythe is seen,  
Shaving the surface of the waving green;  
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,  
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;  
While with the mounting Sun the meadow glows,  
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:  
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,  
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;  
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,  
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;  
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,  
And spreads along the field in equal rows. [gains.

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And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,  
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,  
And in the middle path-way basks the snake:  
O lead me, guard me, from the sultry hours,  
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,  
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,  
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;  
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dream,  
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,  
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,  
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound;  
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,  
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,  
And learn the labors of Italian swains;  
In every page I see new landscapes rise,  
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;  
I wander o'er the various rural toil,  
And know the nature of each different soil:  
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,  
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:  
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,  
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:  
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,  
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:  
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,  
While burning love ferments in every vein;  
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,  
(And by the dint of war his mistress claims:

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eful insect 'midst his works I view,  
 m the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;  
 lden treasures load his little thighs,  
 er his distant journey through the skies;  
 ainst hostile drones the hive defend,  
 with sweets the waxen cells distend,  
 the toil his destin'd office bears,  
 the little bulk a mighty soul appears.  
 hen the plowman leaves the task of day,  
 dging homeward, whistles on the way;  
 he big-udder'd cows with patience stand,  
 the strokings of the damsel's hand;  
 bling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,  
 t kind slumbers, to the sprays retire;  
 o rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,  
 en leaves confess the gentlest breeze;  
 in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,  
 my farewell of the parting day;  
 he deep the Sun his glory hides,  
 t of gold the sea and sky divides:  
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 Night in silent state begins to rise,  
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 the main a glittering path extends;  
 of worlds hang in the spacious air,  
 ound their suns their annual circles steer;  
 ontemplation elevates my sense,  
 survey the works of Providence.  
 the Muse in loftier strains rehearse  
 rious Author of the universe,  
 ns the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,  
 umscribes the floating worlds their rounds;  
 should overflow in songs of praise,  
 Creator's name inspire my lays!  
 successive course the seasons roll,  
 ng pleasures recreate the soul.  
 enial Spring a living warmth bestows,  
 r the year her verdant mantle throws,  
 ling inundation hides the grounds,  
 tal currents glide within their bounds:  
 y brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
 the sun, and skim along the lake;  
 quent leap they range the shallow streams,  
 lver coats reflect the dazzling beams.  
 the fisherman his toils prepare,  
 r himself with every watery snare;  
 as, his lines, peruse with careful eye,  
 his tackle, and his rod re-tie.  
 floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,  
 ng the streams with swift-descending rain;  
 ters tumbling down the mountain's side,  
 loose soil into the swelling tide;  
 on as vernal gales begin to rise,  
 ve the liquid burthen through the skies,  
 er to the neighboring current speeds,  
 rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:  
 rising border of the brook  
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 is eyes a banquet seems to stand,  
 every guest applauds his skilful hand.  
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 lown the murmuring current gently flows;  
 f or chance or hunger's powerful sway  
 the roving trout his fatal way,

He greedily sucks in the twining bait,  
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:  
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!  
 How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!  
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,  
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use,  
 Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose:  
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size,  
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;  
 And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,  
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.  
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,  
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:  
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,  
 Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;  
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,  
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the Sun displays his glorious beams,  
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,  
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey.  
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day:  
 You now a more delusive art must try,  
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide  
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride;  
 Let Nature guide thee! sometimes golden wire  
 The shining bellies of the fly require;  
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,  
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.  
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
 And lends the growing insect proper wings;  
 Silks of all colors must their aid impart,  
 And every fur promote the fisher's art.  
 So the gay lady, with excessive care,  
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air; [plays,  
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-  
 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,  
 How the succeeding insect race appear:  
 In this revolving Moon one color reigns,  
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.  
 Oft have I seen the skilful angler try  
 The various colors of the treacherous fly;  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,  
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;  
 When, if an insect fall, (his certain guide,)  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;  
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size.  
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds;  
 So just the colors shine through every part,  
 That Nature seems again to live in Art.  
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,  
 While all thy hopes hang on a single hair;  
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,  
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;  
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,  
 With natural motion from thy hand supplied;  
 Against the stream now gently let it play,  
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.  
 The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,  
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air:  
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,  
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
 And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,



Then let the fisherman his art repeat,  
 Where bubbling eddies favor the deceit.  
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy  
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,  
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,  
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;  
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,  
 And bears with joy the little spoil away:  
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,  
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;  
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,  
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;  
 And now again, impatient of the wound,  
 He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;  
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,  
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.  
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,  
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;  
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,  
 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;  
 Each motion humors with his steady hands,  
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;  
 Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,  
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.  
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize  
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;  
 Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,  
 And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:  
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,  
 Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race;  
 Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase  
 (Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,  
 Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores):  
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,  
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds  
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds  
 Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear  
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;  
 Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,  
 Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake;  
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,  
 No blood of living insects stain my line.  
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook  
 With plant rod athwart the pebbled brook,  
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,  
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

## CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,  
 Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.  
 Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,  
 And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;  
 Should you the wide encircling net display,  
 And in its spacious arch enclose the sea;  
 Then haul the plunging load upon the land,  
 And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;  
 It would extend the growing theme too long,  
 And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,  
 Nor render all the plowman's labor vain,  
 When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,  
 And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.  
 Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,  
 Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:  
 To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,  
 And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,  
 Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.  
 With what delight the rapid course I view!  
 How does my eye the circling race pursue!  
 He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;  
 The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;  
 She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound  
 Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;  
 She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,  
 Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.  
 What various sport does rural life afford!  
 What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,  
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.  
 Soon as the laboring horse, with swelling veins,  
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,  
 To sweet repeat th' unwary partridge flies,  
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;  
 Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,  
 Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.  
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose  
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;  
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,  
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey;  
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,  
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear;  
 Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud decry,  
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)  
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,  
 Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.  
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,  
 And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,  
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,  
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes;  
 Or, when the Sun casts a declining ray,  
 And drives his chariot down the western way,  
 Let your obsequious ranger search around,  
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground;  
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,  
 But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.  
 When the meridian Sun contracts the shade,  
 And frieking heifers seek the cooling glade;  
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,  
 Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;  
 In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,  
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.  
 Nor must the sporting verno the gun forbear,  
 But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.  
 See how the well-taught pointer leads the way;  
 The scent grows warm; he stops: he springs the  
 prey;

The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,  
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;  
 The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,  
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.  
 Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand  
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;  
 Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,  
 Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;  
 Not closest coverts can protect the game:  
 Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.  
 The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!  
 The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,  
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:  
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey,  
 And lofty numbers point their airy fray.  
 Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,  
 That greets the morning with his early strain:

midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,  
 om each angle flash the glancing rays,  
 he Sun the transient colors blaze,  
 res the little warbler from the skies :  
 t-enamour'd bird deluded dies.  
 ill the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;  
 nd must open in these rural strains.  
 Aurora drives away the night,  
 es eastern clouds with rosy light,  
 lthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,  
 s the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;  
 nd thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,  
 use from sleep, and answer sounds for  
 sounds ;

rough the furzy field their route they take,  
 eeding bosoms force the thorny brake :  
 ng game their smoking nostrils trace,  
 iding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;  
 tant mountains echo from afar,  
 izing woods resound the flying war :  
 eful noise the sprightly courser hears,  
 o green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;  
 ckon'd roin now gives him all his speed,  
 as the rapid ground beneath the steed ;  
 les, and forests, far behind remain,  
 he warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd  
 train.

shall the trembling hare a shelter find ?  
 leath advances in each gust of wind !  
 ategems and doubling wiles she tries,  
 eling turns, and now at large she flies ;  
 nt at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,  
 ys her down, and waits devouring death.  
 ay, adventurous Muse ! hast thou the force  
 d the twisted horn, to guide the horse ?  
 o thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,  
 o high gate, and down the headlong hill ?  
 ou the stag's laborious chase direct,  
 strong for through all his arts detect ?  
 me demands a more experienc'd lay :  
 hty hunters ! spare this weak essay.  
 ppy plains, remote from war's alarms,  
 the ravages of hostile arms !  
 ppy shepherds, who, secure from fear,  
 a downy preserve your fleecy care !  
 spacious barns groan with increasing store,  
 irling flails disjoint the cracking floor !  
 barous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,  
 s desolation o'er your fertile soil ;  
 npling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,  
 icking fires devour the promis'd gain ;  
 ing beacons cast their blaze afar,  
 eadful signal of invasive war ;  
 npet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,  
 lls the lover from his swooning fair.  
 t happiness the rural maid attends,  
 rful labor while each day she spends !  
 etefully receives what Heaven has sent,  
 ch in poverty, enjoys content.  
 appiness, and such unblemish'd fame,  
 (ad the bosom of the courtly dame) :  
 vor feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,  
 olancholy stagnates in her veins ;  
 ver loses life in thoughtless ease,  
 tho velvet couch invites disease ;  
 me-spun dress in simple neatness lies,  
 r no glaring equipage she sighs :  
 utation, which is all her boast,  
 alicious visit ne'er was lost ;

No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,  
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.  
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,  
 An equal passion warms her happy swain ;  
 No homebred jars her quiet state control,  
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul ;  
 With secret joy she sees her little race  
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace ;  
 The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,  
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool :  
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,  
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,  
 The kind rewarders of industrious life ;  
 Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,  
 Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love ;  
 Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,  
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul !  
 Farewell !—The city calls me from your bowers :  
 Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours !

## TRIVIA ;

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te Moeri podes ? an, quo via ducit, in urbem ?

Virg.

### BOOK I.

*Of the Implements for Walking the Streets, and Signs of the Weather.*

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,  
 How to walk clean by day, and safe by night ;  
 How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,  
 When to assert the wall, and when resign,  
 I sing : thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,  
 Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along ;  
 By thee transported, I securely stray  
 Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,  
 The silent court and opening square explore,  
 And long perplexing lanes untrod before.  
 To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,  
 Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays ;  
 For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,  
 Whilst every stroke his laboring lungs resound ;  
 For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide  
 Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.  
 My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,  
 From the great theme to build a glorious name,  
 To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,  
 And bind my temples with a civic crown :  
 But more my country's love demands my lays ;  
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,  
 And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice ;  
 When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,  
 And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;  
 When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,  
 And damsels first renew their oyster-cries :  
 Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,  
 Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide ;  
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,  
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd :

Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,  
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.  
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,  
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside ;  
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,  
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ancle sprain ;  
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,  
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care,  
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.  
Now in thy trunk thy D'Otty habit fold,  
The silken drugged ill can fenco the cold ;  
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,  
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain ;  
True Witney\* broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,  
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn :  
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear  
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear !  
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,  
Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.  
Let the loop'd bavary the fop embrace,  
Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with laco.  
That garment best the winter's rage defends,  
Whose ample form without one plait depends ;  
By various names in various counties known,  
Yet held in all the true surtout alone ;  
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,  
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,  
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command ;  
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,  
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :  
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,  
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.  
Let beaux their canes, with amber tip, produce ;  
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.  
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,  
And lazily insure a life's disease ;  
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey  
To court, to White's,† assemblies, or the play ;  
Rosy-complexion'd Health thy steps attends,  
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.  
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane :  
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;  
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.  
Oh ! may I never such misfortune meet !  
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street !  
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,  
While the bold Muse experienc'd danger sings !

Nor that I wander from my native home,  
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.  
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,  
Where slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.  
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,  
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme ;  
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,  
No miry ways industrious steps offend ;  
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,  
And blackens the canals with dirty showers.  
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,  
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,  
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,  
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.  
Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,  
Where gondolas their painted oars display.

\* A town in Oxfordshire.

† A Joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.

‡ A chocolate-house in St. James's street.

O happy streets ! to rumbling wheels unknown,  
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town !  
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,  
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd ;  
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,  
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :  
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,  
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown ;  
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,  
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd :  
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,  
And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,  
Her shoe disdains the street ; the lazy fair,  
With narrow step, affects a limping air.  
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,  
And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;  
The tricking gamester insolently rides,  
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides ;  
In saucy state the griping broker sits,  
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.  
For you, O honest men ! these useful lays  
The Muse prepares ; I seek no other praise.

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,  
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies.  
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain:  
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.  
When suffocating mists obscure the morn.  
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn ;  
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care  
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.  
Be thou for every season justly drest,  
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast ;  
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,  
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.  
Ere Winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,  
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,  
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire ;  
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,  
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine ;  
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,  
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame ;  
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,  
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise  
Of milder weather and serenest skies.  
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn  
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn :  
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,  
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change,  
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,  
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught :  
The seasons operate on every breast ;  
'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.  
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,  
And dreams of fancied fares ; when tavern doors  
The chairmen idly crowd ; then ne'er refuse  
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend  
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;  
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,  
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.  
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,  
Foresees the tempest, and with early care,  
Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew,  
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue ;

\* Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis,  
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.

Vine. Georg. I.

rs' poles depending stockings tied,  
 h the slacken'd gale from side to side;  
 monuments foretell the changing air,  
 iobe dissolves into a tear, [sounds  
 eats with sacred grief; you'll hear the  
 tling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;  
 ful odors common shores diffuse,  
 pping vaults distil unwholesome dew,  
 ules rattle with the smoking shower,  
 uts on heedless men their torrents pour.  
 peration from thy breast repel:  
 lulous boys and prattling nurses tell,  
 the festival of Paul be clear,  
 rom liberal horn shall strew the year;  
 re dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,  
 oring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;  
 he threatening winds in tempests roar,  
 'ar shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.  
 on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,  
 ry penthouse streams with hasty showers,  
 wenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,  
 sh the pavements with incessant rain.  
 such vulgar tales debase thy mind;  
 d nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.  
 a the precepts of the Muse despise,  
 ht the faithful warning of the skies,  
 ou'll see, when all the town's afloat,  
 n th' embraces of a kersey coat,  
 le-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet  
 : muddy dangers of the street;  
 ou, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread  
 to high streaming, and with cautious tread  
 ery dashing pool, or idly stop,  
 the kind protection of a shop.  
 mess summons; now with hasty scud  
 le for the wall; the spatter'd mud  
 d thy hose behind; in vain you scour,  
 g, alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower.  
 o Allecto's snaky tresses fell,  
 rpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of Hell;  
 hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew  
 and straight, when first his amorous view  
 d the bathing fair; the frightened maid  
 nds a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.  
 housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
 d by the riding-hood's disguise;  
 rneath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
 ough the wet on clinking pattens tread.  
 sian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
 d their beauties from the sunny ray;  
 ting slaves support the shady load,  
 astern monarchs show their state abroad:  
 n winter only knows its aid,  
 d from chilly showers the walking maid.  
 forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,  
 nale implement shall grace thy lays;  
 n what art divine th' invention came,  
 n its origin deduce its name.  
 e Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,  
 y yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;  
 y daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,  
 m her infant hand the poultry fed:  
 (her careful mother's name) she bore,  
 'er careful mother was no more.  
 n her father's knee the damsel play'd,  
 fondly call'd the smiling maid;  
 : increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,  
 ty's fame o'er all the village flew.  
 as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,  
 the doubtful day the woodcock flies,

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Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,  
 And singing to the distant field repairs;  
 And, when the plains with evening dew are spread,  
 The milky burthen smokes upon her head,  
 Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,  
 Above her ancle rose the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,  
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes:  
 He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known  
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.  
 Ah, Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,  
 Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;  
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,  
 And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian power forsakes the realms above,  
 His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:  
 Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;  
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.  
 Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,  
 And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:  
 Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,  
 As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,  
 His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.  
 To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;  
 What woman can resist the force of praise?

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,  
 And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood;  
 With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,  
 To save her steps from rains and piercing dew.  
 She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,  
 And granted kisses, but would grant no more.  
 Yet Winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,  
 And on her cheek the fading rose declines;  
 No more her humid eyes their lustro boast,  
 And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

Thus Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought  
 A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,  
 Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,  
 And bear her safely through the wintry ways.  
 Straight the new engine on his anvil glows,  
 And the pale virgin on the patten rose.  
 No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,  
 And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.  
 The god obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,  
 Presents with female virtue must prevail.  
 The patten now supports each frugal dame,  
 Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

## BOOK II.

*Of walking the Streets by Day.*

THUS far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,  
 The proper implements for wintry ways;  
 Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,  
 To read the various warnings of the skies:  
 Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,  
 And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;  
 No tides of passengers the streets molest.  
 You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,  
 From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;  
 On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains;  
 Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!  
 Before proud gates attending asses bray,  
 Or arrogant with solemn pace the way;  
 These grave physicians with their milky cheer  
 The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;

Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,  
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.  
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,  
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside ;  
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,  
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ancle sprain ;  
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,  
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care,  
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.  
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,  
The silken druggel ill can fence the cold ;  
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,  
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain ;  
True Witney\* broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,  
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn :  
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear  
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear !  
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,  
Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.  
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,  
Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.  
That garment best the winter's rage defends,  
Whose ample form without one plait depends ;  
By various namest in various counties known,  
Yet held in all the true surtout alone ;  
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,  
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,  
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command ;  
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,  
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way :  
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,  
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.  
Let beaux their canes, with amber tip, produce ;  
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.  
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,  
And lazily insure a life's disease ;  
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey  
To court, to White's,† assemblies, or the play ;  
Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,  
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.  
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane :  
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane ;  
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.  
Oh ! may I never such misfortune meet !  
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street !  
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,  
While the bold Muse experienc'd danger sings !

Not that I wander from my native home,  
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.  
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,  
Where slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.  
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,  
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme ;  
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,  
No miry ways industrious steps offend ;  
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,  
And blackens the canals with dirty showers.  
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,  
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,  
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,  
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.  
Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,  
Where gondolas their painted oars display.

O happy streets ! to rumbling wheels unknown,  
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town !  
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,  
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd ;  
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,  
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :  
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,  
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown ;  
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,  
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd :  
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,  
And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,  
Her shoe disdains the street ; the lazy fair,  
With narrow step, affects a limping air.  
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,  
And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;  
The tricking gamester insolently rides,  
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides ;  
In saucy state the griping broker sits,  
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.  
For you, O honest men ! these useful lays  
The Muse prepares ; I seek no other praise.

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,  
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,  
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain ;  
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.  
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,  
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn ;  
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care  
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.  
Be thou for every season justly drest,  
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast ;  
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,  
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.  
Ere Winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,  
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,  
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire ;  
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,  
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine ;  
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,  
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame ;  
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,  
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise  
Of milder weather and serener skies.  
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn  
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn :  
The wanton fawns with friaking pleasure range,  
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change,  
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,  
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught :  
The seasons operate on every breast ;  
'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.  
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,  
And dreams of fancied fares ; when tavern doors  
The chairmen idly crowd ; then ne'er refuse  
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend  
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;  
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,  
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.  
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,  
Foresees the tempest, and with early care,  
Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew,  
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue ;

\* A town in Oxfordshire.

† A Joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.

‡ A chocolate-house in St. James's street.

\* Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis,  
Ingenium, aut rerum fatis prudentia major.

Voss. Georg. I

as' poles depending stockings tied,  
 the slacken'd gale from side to side;  
 monuments foretell the changing air,  
 obe dissolves into a tear, [sounds  
 ats with sacred grief; you'll hear the  
 ling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;  
 ul odors common shores diffuse,  
 yping vaults distil unwholesome dew,  
 iles rattle with the smoking shower,  
 its on hoodless men their torrents pour.  
 perstition from thy breast repel:  
 ulous boys and prattling nurses tell,  
 the festival of Paul be clear,  
 om liberal horn shall strew the year;  
 e dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,  
 ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;  
 e threatening winds in tempests roar,  
 ar shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.  
 on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,  
 ry penthouse streams with hasty showers,  
 venty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,  
 h the pavements with incessant rain.  
 uch vulgar tales debase thy mind;  
 l nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.  
 he precepts of the Muse despise,  
 ht the faithful warning of the skies,  
 ou'll see, when all the town's afloat,  
 th' embraces of a kersey coat,  
 e-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet  
 muddy dangers of the street;  
 ou, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread  
 s high streaming, and with cautious tread  
 ery dashing pool, or idly stop,  
 the kind protection of a shop.  
 nees summons; now with hasty scud  
 e for the wall; the spatter'd mud  
 l thy hose behind; in vain you scour,  
 , alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower.  
 Alecto's snaky tresses fell,  
 pheus charm'd the rigorous powers of Hell;  
 ung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew  
 und straight, when first his amorous view  
 the bathing fair; the frighted maid  
 nds a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.  
 housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
 l by the riding-hood's disguise;  
 neath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
 ough the wet on clinking pattens tread.  
 ian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
 l their beauties from the sunny ray;  
 ing slaves support the shady load,  
 estern monarchs show their state abroad:  
 a winter only knows its aid,  
 l from chilly showers the walking maid.  
 forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,  
 ale implement shall grace thy lays;  
 what art divine th' invention came,  
 its origin deduce its name.  
 Lincoln wido extends her fenny soil,  
 yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;  
 daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,  
 n her infant hand the poultry fed:  
 ber careful mother's name) she bore,  
 her careful mother was no more.  
 n her father's knee the damsel play'd,  
 fondly call'd the smiling maid;  
 increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,  
 y's fame o'er all the village flew.  
 s the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,  
 he doubtful day the woodcock flies,

Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,  
 And singing to the distant field repairs;  
 And, when the plains with evening dew are spread,  
 The milky burthen smokes upon her head,  
 Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,  
 Above her ancle rose the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,  
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes:  
 He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known  
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.

Ah, Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,  
 Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;  
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,  
 And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian power forsakes the realms above,  
 His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:  
 Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;  
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.  
 Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,  
 And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:  
 Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,  
 As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,  
 His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.  
 To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;  
 What woman can resist the force of praise?

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,  
 And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood;  
 With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,  
 To save her steps from rains and piercing dew.  
 She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,  
 And granted kisses, but would grant no more.  
 Yet Winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pinces,  
 And on her cheek the fading rose declines;  
 No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,  
 And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.

Thus Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought  
 A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,  
 Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,  
 And bear her safely through the wintry ways.  
 Straight the new engine on his anvil glows,  
 And the pale virgin on the patten rose.  
 No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,  
 And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.  
 The god obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,  
 Presents with female virtue must prevail.  
 The patten now supports each frugal dame,  
 Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

## BOOK II.

### *Of walking the Streets by Day.*

Thus far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,  
 The proper implements for wintry ways;  
 Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,  
 To read the various warnings of the skies:  
 Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,  
 And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;  
 No tides of passengers the streets molest.  
 You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,  
 From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;  
 On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains;  
 Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!  
 Before proud gates attending asses bray,  
 Or arrogant with solemn pace the way;  
 These grave physicians with their milky cheer  
 The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair:

Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,  
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,  
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these  
The proper prelude to a state of peace?  
Now Industry awakes her busy sons;  
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawkers run:  
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,  
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town,  
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,  
Three trades avoid: oft in the mingling press  
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;  
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,  
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.  
Ye walkers too, that youthful colors wear,  
Three sullyng trades avoid with equal care:  
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,  
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;  
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,  
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat;  
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,  
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;  
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,  
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,  
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,  
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,  
Butchers, whose hands are dyed with blood's foul stain,

And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid:  
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;  
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage  
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:  
And when the porter bends beneath his load,  
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.  
But, above all, the groping blind direct;  
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,  
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head;  
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,  
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;  
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,  
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.  
But, when the bully, with assuming pace,  
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,

Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,  
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;  
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,  
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown,  
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;  
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,  
Like faithful landmarks, to the walking train.  
Seek not from prentices to learn the way,  
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;  
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,  
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,  
An enail'd column rears its lofty head;  
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,  
And from each other catch the circling ray.  
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,  
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;  
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,  
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,  
Tries every winding court and street in vain,  
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.  
Thus hardly Theseus with intrepid feet  
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;

But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay,  
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.

But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide  
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide:  
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,  
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,  
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by  
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless fir  
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.  
Where porters' hogsheads roll from carts alope,  
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,  
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,  
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear,

The voice of Industry is always near.

Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,  
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.  
Here let the Muse, fatigued amid the throng,  
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;  
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,  
And show the parent of the sable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)

Of old was wont this nether world to range,  
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd,  
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd:  
And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,  
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;  
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,  
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.  
Then Cloacina\* (goddess of the tide,  
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide,  
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd,  
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;  
The muddy spots that dried upon his face,  
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:  
She gaz'd; she sigh'd; (for love can beauties spy  
In what seem faults to every common eye.)

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round.  
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound  
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows  
That pleasing thunder): swift the goddess rose,  
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,  
Her bosom panting with expected joys.  
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,  
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;  
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,  
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;  
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:  
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!

When the pale Moon had nine times fill'd her space,

The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)  
Descends to Earth; but sought no midwife's aid.  
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;  
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,  
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy. (prov'd.

The child, through various risks in years in-  
At first, a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;  
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,  
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.

\* Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer; and, not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honors.—Jactant. l. 30. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 222.

y unown'd youths! your limbs can bear  
 ching dog-star, and the winter's air;  
 so rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,  
 with each heat, and coughs with every rain!  
 oddess long had mark'd the child's distress,  
 g had sought his sufferings to redress.  
 As the gods to take the fondling's part,  
 his hands some beneficial art  
 in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,  
 de him useful to the walking crowd;  
 use the miry feet, and o'er the shoe,  
 mble skill, the glossy black renew.  
 wer contributes to relieve the poor:  
 e strong bristles of the mighty boar  
 rms his brush; the god of day  
 gives, amid the crowded way  
 the dirty foot, and ease his toil;  
 eptune fills his vase with fetid oil  
 om th' enormous whale; the god of fire,  
 hose dominions smoky clouds aspire,  
 these generous presents joins his part,  
 s with soot the new japanning art.  
 she receives the gifts; she downward glides,  
 n Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.  
 dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,  
 om his stall, his tangled hair he shakes;  
 aning o'er the rails, he musing stood,  
 e'd below the black canal of mud,  
 common shores a lulling murmur keep,  
 torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:  
 through idleness, tears flow'd apace,  
 ead's his loaded heart, and wash'd his face:  
 th he sighing cried, "That boy was blest,  
 infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;  
 pper far are those (if such be known)  
 both a father and a mother own:  
 las! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,  
 'er knew parent, was an orphan born!  
 oys are rich by birth beyond all wants,  
 by uncles, and kind good old aunts;  
 ime comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,  
 e day makes them rich for all the year.  
 he precepts of a father learn'd,  
 I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,  
 er boys can drive; I thirsty stand,  
 e the double flagon charge their hand,  
 m puff off the froth, and gulp amain,  
 with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain."  
 e thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,  
 m'd circles, beats on either side;  
 ddes rose amid the inmost round,  
 ither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;  
 ach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black  
 smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;  
 her waist a circling eel was twin'd,  
 bound her robe that hung in rags behind.  
 eckoning to the boy, she thus begun:  
 prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:  
 ve. At some frequented corner stand;  
 ash I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;  
 r the soot within this vase of oil,  
 t the little tripod aid thy toil.  
 , methinks, I see the walking crew,  
 request, support the miry shoe;  
 t grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,  
 thy pocket glingling half-pence sound."  
 ddes plunges swift beneath the flood,  
 shes all around her showers of mud:  
 uth straight chose his post; the labor plied  
 branching streets from Charing-Cross divide;

His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,  
 And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your honor's  
 shoes!"

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay  
 Too long detains the walker on his way;  
 While he attends, new dangers round him throng;  
 The busy city asks instructive song.

Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,  
 Clasp'd in the board the perjurd head is bow'd,  
 Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,  
 Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)  
 Among the rabble rain: some random throw  
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray  
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.  
 Here laden carts with thundering wagons meet,  
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow  
 street;

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,  
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.  
 O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;  
 Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?  
 Does not his service earn your daily bread?  
 Your wives, your children, by his labors fed!  
 If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,  
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;  
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,  
 Doom'd in a hackney-horse the town to range;  
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,  
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.  
 Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,  
 When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?  
 Or who that rugged street\* would traverse o'er,  
 That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore  
 To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend  
 That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.  
 Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fishy prey  
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;  
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,  
 And where huge hogsheds sweat with trainy oil;  
 Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I  
 Pass, where in piles Carnivant cheeses lie;  
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,  
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-Mall!  
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!  
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,  
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;  
 No lets would bar thy ways were chairs denied,  
 The soft supports of laziness and pride:  
 Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,  
 The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.  
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,  
 Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide  
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,  
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,  
 Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,  
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,  
 And silent wander in the close abodes,  
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive  
 stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.  
 Here I remark each walker's different face,  
 And in their look their various business trace.  
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,  
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;

\* Thames-street.

† Cheshire, anciently so called.



Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)  
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.  
Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,  
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;  
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun  
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town,  
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;  
Untempted, they condemn the juggler's feats,  
Pass by the Meuso, nor try the thimble's cheats;\*  
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,  
Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind:  
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,  
Far from the straining steeds securely go,  
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,  
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.  
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,  
And as he flies infects pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,  
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.  
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,  
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,  
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.  
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,  
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?  
Nature will best her ready hand inform,  
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.  
Does not each walker know the warning sign,  
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine  
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art  
Renews the ways, denied to coach and cart?  
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by  
Of with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;  
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,  
His horses' foreheads shun the Winter's air?  
Nor will I roam where Summer's sultry rays  
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the  
ways;

With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,  
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind  
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;  
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,  
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.  
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,  
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;  
But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,  
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.  
On silent wheels the passing coaches roll;  
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.  
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,  
To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw.  
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,  
To tempt with faithless path the matron's tread?  
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,  
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?  
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,  
And swings around his waist his tingling hands;  
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose;  
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;  
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,  
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. [prove,  
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye  
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?

Where Covent-garden's famous temple stands,  
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;

\* A cheat commonly practised in the streets with three  
timbles and a little ball.

Columns with plain magnificence appear,  
And graceful porches lead along the square:  
Here oft my course I bend; when, lo! from far  
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:  
The prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,  
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.  
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,  
The gathering globe augments with every round.  
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,  
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high:  
The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound,  
And jingling sashes on the penthouse sound.

O, roving Muse! recall that wondrous year,  
When Winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;  
When hoary Thames, with frosted oars crown'd,  
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.  
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,  
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;  
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,  
And wander roads unstable, not their own;  
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,  
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide;  
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,  
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;  
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,  
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.  
So, when a general bids the martial train  
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;  
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,  
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:

Let elegiac lay the woe relate,  
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours  
When silent evening closes up the flowers;  
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;  
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous  
roads;

Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads  
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore;  
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.  
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain.  
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.  
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,  
And industry itself submit to death!  
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies.  
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies:  
Pippins she cried; but death her voice confounds;  
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,  
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,  
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,  
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried;  
Euridice with quivering voice he mourn'd,  
And Heber's banks Euridice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds.  
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;  
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,  
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plementous  
waves;

From every penthouse streams the fleeting snow,  
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,  
Need not the calendar to count their days.  
When through the town, with slow and solemn air,  
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;  
Behind him moves, majestically dull,  
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull.  
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,  
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

fishy stalls with double store are laid;  
 len-bellied carp, the broad-finn'd maid,  
 kled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,  
 ted lobster, and unscaley sole,  
 nious 'scallops to allure the tastes  
 zealots to delicious fasts;  
 lays and Fridays, you 'll observe from hence,  
 en our sires were doom'd to abstinence.  
 dirty waters from balconies drop,  
 t'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,  
 unse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,  
 aturday's conclusive morn appears.  
 mive cries the seasons' change declare,  
 rk the monthly progress of the year.  
 ow the streets with treble voices ring,  
 the bounteous product of the Spring!  
 nelling flowers, and elder's early bud,  
 ttle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood;  
 en June's thunder cools the sultry skies,  
 ndays are profan'd by mack'rel cries.  
 uts the fruiterer's hand in Autumn stain,  
 ums and juicy pears augment his gain:  
 nges the longing boys entice,  
 their copper fortunes to the dice.  
 i rosemary, and bay, the poet's crown,  
 d'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,  
 dge the festival of Christmas near,  
 as, the joyous period of the year.  
 th bright holly all your temples strow,  
 urel green, and sacred mistletoe.  
 aven Born Charity! thy blessings shed;  
 gre Want uprear her sickly head;  
 ering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl  
 le roofs make glad the needy soul!  
 ! the heaven-born maid her blessing shed;  
 gre Want uprears her sickly head;  
 are the naked, and the needy glad,  
 elfish Avarice alone is sad.  
 l coaches pass, regardless of the moan  
 t orphans, and the widow's groan;  
 Charity still moves the walker's mind,  
 ral purse relieves the lame and blind.  
 uly thy half-pence are bestow'd,  
 the laborious beggar sweeps the road.  
 r you give, give ever at demand,  
 old age long stretch his palsied hand.  
 ho give late are importun'd each day,  
 l are teas'd, because they still delay.  
 he miser durst his farthings spare,  
 ly spreads them through the public square,  
 all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,  
 m each other catch the doleful cry;  
 aven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,  
 his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.  
 e the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,  
 the thunder of the footman's hand;  
 older, rueful harbinger of Death,  
 ith impatience for the dying breath;  
 res o'er the camp, with hovering flight,  
 p the future carnage of the fight.  
 not thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,  
 aven in mercy may thy brother spare?  
 . Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,  
 efs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy foes, suspend;  
 et us leave the Temple's silent walls,  
 nese to my distant lodging culls;  
 i the long Strand together let us stray;  
 ee conversing, I forget the way.  
 hat narrow street which steep descends,  
 bulding to the slimy shore extends;

Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,  
 The street alone retains the empty name.  
 Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,  
 And Raphael's fair design, with judgment charm'd;  
 Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here  
 The color'd prints of Overton appear.  
 Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands.  
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.  
 There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,  
 There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.  
 Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;  
 Beauty within, without proportion, reigns.  
 Beneath his eye declining art revives;  
 The wall with animated picture lives;  
 Let Handel strike the strings, the melting strain  
 Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;  
 There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes,)  
 For Burlington's below'd by every Muse.

O ye associate walkers! O my friends!  
 Upon your state what happiness attends!  
 What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,  
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;  
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy.  
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;  
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,  
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;  
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan  
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.  
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,  
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;  
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,  
 And trust their safety to another's feet:  
 Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale  
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail;  
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore  
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;  
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,  
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.  
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,  
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,  
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the  
 shower,

In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain  
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.  
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;  
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:  
 The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,  
 His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;  
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,  
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;  
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,  
 And mud enwrap the honors of his face.  
 So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,  
 Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,  
 The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,  
 And the Sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ill,  
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: (fame,  
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's  
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?  
 Such Newgate's copious market best affords.  
 Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?  
 Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's sends thee veal;  
 Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden, fruits;  
 Moorfields, old books; and Monmouth-street, old  
 snits.

Hence may't thou well supply the wants of life,  
 Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,  
And various science lures the learned eye;  
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts  
groan,

And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;  
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing  
Collects the various odors of the Spring,  
Walkers at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,  
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;  
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,  
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:  
Here sauntering prentices o'er Otway weep,  
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;  
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;  
And Squirts\* read Garth, till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot! let my labors obvious lie,  
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye!  
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,  
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix  
On the false lustre of a coach and six?  
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,  
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,  
With Flanders mares, and on an arch'd spring.  
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,  
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace;  
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,  
Vain of his unknown race, the cockcomb shows.  
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;  
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;  
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,  
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;  
That other, with a clustering train behind,  
Owes his new honors to a sordid mind!  
This next in court-fidelity excels,  
The public rifles, and his country sells.  
May the proud chariot never be my fate,  
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate!  
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,  
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout!

### BOOK III.

#### *Of walking the Streets by Night.*

O TRIVIA, goddess! leave these low abodes,  
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;  
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,  
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.  
At sight of thee, the villain sheathes his sword,  
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy board.  
O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bower  
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When Night first bids the twinkling stars appear,  
Or with her cloudy vest enwraps the air,  
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,  
Where the shop-windows† falling threat thy head;  
Now laborers home return, and join their strength  
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;  
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,  
And, as the passes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,  
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;  
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,  
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;  
Where not a post protects the narrow space,  
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;

Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,  
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.  
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds  
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;  
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,  
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.  
Now all the pavement sounds with tramping feet,  
And the mix'd hurry barricades the street.  
Entangled here, the wagon's lengthen'd team  
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam  
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,  
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.  
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,  
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;  
From the high box they whirl the thong around,  
And with the twining lash their shines resound:  
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they  
try,

And the blood gushes down their painful eye.  
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,  
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;  
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with  
blood,

Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.  
So, when two boars, in wild Ytene\* bred,  
Or on Westphalia's fattening chestnuts fed,  
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,  
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;  
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,  
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly about along,  
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng:  
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,  
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.  
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;  
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,  
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,  
Plucks off the curling honors of thy head.  
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight,  
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.  
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?  
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.  
But, lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,  
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;  
Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,  
Whilst every honest tongue "stop thief!" resounds.  
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,  
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;  
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,  
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.  
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!  
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?  
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,  
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:  
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,  
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain  
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain:  
Guard well thy pocket; for these Syrens stand  
To aid the labors of the diving band;  
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng.  
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.  
But soon as coach or cart drive rattling on,  
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.  
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,  
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,  
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace.

\* An apothecary's boy, in the Dispensary.  
† A species of window now almost forgotten. N.

\* New-Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

or struggle through the crowd in vain,  
 th careful eye the passing train.  
 s too fond,) if chance the tide  
 rear my partner from my side,  
 ture back; despising harm,  
 ssage where the thickest swarm.  
 bride the Trojan sought in vain  
 it, and arms, and flames, and hills of  
 n.  
 ander'd o'er the pathless grove,  
 rave companion of his love.  
 grove in vain he wanders o'er:  
 s! is now no more.  
 or who, regardless of his pace,  
 ore upon the damsel's face,  
 side by thrusting elbows tost,  
 ie aching breast against a post;  
 h'd from fishy stalls, shall stain  
 oat with spirts of scaly rain.  
 rily he chance to stray  
 ng turnstiles intercept the way,  
 g passenger shall force them round,  
 wretch half breathless to the ground.  
 at vigilance thy footsteps guide,  
 'cumspection guard thy side;  
 hou walk, unharm'd, the dangerous  
 ht,  
 officious link-boy's smoky light  
 wilt attempt to cross the road,  
 use benches rest the porter's load,  
 needless shins; no barrow's wheel,  
 oft the truant school-boy's heel,  
 rolling, with insidious pace,  
 y stocking with a miry trace.  
 venturous steps approach too nigh,  
 ge wide, low steepy cellars lie.  
 oe wrench aside, down, down you fall,  
 i the scolding huckster's stall;  
 'huckster shall not o'er thee moan,  
 act for nuts and pears o'erthrown.  
 u through cleaner alleys wind by day,  
 hurries of the public way,  
 those dark paths by night retire;  
 ifety, and condemn the mire.  
 ervious courts thy haste detain,  
 ; alewives bid thee turn again.  
 coln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,  
 th venturous step; there oft is found  
 thief, who, while the daylight shone,  
 ills echo with his begging tone;  
 , which late compassion mov'd, shall  
 und  
 g head, and fell thee to the ground.  
 art tempted by the link-man's call,  
 a not along the lonely wall;  
 ay he'll quench the flaming brand,  
 oe booty with the pilfering band.  
 e public streets, where oily rays,  
 e crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.  
 gusta! law-defended town!  
 k lanterns shade the villain's frown;  
 jealousies thy lanes infest,  
 vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;  
 y ne'er lifts her purple hand,  
 and Justice guard the land;  
 here profess the bloody trade,  
 urch the murderer's refuge made.  
 e chairman, with assuming stride,  
 oe wall, and rudely thrust thy side

The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet  
 Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.  
 Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,  
 Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,  
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,  
 To light the midnight visits of the dame?  
 Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,  
 May where the chairman rests with safety tread;  
 Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)  
 Make my knees tremble with a jarring blow.  
 If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost,  
 With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:  
 He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,  
 But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.  
 Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,  
 To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;  
 Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,  
 Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride;  
 Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,  
 Like dying thunder in the breaking air;  
 Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,  
 And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,  
 Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand,  
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,  
 And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,  
 And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.  
 Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou  
 fly?  
 On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.  
 So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,  
 Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.  
 Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,  
 Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;  
 There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,  
 Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.  
 If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,  
 You chance to roam, where oyster-tulw in rows  
 Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy hasty,  
 And with the savory fish indulge thy taste:  
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,  
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.  
 The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er  
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore  
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,  
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.  
 What will not Luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,  
 Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare!  
 Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food!  
 And France robs marshes of the croaking brood!  
 Spungy morels in strong ragouts are found,  
 And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.  
 When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,  
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;  
 For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing  
 throng  
 Will with impetuous fury drive along;  
 All press to gain those honors thou hast lost,  
 And rudely shove thee far without the post.  
 Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,  
 Draggl'd all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.  
 Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,  
 Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.  
 O think on *Ælipus*' detested state,  
 And by his *women* be warn'd to shun thy fate.  
 Where three roads join'd, he met his sire un-  
 known;  
 (Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)  
 Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide.  
 The hoary monarch fell he groan'd, and died!

Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,

Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!

Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray  
Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;

See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!

Whether some heir attends in sable state,

And mourns, with outward grief, a parent's fate;

Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,

A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb:

Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,

And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?

No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;

It only serves to prove the living vain.

How short is life! how frail is human trust!

Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,

Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall:

Thy heedless sleeve will drink the color'd oil,

And spot indelible thy pocket soil.

Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet

With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?

Has she not given us hands to grope aright,

Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?

And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,

To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds\* recite,

With all the petty rapines of the night?

Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,

Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?

Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,

Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?

Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,

Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?

I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,

Whom from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;

Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,

Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads

Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!

The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand

Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand!

Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtle arts,

'To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:

So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,

And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,

No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;

Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,

The new-scour'd manteau, and the slattern air;

High-draggled petticoats her travels show,

And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;

With flattering sounds she soothes the credulous

ear,

"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"

In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,

Or muffled pinnars hide her livid eyes.

With empty handbox she delights to range,

And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change:

Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,

And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.

She darts from saracenet ambush wily leers,

Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs

Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares diadain,

Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain,

To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,

His numerous lowing herd; his herds he sold,

And his deep leathern'd pocket bagg'd with gold.

Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd:

Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,

She leads the willing victim to his doom,

Through winding alleys, to her cobweb room.

Thence thro' the streets he reels from post to post,

Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.

The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,

He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;

Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,

And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!

Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills!

How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,

When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!

Or else (ye gods, avert that worst disgrace!)

Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!

Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss diadain.

And wholesome neighbors from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light

Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;

For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,

And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.

But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar

To call their brethren to confederate war,

When rakes resist their power; if hapless you

Should chance to wander with the scouring crew:

Though Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair.

But seek the constable's considerate ear;

He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,

Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.

Thus, would you gain some favorite courtier's word,

Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;

Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.

His scatter'd pence the flying nicker\* flings.

And with the copper shower the casement rings.

Who has not heard the scourer's midnight fame!

Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name!

Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds.

Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds!

I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done.

Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;

How matrons, hoop'd within the hog'shead's womb

Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb

O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side;

So Regulus, to save his country, died.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws

O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;

Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,

Or the dark caves to common shores descend,

Oft by the winds extinct the signal dies,

Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,

Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebony throne;

In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach, o'erthrown,

Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke.

And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.

So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray

That led the sailor through the stormy way,

Was from its rocky roots by billows torn.

And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;

Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,

And pitty ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then through night would hire the harness'd

steed?

And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed!

\* Various cheats formerly in practice.

\* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

hark ! Distress, with screaming voice, draws  
nigher,  
akes the slumbering street with cries of fire.  
t a glowing red enwraps the skies,  
orne by winds, the scattering sparks arise ;  
beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads ;  
sry flames now lift aloft their heads ;  
gh the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,  
litting tiles descend in rattling showers.  
with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement  
swarms,

erman sweats beneath his crooked arms ;  
hern casque his venturous head defends,  
he climbs where thickest smoke ascends ;  
by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,  
spleen infant through the flame he bears,  
so less virtue, than through hostile fire  
ardan hero bore his aged sire.

reeful engines spout their levell'd streams,  
nch the blaze that runs along the beams ;  
appling hook plucks rafters from the walls,  
aps on heaps the smoky ruin falls ;  
by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,  
lown new walls, and pours along the floors ;  
cavens are all a-blaze, the face of Night  
r'd with a sanguine dreadful light.

uch a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome !  
e presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,  
the Sun veil'd in rust his mourning head ;  
ghful prodigies the skies o'erspread.  
the drum thunders ! far, ye crowds, retire :  
! the ready match is tip't with fire,  
rous store is laid, the smutty train,  
inning blaze, awakes the barrel'd grain ;  
sudden wrap the walls ; with sullen sound  
tter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.

n the years shall have revolv'd the date,  
vitable hour of Naples' fate,  
p'd foundations shall with thunders shake,  
ave and toes upon the sulphurous lake ;  
womb at once the fiery flood shall rend ;  
th' abyss her plunging towers descend.  
der, reader, what fatigues I've known,  
s, the perils, of the wintery town ;  
ots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,  
: I cross'd where carts and coaches roar ;  
ll I bless my labors, if mankind  
iture safety from my dangers find.

e bold traveller (inur'd to toil,  
eps have printed Asia's desert soil,  
barous Arabs' haunt ; or shivering crost  
eenland's mountains of eternal frost ;  
'rovidence, in length of years, restores  
ish'd harbor of his native shores)  
h his journals to the public view,  
on, by his woes, the wandering crew.  
ow complete my generous labors lie,  
and ripe for immortality.

all entomb in dust this mouldering frame,  
r reach th' eternal part, my fame.  
— and G—, mighty names !\* are dead ;  
: Chelsea under custards read ;  
itics crazy bandboxes repair ;  
edies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air ;  
i'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to Fame,  
k shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

Probably Ward and Gildon.—*N.*

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### SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When Black-ey'd Susan came aboard.  
"Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard  
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain ;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;  
We only part to meet again.  
Change, as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.  
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find :  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white.  
Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sus.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,  
William shall to his dear return.  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;  
No longer must she stay aboard :  
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :  
"Adieu !" she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

### A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclin'd.

2 A 2

Wide o'er the foaming billows  
She cast a wistful look ;  
Her head was crown'd with willows,  
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,  
And nine long tedious days ;  
Why didst thou, venturous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the seas ?  
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,  
And let my lover rest :  
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion  
To that within my breast ?

"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,  
Sees tempests in despair ;  
But what's the loss of treasure,  
To losing of my dear ?  
Sould you some coast be laid on,  
Where gold and diamonds grow,  
You'd find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that Nature  
Has nothing made in vain ?  
Why then beneath the water  
Should hideous rocks remain ?  
No eyes the rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the wandering lover,  
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear ;  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear ;  
When o'er the white wave stooping,  
His floating corpse she spied ;  
Then, like a lily drooping,  
She bow'd her head, and died.

#### FABLE.

##### THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain that the modish passions  
Descend among the crowd like fashions.  
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit  
(The manners of the fair and great)  
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,  
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.  
I say that these are proud : what then !  
I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)  
Affected singularity :  
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,  
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,  
And then with fond attention stood,  
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.  
"I hate my frowzy beard," he cries,  
My youth is lost in this disguise.  
Did not the females know my vigor,  
Well might they loathe this reverend figure."  
Resolv'd to smoothe his shaggy face,  
He sought the barber of the place.  
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,  
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art :  
His pole with pewter-basons hung,  
Black rotten teeth in order strung,

Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,  
Lin'd with red rags to look like blood,  
Did well his threefold trade explain,  
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,  
And seats him in his wooden chair :  
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides :  
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

"I hope your custom, sir," says Pug.  
"Sure never face was half so smug !"

The Goat, impatient for applause,  
Swift to the neighboring hill withdraws.  
The shaggy people grin'd and star'd.  
"Heigh-day ! what's here ? without a beard !  
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?  
What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?"  
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,  
"Are beards by civil nations worn ?  
Ev'n Muscovites have mov'd their chins.  
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,  
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,  
And bear about the hairy load ?  
Whene'er we through the village stray,  
Are we not mock'd along the way,  
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,  
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn ?"

"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,  
Brother, I grant you reason well."  
Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,  
If boys can mortify thy pride,  
How wilt thou stand the ridicule  
Of our whole flock ? Affected fool !"

Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,  
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

#### FABLE.

##### THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,  
With every vice his youth had cool'd ;  
Disease his tainted blood assails ;  
His spirits droop, his vigor fails :  
With secret ills at home he pines,  
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,  
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits,  
A ghastly Phantom, lean and wan,  
Before him rose, and thus began :

"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear ;  
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.  
Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,  
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,  
When health is lost. Be timely wise :  
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

Thus said, the Phantom disappears.  
The wary counsel wak'd his fears.  
He now from all excess abstains,  
With physic purifies his veins ;  
And, to procure a sober life,  
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends,  
Where'er he walks, his ear attends,  
Innuates that beauty's frail,  
That perseverance must prevail,  
With jealousies his brain inflames,  
And whispers all her lovers' names.  
In other hours she represents  
His household charge, his annual rents.

Increasing debts, perplexing duns,  
And nothing for his yobnger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,  
And with the thirst of lucre burns.  
But, when possess'd of Fortune's store,  
The Spectre haunts him more and more;  
Sets want and misery in view,  
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew;  
Alarms him with eternal frights,  
Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.  
How shall he chase this hideous guest?  
Power may, perhaps, protect his rest.  
To power he rose. Again the Sprite  
Besets him morning, noon, and night;  
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,  
How Envy persecutes the great;  
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,  
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,  
And seeks the peace of rural air;  
His groves, his fields, amuse his hours;  
He pruned his trees, he raised his flowers;  
But Care again his steps pursues,  
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,  
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,  
And droughts that starv'd the labor'd plains.  
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;  
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the Ghost address:  
"Since thou must be my constant guest,  
Be kind, and follow me no more;  
For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the town  
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;  
You'd think (so far his art transcends)  
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;  
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,  
She sought his booth, and from the crowd  
Defied the man of art aloud.

"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?  
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?  
Dares he with me dispute the prize?  
I leave it to impartial eyes."

Provok'd, the Juggler cried, "Tis done;  
In science I submit to none."

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;  
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.

The cards, obedient to his words,  
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.  
His little boxes change the grain:  
Trick after trick deludes the train.  
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;  
His fingers spread, and nothing there;  
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;  
And now his ivory eggs are told;  
But, when from thence the hen he draws,  
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now steps forth, and took the place,  
With all the forms of his grimace.

"This magic looking-glass," she cries,  
"(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."  
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,  
And every man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,  
"See this bank-note; observe the blessing.  
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone."  
Upon his lips a padlock shown.  
A second puff the magic broke;  
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,  
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,  
By clean conveyance disappear,  
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;  
At once his ready fingers clos'd.  
He opens his fist, the treasure's fled:  
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand;  
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.  
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.  
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,  
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address.  
"This picture see; her shape, her breast!  
What youth, and what inviting eyes!  
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,  
His hand expos'd a box of pills,  
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,  
Grew twenty guineas at command.  
She bids his heir the sum retain,  
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see,  
Take every shape but Charity;  
And not one thing you saw, or drew,  
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,  
With this submission own'd her art.

"Can I such matchless sleight withstand?  
How practice hath improv'd your hand!  
But now and then I cheat the throng;  
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care.  
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,  
Complied with every thing, like Gay,  
Was known by all the bestial train  
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;  
Her care was never to offend;  
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.  
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;  
She hears the near advance of death;  
She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
And measures back her mazy round;  
Till, fainting in the public way,  
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.



What transport in her bosom grew,  
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,  
And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight:  
To friendship every burthen's light."

The Horse replied, "Poor honest Puss,  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:  
Be comforted, relief is near,  
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implor'd;  
And thus replied the mighty lord:

"Since every beast alive can tell  
That I sincerely wish you well,  
I may, without offence, pretend  
To take the freedom of a friend.  
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow  
Expects me near yon barley-mow;  
And, when a lady's in the case,  
You know, all other things give place.  
To leave you thus might seem unkind;  
But, see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remark'd, her pulse was high,  
Her languid head, her heavy eye:

"My back," says he, "may do you harm;  
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd,  
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;  
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;  
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,  
To save from Death a friend distress'd.

"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,  
In this important care engage?  
Older and abler pass'd you by;  
How strong are those! how weak am I!  
Should I presume to bear you hence,  
Those friends of mine may take offence.  
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;  
But dearest friends, alas! must part.  
How shall we all lament! Adieu;  
For, see, the Hounds are just in view."

### THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,

IN SIX PASTORALS.

1714.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

—*Libent mihi sordida rura,  
Atque humiles habitare casas.*—*Virg.*

PROLOGUE, TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo, I, who erst beneath a tree  
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,  
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,  
In apron blue, or apron white,  
Now write my sonnets in a book,  
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around  
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,  
Our clerk came posting o'er the green  
With doleful tidings of the queen;

"That queen," he said, "to whom we owe  
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;  
That queen, who cas'd our tax of late,  
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state."

At this, in tears was Cicely seen,  
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,  
In doleful dumps stood every clown,  
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that Death  
Had snatch'd queen Anne to Elizabeth,  
I broke my reed, and, sighing, swore,  
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a sound,  
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground  
Full soon by bonfire and by bell  
We learnt our liege was passing well.  
A skilful leach (so God him speed)  
They said, had wrought this blessed deed  
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,  
Who many a night not once had slept;  
But watch'd our gracious sovereign still;  
For who could rest when she was ill?  
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep  
Shear, swains, oh! shear your softest sheet  
To swell his couch; for, well I ween.  
He sav'd the realm, who sav'd the queen.

Quoth I, "Please God, I'll hie with gl  
To court, this Arbuthnot to see."

I sold my sheep, and lambkins too,  
For silver loops and garment blue;  
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,  
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;  
For Lightfoot, and my scrip, I got  
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,  
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;  
For peace allays the shepherd's fear  
Of wearing cap of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row,  
Before their queen in seemly show.  
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,  
Like Goldfinch in her Sunday gown;  
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,  
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.  
But Lansdowne, fresh as flower of May,  
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;  
And Anglesea, whose speech exceeds  
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;  
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare;  
And Montague beyond compare:  
Such ladies fair would I depaint,  
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen  
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:  
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,  
Like Moses, in our Bibles fair;  
Who for our traffic forms designs,  
And gives to Britain Indian mines.  
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care;  
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare  
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,  
And bid broad-cloths and sarges grow;  
For trading free shall thrive again,  
Nor leavings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien  
Full stedfast both to church and queen;  
With whose fair name I'll deck my strains  
St. John, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,  
"Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay;

tes, mirth it were to see  
 ous madrigals twice three,  
 face meet, and notes profound,  
 d fair, and well ye-bound."  
 lenly then home I sped,  
 ov'n as my lord had said.  
 re thou hast mine eclogues fair,  
 not these detain thine ear.  
 h' affairs of states and kings  
 hile our Bouzybeus sings.  
 han verse of simple swain  
 stay the trade of France or Spain;  
 he plaint of parson's maid,  
 peror's packets be delay'd;  
 , I swear by holy Paul,  
 1 book, preface, notes, and all.

### AY; OR, THE SQUABBLE.

*bin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.*

LOBBIN CLOUT.

glings, Cuddy, are but just awake,  
 shrill the bramble-bush forsake,  
 lark the welkin sheen invokes,  
 at the swelling udder strokes;  
 ill does scant the dawn appear;  
 ces Cuddy leave his cot so rear!

CUDDY.

n Clout! I ween, my plight is guerd,  
 ves, a stranger is to rest:  
 lie not, thou hast prov'd the smart,  
 nda's mistress of thy heart. 10  
 ar betokeneth well thy mind,  
 re folded for thy Blouzelind.  
 row, our piteous plights agree:  
 linda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

elind! I love thee more by half,  
 eir fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf;  
 he tongue! may blisters sore it gall,  
 Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

ess Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,  
 sore on thy own tongue arise. 20

is, the same as *welken*, an old Saxon word,  
*loud*; by poetical license it is frequently  
*element*, or *sky*, as may appear by this verse  
 of Chaucer—

in all the welkin was no cloud.

is, an old word for *shining*, or *bright*.

t, used in the ancient British authors for

, an expression, in several counties of Eng-  
*in the morning*.

mean, derived from the Saxon, to *think*, or

Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithesome swain,  
 The wisest lout of all the neighboring plain!  
 From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,  
 To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.  
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,  
 When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue:  
 He first that useful secret did explain,  
 That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.  
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,  
 He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30  
 Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,  
 And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.  
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,  
 That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,  
 Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.  
 This pouch, that's tied with tape of reddest hue,  
 I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting louch!  
 Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,  
 Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.  
 Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,  
 Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;  
 Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,  
 Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet:  
 But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,  
 Than daisy, marigold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,  
 That e'er at wake delightful gambol play'd. 50  
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,  
 And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.  
 The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,  
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,  
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,  
 And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;  
 But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,  
 Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;  
 Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.  
 With her no sultry summer's heat I know; 60  
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.  
 Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,  
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,  
 Ev'n noontide labor seem'd an holiday;  
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,  
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.

Ver. 25. *Erst*; a contraction of *ere this*: it signifies  
*sometime ago*, or *formerly*.

Ver. 56. *Defi*, an old word, signifying *brisk*, or *nimble*.

Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,  
And all the year shall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,  
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,  
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;  
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.  
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,  
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,  
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,  
I quaintly stole a kiss: at first, 'tis true,  
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.  
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,  
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,  
Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;  
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,  
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.  
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,  
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potato, prize.

CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,  
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,  
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,  
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.  
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,  
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blindman's buff*, it hapt  
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt;  
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind,  
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,  
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;  
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I  
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Ver. 69. *Eftsoons*, from *eft*, an ancient British word, signifying *soon*. So that *eftsoons* is a doubling of the word *soon*; which is, as it were, to say *twice soon*, or *very soon*.

Ver. 79. *Quaint* has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Miller's Tale*. "As clerkes being full subtle and quaint," (by which he means *arch*, or *waggish*); and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

Populus Alcide gratissima, vitis Iaccho,  
Formosa myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phæbo,  
Phyllis amat corylos. Illas dum Phyllis amabit  
Nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phæbi, &c.

*Virg.*

70

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,  
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung,  
With the rude wind her rump'd garment rose,  
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,  
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid.  
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;  
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,  
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.  
"What flower is that which bears the virgin's name,  
The richest metal joined with the same?"

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right  
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.  
"What flower is that which royal honor craves,  
Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains!  
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120  
But see the sun-beams bright to labor warn,  
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.  
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry.  
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

TUESDAY; OR, THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,  
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;  
In every wood his carols sweet were known,  
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.  
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,  
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;  
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,  
His danger smites the breast of every maid,  
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,  
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain; 10  
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,  
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;  
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd  
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;  
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,  
Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese, prepares,  
For yearning love the witless maid employs,  
And, "Love" say swains, "all busy heed destroys."  
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart;  
A lass that Cicely hight had won his heart, 20

Ver. 103—110 were not in the early editions.—N.

Ver. 113. Marigold.

Ver. 117. Rosemary.

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum  
Nascantur flores. *Virg.*

Ver. 120. Et vitula tu dignus & hic. *Virg.*

the western lass, that tends the kee,  
 al of the parson's maid was she.  
 ry shade now Marian lies along,  
 ict with sighs, thus wails in plaining song :  
 woful day ! ah, woful noon and morn !  
 irst by thee my younglings white were shorn ;  
 irst, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,  
 ep were silly, but more silly I.  
 the shears they felt no lasting smart,  
 et but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30  
 Colin ! canst thou leave thy sweetheart  
 true ?  
 have done for thee, will Cicely do ?  
 e thy linen wash, or hosen darn,  
 it thee gloves made of her own spun yarn ?  
 e with huswife's hand provide thy meat ?  
 ery Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,  
 o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,  
 ice-time drew Cicely's eyes aside ?  
 ere'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,  
 w disasters in my look appear. 40  
 as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,  
 my features, that I'm hardly known.  
 ghbors tell me oft, in joking talk,  
 s, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk ;  
 ingly of Marian they divine,  
 ist not that with thoughtful love I pine.  
 lin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,  
 whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.  
 ilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight  
 I all day, and merry-make at night. 50  
 e soil you guide the crooked share,  
 arly breakfast is my constant care ;  
 hen with even hand you strow the grain,  
 the thievish rooks from off the plain.  
 ing days, when I my thresher heard,  
 appy beer I to the barn repair'd ;  
 the music of the whirling flail,  
 e on thee I left the smoking pail :  
 est, when the Sun was mounted high,  
 thern bottle did thy draught supply ; 60  
 'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,  
 ve full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake :  
 in the welkin gathering showers were seen,  
 I the last with Colin on the green ;  
 hen at eve returning with thy car,  
 ng heard the jingling bells from far,  
 t on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,  
 m thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.  
 hungry thou stood'st *staring, like an oaf,*  
 the luncheon from the barley-loaf ; 70  
 rumbled bread I thicken'd well thy meal.  
 e me more, or love thy pottage less !  
 st Friday's eve, when as the Sun was set,  
 yon stile, three sallow gypsies met.  
 ny hand they cast a poring look,  
 beware, and thrice their heads they shook :  
 aid, that many crosses I must prove ;  
 n my worldly gain, but most in love.  
 orn I miss'd three hens and our old cock ;  
 f the hedge two pinnars and a smock ; 80  
 these losses with a Christian mind,  
 mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.  
 ce, alas ! I grew my Colin's scorn,  
 own no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.  
 e, ye gypsies ; bring him home again,  
 a constant lass give back her swain.

1. *Kee*, a west-country word for *kiss*, or *come*.

"Have I not sat with thee full many a night,  
 When dying embers were our only light,  
 When every creature did in slumbers lie,  
 Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I? 90  
 No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,  
 While I alone am kept awake by love.  
 "Remember, Colin! when at last year's wake  
 I bought the costly present for thy sake ;  
 Couldst thou spell o'er the poy on thy knife,  
 And with another change thy state of life ?  
 If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,  
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet :  
 'As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,  
 So is thy image on this heart of mine.' 100  
 But woe is me ! such presents luckless prove,  
 For *knives*, they tell me, *always sever love*."  
 Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimful,  
 When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.  
 With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,  
 Then saw the cow wellserv'd, and took a groat.

### WEDNESDAY; OR, THE DUMPS.\*

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,  
 A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.  
 Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,  
 Nor the gay goldfinch chants so sweet a note.  
 No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,  
 No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray ;  
 No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,  
 While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.  
 A while, O D'Urfe! lend an ear or twain,  
 Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain ; 10  
 Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the Sun,  
 Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,  
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,  
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,  
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,  
 Where D'Urfe's lyrics swell in every voice ;

\* *Dumps*, or *dumbs*, made use of to express a fit of the *sullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes*, after the same manner, is thought to have come from *Merops*, another Egyptian king, that died of the same distemper. But our English antiquaries have conjectured that *dumps*, which is a *grievous heaviness of spirits*, comes from the word *dump-ling*, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 3.

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca  
 Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynceæ,  
 Et mutata suos requiérunt flumina cursus.

Virg.

Ver. 9.

Tu mihi, sen magni superas jam saxa Timavi,  
 Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—

Virg.

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called *The World in the Sun*, or *the Kingdom of Birds*; he is also famous for his song on the *Newmarket horse-race* and several others that are sung by the *British* *se*

Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,  
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,  
And oxen, laid at rest, forgot the goad, 20  
The clown, fauig'd, trudg'd homeward with his  
spade,

Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;  
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,  
Alike with yearning love and labor worn,  
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise  
Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise:

"Come Night, as dark as pitch, surround my head,  
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;  
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,  
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on. 30  
Sure if he'd eyes (*but Love, they say, has none*)  
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.  
Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,  
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?  
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.  
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,  
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne! 40  
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,  
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;  
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,  
Before it ever felt the thunder's power;  
No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;  
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"I've often seen my visage in yon lake,  
Nor are my features of the homeliest make: 50  
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,  
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;  
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,  
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.  
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,  
While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.  
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,  
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!  
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,  
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;  
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose, 61  
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;  
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,  
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

Ver. 17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame*, or *renewal*.

Ver. 18. —*Hanc sine tempora circum*

*Inter victrices hedera tibi serpere lauros.* Virg.

Ver. 25.

*Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit oliva.* Virg.

Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, signifying *hurt*, or *harmed*.

Ver. 37.

*Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes?* Virg.

Ver. 49.

*Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi.* Virg.

Ver. 53.

*Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinis nigra leguntur.* Virg.

Ver. 59.

*Junguntur jam grypales equis; avoque sequenti  
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.* Virg.

"Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,  
And speckled mack'rel graze the meadows fair;  
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,  
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play; 70  
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove;  
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'  
"Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,  
When late I met the squire in yonder wood!

To me he sped, regardless of his game,  
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;  
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,  
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took, 80  
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,  
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.  
He swore that Dick, in livery strip'd with lace,  
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;  
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee;  
For what is lace or gold, compar'd to thee?

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun;  
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90  
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain  
Ere taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.  
The father only silly sheep annoys,  
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.  
Does son or father greater mischief do?  
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that  
flow;

A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100  
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.  
What! shall I fall as squeaking pigs have died?  
No—To some tree this carcass I'll suspend.  
But worrying curs find such untimely end!  
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool  
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool;  
That stool, the dread of every scolding queen;  
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!  
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,  
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110  
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,  
And quench my passion in the lake below.

"Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan.  
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own."

Ver. 67.

*Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,  
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces—  
Quàm nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.* Virg.

Ver. 80. *To ken*. Scire. Chaucer, *to ken*, and *hand*:  
notus A. S. *cunnam*. Goth. *kunnam*. Germanis *kennen*.  
Danis *kiende*. Islandis *kenna*. Belgis *kennen*. This word  
is of general use, but not very common, though not so  
known to the vulgar. *Ken*, for *prospicere*, is well known,  
and used to discover by the eye. Ray, F. R. S.

Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.

Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. Virg.

Ver. 99.

—vivite sylva:

*Præcepit aërii speculâ de montis in undas*

*Deflata.* Virg.

in was set; the night came on apace,  
 ng dewes bewet around the place;  
 takes airy rounds on leathern wings,  
 hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;  
 ent maiden deems it now too late,  
 to-morrow comes, defers her fate.

### THURSDAY; OR, THE SPELL.

#### HORNELLIA.

LIA, seated in a dreary vale,  
 e mood rehears'd her piteous tale;  
 us tale the winds in sighs bemoan,  
 ng echo answers groan for groan.  
 the day, a rueful day, I throw,  
 il day, a day indeed of woe!  
 ibberkin to town his cattle drove,  
 i fine bedight he hapt to love;  
 len fine bedight his love retains,  
 he village he forsakes the plains.  
 ny Lubberkin, these ditties hear;  
 ll I try, and spells shall ease my care.

my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 me thrice around, around, around.'

i first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,  
 with welcome note the budding spring,  
 way set a running with such haste,  
 that won the smock scarce ran so fast;  
 t for lack of breath, quite weary grown,  
 sing bank I sat adown,  
 f'd my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,  
 spied this yellow frizzled hair,  
 o Lubberkin's in curl and hue,  
 n his comely pate it grew.

my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 me thrice around, around, around.'

e last Midsummer no sleep I sought,  
 e field a bag of hemp-seed brought;  
 I round the seed on every side,  
 e times in a trembling accent cried,  
 p-seed with my virgin hand I sow,  
 l my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'  
 look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,  
 keen scythe behind me came the youth.

my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 me thrice around, around, around.'

Valentine, the day when birds of kind  
 amours with mutual chirpings find;  
 se, just at the break of day,  
 e Sun had chas'd the stars away;  
 went, amid the morning dew,  
 ny kine (for so should huswives do);  
 : I spied; and the first swain we see,  
 f Fortune, shall our true-love be.  
 erkin, each bird his partner take;  
 t thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

*Night, or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan,*  
*ifies to set in order.*

*Deff and den, contracted from the words de off*

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,  
 That might my secret lover's name reveal. 50  
 Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,  
 (For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).  
 I seiz'd the vermin, whom I quickly sped,  
 And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.  
 Slow crawl'd the snail; and, if I right can spell,  
 In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L.  
 Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
 For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,  
 And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;  
 This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,  
 That in a flame of brightest color blaz'd.  
 As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow;  
 For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.' 68

"As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see  
 One that was closely fill'd with three times three:  
 Which, when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,  
 And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;  
 My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,  
 While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;  
 The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come in,  
 But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.  
 I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see;  
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me.  
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight:  
 So may again his love with mine unite! 80

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"This lady-fly I take from off the grass,  
 Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass:  
 'Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,  
 Fly where the man is found that I love best.  
 He leaves my hand; see, to the West he's flown,  
 To call my true-love from the faithless town.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.' 90

"I pare this pippin round and round again,  
 My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,  
 I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,  
 Upon the grass a perfect L is read;  
 Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen  
 Than what the paring makes upon the green.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
 ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

Ver. 64.—*ἰγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Αἰλφιδί δάφνας*  
*Αἰθω, χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λαλῶμι, μέγα κακὴν ἔσσο.*  
*Theoc.*

Ver. 66.  
*Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.*  
*Flg.*

Ver. 93. *Transque caput jace; na tuam*

"This pippin shall another trial make,  
See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100  
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;  
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.  
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,  
A certain token that his love's unsound;  
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;  
Oh, were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,  
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee. 110  
He wist not when the hempen string I drew,  
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.  
Together fast I tie the garters twain;  
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:  
'Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,  
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure'

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

"As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day  
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay, 120  
I made my market long before 'twas night,  
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.  
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,  
And in love-powder all my money spent.  
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,  
When to the alchouse Lubberkin repairs,  
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,  
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the  
ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.' 130

"But hold!—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his  
cars,

O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.  
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,  
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.  
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:  
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!"

### FRIDAY; OR, THE DIRGE.\*

*Bumkinet, Grubbinol.*

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?  
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.  
'Tis true yon oaks with yellow tops appear,  
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

Ver. 109.

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:  
Necte, Amarylli, modo; et Veneris dic vincula necto. *Virg.*

Ver. 123.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena  
Ipse dedit Mæris. *Virg.*

Ver. 127.—Πορὸν κακὸν ἀπὸ ποντοῦ εὐδῶ.

*Theoc.*

Ver. 131.

Necio quid certe est; et Hylax in limine latrat.

*Virg.*

\* *Dirge*, or *dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or song of lamenta-  
tion, over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin

From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,  
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.  
Yet ev'n this season plesance blithe affords,  
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple boards.  
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,  
Let cider new "wash sorrow from thy soul." 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,  
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;  
Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,  
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

"Hang sorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair,  
And with trim sonnets "cast away our care."  
"Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play:  
Thou sing'st most sweet, "O'er hills and far away."  
Of "Patient Grisnel" I devise to sing,  
And catches quaint shall make the valleys ring. 20  
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come;  
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,  
But with my woe shall distant valleys ring.  
The tale shall make our kiddings droop their head,  
For, wo is me!—our Blouzelind is dead!

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!  
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.  
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,  
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30  
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,  
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,  
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;  
The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,  
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.  
Henceforth, as oft as Autumn shall return,  
The drooping trees, when'er it rains, shall mourn;  
The season quite shall strip the country's pride,  
For 'twas in Autumn Blouzelinda died. 40

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,  
Woods, dairy, barn, and mow, our passion knew,  
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,  
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.  
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,  
When rotten sticks our fuel have supplied;  
There I remember how her fagots large  
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.  
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,  
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50  
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,  
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;

*dirge* in the popish hymn, *dirge gressus meos*, as some pretend; but from the Teutonic *dyrke*, *laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *dyrke*, and our *dirge*, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. *Cowell's Interpreter.*

Ver. 15.

Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidia ignes  
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri. *Virg.*

Ver. 27. *Glee*, joy; from the Dutch *gleeuen*, to recreate.

ward creatures to the sty I drove,  
 stled all the way—or told my love.  
 he dairy's hatch I chance to hie,  
 r goodly countenance espy;  
 her goodly countenance I've seen,  
 ith kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean;  
 as, like wax, she rolls the butter round,  
 the wooden lily prints the pound. 60  
 I've seen her skim the clouted cream,  
 s from spungy curds the milky stream:  
 alas! these ears shall hear no more  
 ning swine surround the dairy door;  
 her care shall fill the hollow tray,  
 e guzzling hogs with floods of whey.  
 ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,  
 like me, have lost your sole relief.  
 in the barn the sounding flail I ply,  
 om her sieve the chaff was wont to fly; 70  
 ltry there will seem around to stand,  
 upon her charitable hand.  
 r meet the poultry now can find,  
 like mo, have lost their Blouzelind.  
 ever by yon barley-mow I pass,  
 y eyes will trip the tidy lass.  
 the sheaves, (oh, could I do so now!)  
 ie in rows pil'd on the growing mow.  
 ery deale my heart by love was gain'd,  
 e sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd. 80  
 zelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,  
 memorial will revive in me.  
 yo fields, and rueful symptoms show;  
 th let not the smelling primrose grow;  
 is, instead of butter-flowers, appear,  
 ds, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;  
 lips sweet let dandelions spread;  
 zelinda, blithesome maid, is dead!  
 ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,  
 l ye right this verse upon her stone: 90  
 louzelinda lies—Alas, alas!  
 epherds—and remember flesh is grass."

## GRUBBINOL.

thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,  
 the thirsty cattle rivers clear;  
 r porridge to the laboring youth,  
 and sugar to the damsel's tooth;  
 zelinda's name shall tune my lay,  
 'll sing for ever and for aye.  
 Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell  
 ie drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100  
 mn death-watch click'd the hour she died,  
 lling crickets in the chimney cried!

34.  
*violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,  
 t spinis surgit paliurus acutis.*

Virg.

30.  
*im facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.*

Virg.

32.  
*a carmen nobis, divine poeta,  
 or fessis in gramine; quale per æstum  
 æ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.  
 n hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra vicissim,  
 Daphnæque tuum tollemus ad astra.*

Virg.

36. An imitation of Theocritus.

The boding raven on her cottage sate,  
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;  
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,  
 Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;  
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spied,  
 Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,  
 When on her darling's bed her mother sate! 110  
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,  
 And of the dead let none the will revoke:

"Mother," quoth she, "let not the poultry need,  
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed:  
 Be these my sister's care—and every morn  
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;  
 The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,  
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.  
 Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,  
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120

Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid;  
 Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.  
 The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake  
 Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;  
 My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,  
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.  
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests tried,  
 Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:  
 Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,  
 A token kind to Bumkinet is sent." 130

Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cried;  
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she died.

To show their love, the neighbors far and near  
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.  
 Sprig'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,  
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.  
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,  
 The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text, 139  
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next;  
 He said, that Heaven would take her soul, no  
 doubt,

And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet memory, flowery garlands strung,  
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.  
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,  
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground;  
 Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,  
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,  
 To drink new cider maul'd with ginger warm. 150  
 For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the by,  
 "Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,  
 Or lasses with soft stockings milk the cow;  
 While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,  
 Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;  
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise;  
 So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,  
 Till bonny Susan sped across the plain. 160  
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,  
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;  
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,  
 And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

Ver. 153.  
*Dum juga montis aper, flavies dum picis amabit,  
 Dumque thymo pascitur apes, dum saxa glebas,  
 Semper honos, nomenque t*



## SATURDAY; OR, THE FLIGHTS.

## BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;  
 Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;  
 Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,  
 The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;  
 With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,  
 While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil  
 Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;  
 Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,  
 Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about; 10  
 The lads, with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow,  
 Cut down the labors of the winter plow.  
 To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,  
 She feign'd her coat or garter was untied;  
 Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,  
 And merry reapers what they list will ween.  
 Soon she rose up, and cried with voice so shrill,  
 That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;  
 The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,  
 Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd. 20  
 When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,  
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;  
 That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,  
 Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;  
 That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed,  
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;  
 That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,  
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:  
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,  
 And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

"Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?  
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!

Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night;  
 But thou sat'st toying till the morning light."

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,  
 And kiss'd with smacking lip the smoring lout:  
 (For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,  
 For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")  
 By her example Dorcas bolder grows,  
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40  
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke  
 The sneering swains with stammering speech be-  
 spoke:

"To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,  
 As for the maids—I've something else in store."

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,  
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.  
 Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd  
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;  
 Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,  
 Like Bowzybeus soothes th' attentive ear. 50

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,  
 Why the grave owl can never face the Sun.

Ver. 22.

Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jaccabant. *Virg.*

Ver. 40.

Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. *Virg.*

Ver. 43.

Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite! carmina vobis;  
 Huic aliud mercedis erit. *Virg.*

Ver. 47.

Wec tantum Phebo gaudet Parnassia rupes:  
 Iec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Iamarus Orpheus. *Virg.*

For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,  
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.  
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below:  
 And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;  
 How Will-o-wisp misleads night-faring clowns  
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.  
 Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,  
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60  
 He sung where woodcocks in the Summer feed,  
 And in what climates they renew their breed,  
 (Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend.  
 Or to the Moon in midnight hours ascend);  
 Where swallows in the Winter's season keep,  
 And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;  
 How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close  
 Till the bright Sun has nine times set and rose;  
 (For huntsmen by their long experience find,  
 That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.) 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,  
 For still new fairs before his eyes arose.  
 How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,  
 The various fairings of the country maid.  
 Long silken laces hang upon the twine,  
 And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;  
 How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies.  
 And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.  
 Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,  
 Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold. 80  
 The lads and lasses trudge the street along,  
 And all the fair is crowded in his song.  
 The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells  
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;  
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,  
 And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;  
 Jack Pudding in his party-color'd jacket  
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.  
 Of rare-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,  
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung the Children in the Wood:  
 (Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)  
 How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,  
 And fearless at the glittering falchion smil'd;  
 Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,  
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.  
 (Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,  
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.)

For Buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,  
 How the sly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell  
 What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,  
 When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,  
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!  
 Ah, Witherington! more years thy life had crown'd,  
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!  
 Yet shall the 'squire, who fought on bloody stumps,  
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps. 109

All in the land of Essex next he chants,  
 How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:

Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations:

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

Ver. 97.

Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,  
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. *Virg.*

Ver. 99. A song in the comedy of Love for Love, beginning "A soldier and a sailor," &c.

Ver. 109. A song of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems

rave brother stood on bank so green—  
him if mares had never been !  
was seiz'd with a religious qualm,  
sudden sung the hundredth psalm.  
of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,  
ro, and the Irish Trot.  
ld I tell of Bateman, or of Shore,  
y's Dragon, slain by valiant Moor,  
r of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,  
the grass now grows where Troy town  
stood ? 120  
ls ceas'd : the listening maids and swains  
to hear some soft imperfect strains.  
rose ; and, as he reels along,  
ses sweet should well reward his song.  
ls laughing fly : the giddy clown  
n a wheat-sheaf drops adown ;  
that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,  
, like his face, the Sun descends.

## FABLE.

## FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

Y are those tears ? why droops your head ?  
your other husband dead ?  
a worse disgrace betide ?  
one since his death applied ?"  
s ! you know the cause too well ;  
t is spilt, to me it fell ;  
o contribute to my loss,  
fe and fork were laid across ;  
ay too ! the day I dread !  
I were safe at home in bed !  
ght (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)  
from the fire a coffin flew.  
et some fatal news shall tell :  
d my Cornish friends be well !"  
happy Widow, cease thy tears,  
l affliction in thy fears ;  
thy stomach be suspended ;  
r, and weep when dinner's ended ;  
hen the butler clears the table,  
desert I'll read my Fable."  
ixt her swagging panniers' load  
er's Wife to market rode,  
gging on, with thoughtful care,  
l up the profits of her ware ;

am, si nunquam armenta fuissent,

*Virg.*

Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.

*Virg.*

—120. Old English ballads.

When, starting from her silver dream,  
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

"That Raven on yon left-hand oak  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak !)  
Bodes me no good." No more she said,  
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,  
Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,  
And her maah'd eggs bestrow'd the way.  
She, sprawling in the yellow road,  
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd : "Thou croaking toad,  
A murrain take thy whoreson throat !  
I knew misfortune in the note."

"Dame," quoth the Raven, "spare your oaths,  
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.  
But why on me those curses thrown ?  
Goody, the fault was all your own ;  
For, had you laid this brittle ware  
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,  
Though all the Ravens of the hundred  
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,  
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,  
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

## FABLE.

## THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye,  
Each little speck and blemish find ;  
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,  
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;  
Behind her ran an infant train,  
Collecting here and there a grain.

"Draw near, my birds ! the mother cries,  
This hill delicious fare supplies ;  
Behold the busy negro race,  
See millions blacken all the place !  
Fear not ; like me, with freedom eat ;  
An Ant is most delightful meat.  
How bleas'd, how envied, were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife ;  
But 'man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,  
And Christmas shortens all our days.  
Sometimes with oysters we combine,  
Sometimes assist the savory chine ;  
From the low peasant to the lord,  
The Turkey smokes on every board.  
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,  
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,  
Thus answer'd from the neighboring beech :  
"Ere you remark another's sin,  
Bid thy own conscience look within ;  
Control thy more voracious bill,  
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

## MATTHEW GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN, a truly original poet, was born, probably at London, in 1696. His parents were respectable Dissenters, who brought him up within the limits of the sect. His learning was confined to a little Latin; but, from the frequency of his classical allusions, it may be concluded that what he read when young, he did not forget. The austerity in which he was educated had the effect of inspiring him with settled disgust; and he fled from the gloom of dissenting worship when he was no longer compelled to attend it. Thus set loose from the opinions of his youth, he speculated very freely on religious topics, and at length adopted the system of outward compliance with established forms, and inward laxity of belief. He seems at one time to have been much inclined to the principles of Quakerism; but he found that its practice would not agree with one who lived "by pulling off the hat." We find that he had obtained a place in the Custom-house, the duties of which he is said to have discharged with great diligence and fidelity. It

is further attested, that he was a man of great probity and sweetness of disposition, and that his conversation abounded with wit, but of the most inoffensive kind. He seems to have been subject to low-spirits, as a relief from which he composed his principal poem, "The Spleen." He passed his life in celibacy, and died in 1737, at the early age of forty-one, in lodgings in Gracechurch-street.

The poems of Green, which were not made public till after his death, consist of "The Spleen," "The Grotto," "Verses on Barclay's Apology," "The Seeker," and some smaller pieces, all comprised in a small volume. In manner and subject they are some of the most original in our language. They rank among the easy and familiar, but are replete with uncommon thoughts, new and striking images, and those associations of remote ideas by some unexpected similitudes, in which wit principally consists. Few poems will bear more repeated perusals; and, with those who can fully enter into them, they do not fail to become favorites.

## THE SPLEEN.\*

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,  
Who always were a faithful friend;  
Who, if disputes should happen hence,  
Can best explain the author's sense;  
And, anxious for the public weal,  
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,  
Allowing for a vapor'd Muse:  
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,  
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace  
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.  
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,  
Draws from the spring she finds within;  
Nor vainly buys what Gildont sells,  
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

\* "In this poem," Mr. Melmoth says, "there are more original thoughts thrown together than he had ever read in the same compass of lines."

FITZOSBORNE'S *Letters*, p. 114.

† *Gildon's Art of Poetry*.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,  
Where all the ancient treasures lie,  
And there unseen commit a theft  
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.  
Then where? from whom? what can I steal.  
Who only with the moderns deal?  
This were attempting to put on  
Raiment from naked bodies won:†  
They safely sing before a thief,  
They cannot give who want relief;  
Some few excepted, names well known,  
And justly laurel'd with renown,  
Whose stamps of genius mark their ware,  
And theft detects: of theft beware;  
From More§ so lash'd, example fit,  
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean  
To write a treatise on the spleen;

† A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandaire won.

HOWARD'S *British Prince*.

§ James More Smith, Esq. See *Dunciad*, B. ii. l. 32. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

scribe when nerves convulse ;  
 th' alarm-watch, your pulse.  
 ht, your question lay,  
 se I take to drive away  
 are, Spleen, by whose false pleas  
 mere suicides in ease ;  
 I do myself demean  
 world to live serene.  
 y its magic-lantern Spleen  
 uful figures spreads life's scene,  
 'ning prospects urg'd my fears,  
 to the luck of heirs ;  
 me quiet to restore,  
 rt was substance, shadow more ;  
 en's dead weight though heavy grown,  
 ugh tide I sunk not down,  
 till Fortune threw a rope,  
 a bladders fill'd with hope.  
 choose the plainest food  
 icidity of blood.  
 er-gruel, healing power,  
 cess to the poor ;  
 love's confessors implore,  
 rs secretly adore ;  
 fly, by thee dilute—  
 eins my blood thro' quicker shoot,  
 'ift current throws off clean  
 rticles of Spleen.  
 sick by drinking grow,  
 myself a cup too low,  
 n Chloe's lodgings haunt,  
 spirits, which I want.  
 I reckon very good,  
 he nerves, and stir the blood :  
 so field-honors itch,  
 y leaping hedge and ditch.  
 een lies soft relax'd in bed,  
 d fires inclines the head,  
 ons with hound and horn,  
 cry, awake the Morn.  
 her from the dusky plight,  
 7 th' embraces of the Night,  
 wash redeem her face,  
 herself of Titan's race,  
 ting in loose robes the skies,  
 and fragrance as she flies.  
 e and bound fierce joy display.  
 t the hark-away,  
 suit o'er tainted ground,  
 s robust field-notes resound.  
 it. George the dragon slew,  
 rc'd, trod down, and dying view ;  
 their spirits are on wing,  
 s, and hills, and valleys ring.  
 the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,  
 mmend the bowling-green ;  
 / walks ; all, exercise ;  
 a stone, the giant dies ;  
 l be well. Monkeys have been  
 ood doctors for the Spleen ;  
 , if the humor hit,  
 quind away the fit.  
 irth is good in this behalf,  
 artic'lars let us laugh.  
 risk fools, curst with half sense,  
 dates their impotence ;  
 in rhyme, and, like blind flies,  
 heir wings for want of eyes.  
 rs worshipping a calf,  
 dies that make us laugh,

A strict dissenter saying grace,  
 A lect'rer preaching for a place,  
 Folks, things prophetic to dispense,  
 Making the past the future tense,  
 The popish dubbing of a priest,  
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,  
 Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,  
 Great Æsculapius on his stage,  
 A miser starving to be rich,  
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,  
 A jointur'd widow's ritual state,  
 Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,  
 New almanacs compos'd by seers,  
 Experiments on felons' ears,  
 Didainful prudes, who ceaseless ply  
 The superb muscle of the eye,  
 A coquet's April-weather face,  
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,  
 And fops in military show,  
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,  
 I clear my ev'ning with a play,  
 Or to some concert take my way,  
 The company, the shine of lights,  
 The scenes of humor, music's flights,  
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,  
 To others' grief attention raise :  
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,  
 We borrow joy by pitying woe ;  
 There gaily comic scenes delight,  
 And hold true mirrors to our sight.  
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,  
 Calling the passions to her aid,  
 When moral scenes just actions join,  
 Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,  
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind.  
 When art does sound's high pow'r advance,  
 To music's pipe the passions dance ;  
 Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shown,  
 Tarantulated by a tune.  
 Many have held the soul to be  
 Nearly allied to harmony.  
 Her have I known indulging grief,  
 And shunning company's relief,  
 Unveil her face, and, looking round,  
 Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,  
 The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,  
 Or Spleen will surely be too hard ;  
 Which, like those fish by sailors met,  
 Fly highest, while their wings are wet.  
 In such dull weather, so unfit  
 To enterprize a work of wit,  
 When clouds one yard of azure sky,  
 That's fit for simile, deny,  
 I dress my face with studious looks,  
 And shorten tedious hours with books.  
 But if dull fogs invade the head,  
 That mem'ry minds not what is read,  
 I sit in window dry as ark,  
 And on the drowning world remark :  
 Or to some coffee-house I stray  
 For news, the manna of a day,  
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather,  
 That politics go by the weather :  
 Then seek good-humor'd tavern chums,  
 And play at cards, but for small sums ;

Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;  
Or drink a joco-serious cup  
With souls who've took their freedom up,  
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,  
In Epicurus' garden walk,  
Who thought it Heav'n to be serene;  
Pain, Hell, and Purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,  
And chat away the gloomy fit;  
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,  
And wear a gay impertinence,  
Nor think nor speak with any pains,  
But lay on Fancy's neck the reins;  
Talk of unusual swell of waist  
In maid of honor loosely lac'd,  
And beauty borr'wing Spanish red,  
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,  
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,  
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;  
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch  
By grave pretence to go to church)  
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,  
Like Will and Mary on the coin:  
And thus in modish manner we,  
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,  
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,  
May with its beauties grace my line,  
While I bow down before its shrine,  
And your throng'd altars with my lays  
Perfume, and get by giving praise.  
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien  
You excommunicate the Spleen,  
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring  
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;  
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,  
We look, we listen, and approve.  
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,  
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;  
By Celia's pat, on their report,  
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,  
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,  
And loves the floral game, to romp.  
But who can view the pointed rays,  
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?  
Love on his throne of glory seems  
Encompass'd with satellite beams.  
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,  
Diffuse benignly humid light,  
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,  
And Cytherea's gentle doves,  
And raptur'd fix in such a face  
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.  
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;  
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,  
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,  
Blood long congealed liquifies!  
True miracle, and fairly done  
By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find  
Such beauties both of form and mind,  
By modern breeding much debas'd,  
In half the female world at least!  
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,  
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;  
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,  
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear  
Your impious pains to form the fair,

Nor lay out so much cost and art,  
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;  
Of every folly-fost'ring bed  
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.  
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,  
Desist, and give us nature wild,  
Delighted with a hoyden soul,  
Which truth and innocence control.  
Coquets, leave off affected arts,  
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;  
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill.  
You show so plain, you strive to kill.  
In love the artless catch the game,  
And they scarce miss who never aim.  
The world's great Author did create  
The sex to fit the nuptial state,  
And meant a blessing in a wife  
To solace the fatigues of life;  
And old inspired times display,  
How wives could love, and yet obey.  
Then truth, and patience of control,  
And housewife arts, adorn'd the soul;  
And charms, the gift of Nature, shone;  
And jealousy, a thing unknown:  
Veils were the only masks they wore;  
Novels (receipts to make a whore)  
Nor ombre, nor quadrille, they knew,  
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.  
Wise men did not, to be thought gay.  
Then compliment their pow'r away:  
But lest, by frail desires misled,  
The girls forbidden paths should tread,  
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall;  
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.  
Thus we at once solicit sense,  
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider, friend,  
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,  
Meeting, that region of the Spleen;  
The broken heart, the busy fiend,  
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,  
To which vocation is disease:  
A gipsy diction scarce known well  
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,  
I shun; nor let it breed within  
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;  
Law, grown a forest, where perplex  
The mazes, and the brambles vex;  
Where its twelve verd'ners every day  
Are changing still the public way:  
Yet, if we miss our path and err,  
We grievous penalties incur;  
And wand'rers tire, and tear their skin,  
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,  
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.  
No computer-writer me agitate;  
Who moralizing pass the gate,  
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,  
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.  
Wisdom, before beneath their care,  
Pays her upbraiding visits there,  
And forces folly through the grate,  
Her panegyric to repeat.  
This view, profusely when inclin'd,  
Enters a caveat in the mind:  
Experience join'd with common sense,  
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,  
Subsiding settles into Spleen.  
Hence, as the plague of happy life,  
I run away from party-strife.  
A prince's cause, a church's claim,  
I've known to raise a mighty flame,  
And priest, as stoker, very free  
To throw in peace and charity.  
That tribe, whose practicals decree  
Small-beer the deadliest heresy;  
Who, fond of pedigree, derive  
From the most noted whore alive;  
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,  
And love the mitre Bacchus made,  
Forbid the faithful to depend  
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,  
And in whose gay red-letter'd face  
We read good-living more than grace:  
Nor they so pure, and so precise,  
Immaculate as their white of eyes,  
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,  
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,  
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r  
To the state's mellow forms prefer;  
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,  
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,  
And samples of heart-chested grace  
Expose in show-glass of the face,  
Did never me as yet provoke  
Either to honor band and cloak,  
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace  
At folks, because they are in place;  
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,  
Serve the ear-lechery of men;  
But to avoid religious jars,  
The laws are my expositors,  
Which in my doubting mind create  
Conformity to church and state.  
I go, pursuant to my plan,  
To Mecca with the caravan.  
And think it right in common sense  
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;  
To mend the world's a vast design:  
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,  
To pull to them the ship afloat,  
While to defeat their labor'd end,  
At once both wind and stream contend:  
Success herein is seldom seen,  
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent,  
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;  
His skiff does with the current glide,  
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.  
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,  
And when he can't prevent foul play,  
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal  
Each hasty promise made in zeal.  
When Gospel propagators say,  
We're bound our great light to display,  
And Indian darkness drive away,  
Yet none but drunken watchmen send,  
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;  
When they cry up this holy war,  
Which every Christian should be for;  
Yet such as owe the law their ears,  
We find employ'd as engineers:

This view my forward zeal so shocks,  
In vain they hold the money-box.  
At such a conduct, which intends  
By vicious means such virtuous ends,  
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence  
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease  
I suffer not to prove disease,  
But rise up in the virtuous cause  
Of a free press and equal laws.  
The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!  
In vain our sires have nobly fought:  
While free from force the press remains,  
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,  
And Learning largesses bestows,  
And keeps uncensur'd open house.  
We to the nation's public mart  
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,  
And philosophic goods this way,  
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.  
This tree, which knowledge so affords,  
Inquisitors with flaming swords  
From lay approach with zeal defend,  
Lest their own paradise should end.  
The Press from her fecundous womb  
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;  
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,  
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;  
The monster Superstition fled,  
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;  
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,  
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.  
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence,  
To chain, is treason against sense;  
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues  
None silence, who design no wrongs;  
For those, who use the gag's restraint,  
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,  
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,  
Most schemes, as money-snare, I hate,  
And bite not at projectors' bait,  
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,  
And yet fresh fools are cast away.  
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,  
Their painted vessel runs aground;  
Or in deep seas it oversets  
By a fierce hurricane of debts;  
Or helm directors in one trip,  
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.  
Such was of late a corporation,\*  
The brazen serpent of the nation,  
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,  
The poor must look at to be blest,  
And thence expect, with paper seal'd  
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait  
Whole years at levees of the great,

\* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1739 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the house of commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

And hungry hopes regale the while  
On the spare diet of a smile.  
There you may see the idol stand  
With mirror in his wanton hand ;  
Above, below, now here, now there,  
He throws about the sunny glare.  
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,  
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill  
To draw and color at her will,  
And raise and round the figure well,  
And show her talent to excel,  
I guard my heart, lest it should woo  
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,  
And, disappointed, feel despair  
At loss of things that never were.

When I lean politicians mark  
Grazing on ether in the Park ;  
Who e'er on wing with open throats  
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,  
Just in the manner swallows use,  
Catching their airy food of news ;  
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest  
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;  
Or see some poet pensive sit,  
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit :  
Who, though short-winded, still will aim  
To sound the epic trump of Fame ;  
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will dote,  
Nor learn conviction from his coat ;  
I bless'd my stars, I never knew  
Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,  
And have from old experience been  
Both parent and the child of Spleen.  
These subjects of Apollo's state,  
Who from false fire derive their fate,  
With airy purchases undone  
Of lands, which none lend money on,  
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,  
Nor lost one hour to gather bays,  
Their fancies first delirious grew,  
And scenes ideal took for true.  
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,  
And with false prospects cheats their eyes ;  
The fabled gods the poets sing,  
A season of perpetual spring,  
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,  
Affording sweets and smiles,  
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,  
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,  
Apollo's harp with airs divine,  
The sacred music of the Nine,  
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,  
And for a vacant niche proud aim,  
Ravish their souls, and plainly show  
What Fancy's sketching power can do.  
They will attempt the mountain steep,  
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,  
The Muse's revelations show,  
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme  
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,  
Nor are content to be undone,  
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.  
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,  
Afford the most uncertain gain ;  
And lot'tries never tempt the wise  
With blanks so many to a prize.  
I only transient visits pay,  
Meeting the Muses in my way,

Scarce known to the fastidious dames,  
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.  
Nor can their passports in these days,  
Your profit warrant, or your praise.  
On poems by their dictates writ,  
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,  
And mere upholst'ers in a trice  
On gems and paintings set a price.  
These tayl'ring artists for our lays  
Invent cramp'd rules, and with straight stays  
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,  
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A commonplace and many friends,  
Can serve the plagiar's ends,  
Whose easy vamping talent lies,  
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.  
Thus some, devoid of art and skill  
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,  
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,  
By genius doom'd to stay below,  
For their own digging show the town  
Wit's treasure brought by others down.  
Some wanting, if they find a mine,  
An artist's judgment to refine,  
On fame precipitately fix'd,  
The ore with baser metals mix'd  
Melt down, impatient of delay,  
And call the vicious mass a play.  
All these engage to serve their ends,  
A band select of trusty friends,  
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing.  
As Psapho\* taught his birds to sing ;  
Then to the ladies they submit,  
Returning officers on wit :  
A crowded house their presence draws,  
And on the beaux imposes laws,  
A judgment in its favor ends,  
When all the panel are its friends :  
Their natures merciful and mild  
Have from mere pity sav'd the child ;  
In bulrush ark the bantling found  
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,  
They have preserv'd by kind support,  
And brought the baby-muse to court.  
But there's a youth† that you can name,  
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,  
Whose quick maturity of brain  
The birth of Pallas may explain :  
Dreaming of whose depending fate,  
I heard Melpomene debate,  
" This, this is he, that was foretold  
Should emulate our Greeks of old.  
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,  
He sings, and rules the varied heart ;  
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,  
We hear the thunder in his verse ;  
If he describes love turn'd to rage,  
The furies riot in his page.

\* Psapho was a Lybian, who, desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this means : he took young birds and taught them to sing, Psapho is a great god. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly ; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods ; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

† Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Leonidas*, *Boudin*, *Medea*, &c.

If he fair liberty and law  
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,  
The keener passions then engage  
Aright, and sanctify their rage;  
If he attempt disastrous love,  
We hear those 'plaints that wound the grove.  
Within the kinder passions glow,  
And tears distill'd from pity flow."

From the bright vision I descend,  
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,  
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!  
The active lunacy of pride,  
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,  
This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,  
I view with no aspiring eye:  
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,  
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,  
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,  
But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wise*.  
Greatness in glittering forms display'd  
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,  
And by its falsely-envied scene  
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.  
We should be pleas'd that things are so,  
Who do for nothing see the show,  
And, middle-siz'd, can pass between  
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen.  
And midst the glare of greatness trace  
A wat'ry sunshine in the face,  
And pleasure fled to, to redress  
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,  
So much a stranger to our sight,  
Say, goddess, in what happy place  
Mortals behold thy blooming face;  
Thy gracious auspices impart,  
And for thy temple choose my heart.  
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,  
Thy science learn, to bound desire;  
By happy alchymy of mind  
They turn to pleasure all they find;  
They both disdain in outward mien  
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,  
And meretricious arts of dress,  
To feign a joy, and hide distress;  
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,  
Without an opiate they repose;  
And, cover'd by your shield, defy  
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:  
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,  
Concern themselves with distant cares;  
But place their bliss in mental rest,  
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,  
The blithesome goddess soothes my care:  
I feel the deity inspire,  
And thus she models my desire.  
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
Annuity securely made,  
A farm some twenty miles from town,  
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;  
Two maids, that never saw the town,  
A serving-man, not quite a clown;  
A boy to help to tread the mow,  
And drive, while t'other holds the plow;  
A chief, of temper form'd to please,  
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;

And better to preserve the peace,  
Commission'd by the name of niece,  
With understandings of a size  
To think their master very wise.  
May Heav'n (it's all I wish for) send  
One genial room to treat a friend,  
Where decent cupboard, little plate,  
Display benevolence, not state.  
And may my humble dwelling stand  
Upon some chosen spot of land:  
A pond before full to the brim,  
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;  
Behind, a green-like velvet neat,  
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;  
Where od'rous plants in evening fair  
Breathe all around ambrosial air;  
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,  
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;  
With op'ning views of hill and dale,  
Which sense and fancy too regale,  
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
Like amphitheatre surrounds;  
And woods impervious to the breeze,  
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
From hills through plains in dusk array  
Extended far, repel the day.  
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
Invite, and contemplation aid:  
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
The dark decrees and will of Fate,  
And dreams beneath the spreading beech  
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;  
While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
Impulses rustle through the mind.  
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray  
While Pan melodius pipes away,  
In measur'd motions frisk about,  
Till old Silenus puts them out.  
There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
Vie in variety of green;  
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep.  
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,  
And silver streams through meadows stray,  
And Naiads on the margin play,  
And lesser nymphs on side of hills  
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,  
May I enjoy a calm through life;  
See faction, safe in low degree,  
As men at land see storms at sea,  
And laugh at miserable elves,  
Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,  
As can possess, but not enjoy;  
Debar'd the pleasure to impart  
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,  
Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,  
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.  
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,  
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,  
Prone the distressed to relieve,  
And little trespasses forgive,  
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,  
And skill to make a busy hour,



With trips to town life to amuse,  
To purchase books, and hear the news,  
To see old friends, brush off the clown,  
And quicken taste at coming down,  
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,  
And slowly mellowing in age,  
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,  
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,  
Quit a worn being without pain,  
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,  
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,  
Have never yet my reason foil'd.  
His springy soul dilates like air,  
When free from weight of ambient care,  
And, hush'd in meditation deep,  
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;  
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,  
Proves a Columbus of her own,  
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,  
And through the wilds of endless space,  
Borne up on metaphysic wings,  
Chases light forms and shadowy things,  
And in the vague excursion caught,  
Brings home some rare exotic thought.  
The melancholy man such dreams,  
As brightest evidence, esteems;  
Fain would he see some distant scene  
Suggested by his restless Spleen,  
And Fancy's telescope applies  
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.  
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,  
I close examine by the light;  
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,  
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,  
And execute plain common sense  
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,  
And club its ills with those of Fate,  
I many a notion take to task,  
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.  
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,  
Is cur'd, and certainty I find,  
Since optic reason shows me plain,  
I dreaded spectres of the brain;  
And legendary fears are gone,  
Though in tenacious childhood sown.  
Thus in opinions I commence  
Freeholder in the proper sense,  
And neither suit nor service do,  
Nor homage to pretenders show,  
Who boast themselves by spurious roll  
Lords of the manor of the soul;  
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,  
To nonsense thrond in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,  
O Entium Ens! divinely great!—  
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,  
Nor near the blazing glory fly,  
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,  
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:  
Through fields unknown nor madly stray  
Where no ideas mark the way.  
With tender eyes, and colors faint,

And trembling hands, forbear to paint.  
Who features veil'd by light can hit?  
Where can, what has no outline, sit?  
My soul, the vain attempt forego,  
Thyself, the fitter subject, know  
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,  
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,  
Nor runs, with Wisdom's syrens caught,  
On quicksands swell'wing shipwreck'd though  
But, conscious of his distance, gives  
Mute praise, and humble negatives.  
In one, no object of our sight,  
Immutable, and infinite,  
Who can't be cruel or unjust,  
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;  
To him my past and present state  
I owe, and must my future fate.  
A stranger into life I'm come,  
Dying may be our going home,  
Transported here by angry Fate,  
The convicts of a prior state.  
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow  
On matters I can never know;  
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,  
He'll grant a settlement at last,  
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,  
By leave to lay his being down.  
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round  
Of life no sooner lost but found,  
And dissolution soon to come,  
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum.  
But can't our state of pow'r bereave  
An endless series to receive;  
Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,  
We balance in another state,  
And consciousness must go along.  
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.  
He for his creatures must decree  
More happiness than misery,  
Or be supposed to create,  
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:  
And do an act, which rage infers,  
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.  
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail  
On even keel with gentle gale;  
At helm I make my reason sit,  
My crew of passions all submit.  
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,  
Philosophy puts forth her lights;  
Experience holds the cautious glass,  
To shun the breakers, as I pass,  
And frequent throws the wary lead.  
To see what dangers may be hid;  
And once in seven years I'm seen  
At Bath or Tumbridge, to careen.  
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way,  
With store sufficient for relief,  
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,  
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl  
Of cloudy weather in the soul,  
I make, (may Heav'n propitious send  
Such wind and weather to the end)  
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,  
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE  
QUAKERS.\*

THESE sheets primeval doctrines yield,  
Where revelation is reveal'd;  
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,  
Systems lethargic to the head  
They purge, and yield a diet thin,  
That turns to Gospel-chyle within.  
Truth sublimata may here be seen  
Extracted from the parts terrene.  
In these is shown, how men obtain  
What of Prometheus poets feign:  
To Scripture plainness dress is brought,  
And speech, apparel to the thought.  
They him from instinct at red coats,  
And war, whose work is cutting throats,  
Forbid, and press the law of love;  
Breathing the spirit of the dove.  
Lucrative doctrines they detest,  
As manufactur'd by the priest;  
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay  
For stuff, which never mends the way;  
And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,  
And frank the Gospel for our use.  
They sable standing armies break;  
But the militia useful make:  
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,  
Taught by these rules as well as they;  
Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,  
Bid us to follow what we feel.  
The world can't hear the small still voice,  
Such is its bustle and its noise;  
Reason the proclamation reads,  
But not one riot passion heeds.  
Wealth, honor, power, the graces are,  
Which here below our homage share:  
They, if one votary they find  
To mistress more divine inclin'd,  
In truth's pursuit, to cause delay,  
Throw golden apples in his way.  
Place me, O Heav'n, in some retreat;  
There let the serious death-watch beat,  
There let me self in silence shun,  
To feel thy will, which should be done.  
Then comes the Spirit to our hut,  
When fast the senses' doors are shut;  
For so divine and pure a guest  
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.  
O Contemplation! air serene!  
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!  
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,  
Where grace, when waited for, is found.

\* This celebrated book was written by its author, both in Latin and English, and was afterwards translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spanish, and probably into other languages. It has always been esteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakerism, even by those who deny the doctrines which it endeavors to establish. The author was born at Edinburgh in 1648, and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was principal. His father became one of the earliest converts to the new sect, and from his example, the son seems to have been induced to tread in his steps. He died on the 3d of October, 1690, in the 42d year of his age.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,  
And meets exulting, virgin Truth;  
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,  
Impulses rustle through the mind:  
Here shines that light with glowing face,  
The fuse divine, that kindles grace;  
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,  
Till darkness be by dying past.  
And then goes out at end of night,  
Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,  
Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,  
Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,  
Shake, like th' Æolian vale, the mind,  
And raise despair; my lamp can last,  
Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence! big empty sound!  
Like showers that rush upon the ground!  
Little beneath the surface goes,  
All streams along, and muddy flows.  
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,  
And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,  
Exerts persuasion's winning force,  
And nervates so the good design,  
That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade forgive!  
Like you I think, but cannot live.  
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,  
That from dependence life exempt;  
And constitution fram'd so strong,  
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.  
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,  
I live by pulling off the hat;  
Compell'd by station every hour  
To bow to images of power;  
And in life's busy scenes immers'd,  
See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,  
And make ten thousand truths give way,  
While I your scheme with pleasure trace,  
Draws near, and stares me in the face.  
"Consider well your state," she cries,  
"Like others kneel, that you may rise;  
Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,  
To which preferment is annex'd;  
Nor madly prove, where all depends,  
Idolatry upon your friends.  
See, how you like my rueful face,  
Such you must wear, if out of place.  
Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse  
Without one farthing out at use.  
They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,  
With faith so founded on a rock,  
May give a rich invention ease,  
And construe Scripture how they please.

"The honor'd prophet, that of old  
Us'd Heav'n's high counsels to unfold,  
Did, more than courier angels, greet  
The crows, that brought him bread and meat."

## THE SEEKER.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about,  
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.  
Then on me, in divinity bachelor, tried  
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;

And urging their various opinions, intended  
To make me wed systems, which they recom-  
mended.

Said a lech'rous old friar skulking near Lincoln's-  
inn,  
(Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to  
sin ;

Who, spider-like, seizes weak Protestant flies,  
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies ;  
" Ah ! pity your soul ; for without our church pale,  
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail ;  
The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation :  
Hear a church that can't err, if you hope for sal-  
vation."

Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace  
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)  
" Ah ! pity your soul : come, be of our sect :  
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.  
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves  
saints,

Being Christ's little flock every where spoke against."

Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,  
While penal-law dragons guard his golden fleece,)  
" If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither ;  
The first is in error, the last a deceiver :  
That our's is the true church, the sense of our  
tribe is,

And surely in *medio tutissimus ibis*."

Said a yea and nay Friend, with a stiff hat and  
band,  
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his  
hand,)

" Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,  
Though about ways and means they may all dis-  
agree ;

Then prithee be wise, go the Quaker's by-way,  
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay."

### THE GROTTO,\*

WRITTEN BY MR. GREEN, UNDER THE NAME OF  
PETER DRAKE, A FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

*Printed in the year 1732, but not published.*

*Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,  
Atque inter silvas Academi querere verum.*

*Hor.*

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,  
The Grotto makes them all with egg :  
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,  
I strain, and lay among the rest.

ADIEU awhile, forsaken flood,  
To ramble in the Delian wood,  
And pray the god my well-meant song  
May not my subject's merit wrong.

\* A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen  
Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck.  
At the time this poem was written, many other verses ap-  
peared on the same subject.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace  
Gives leave to view what beauties grace  
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen  
The much-sung Grotto of the queen.  
Contemplative, forget awhile  
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,  
And Wolsey's pridet (his greatest guilt)  
And what great William since has built ;  
And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,  
(Honor'd retreat of two great queens)  
From Sion-House,|| whose proud survey  
Browbeats your flood, look 'cross the way,  
And view, from highest swell of tide,  
The milder scenes of Surrey side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,  
To lodge that pair you should adore ;  
Nor abbey, great in ruin, rise,  
Royal equivalents for vice ;  
Behold a grot, in Delphic grove,  
The Graces' and the Muses' love.  
(O, might our laureate study here,  
How would he hail his new-born year !)  
A temple from vain glories free,  
Whose goddess is Philosophy,  
Whose sides such licens'd idols crown  
As Superstition would pull down :  
The only pilgrimage I know,  
That men of sense would choose to go :  
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,  
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,  
While all the Virtues gather round,  
To see her consecrate the ground.  
If thou, the god with winged feet,  
In council talk of this retreat,  
And jealous gods resentment show  
At altars rais'd to men below ;  
Tell those proud lords of Heaven, 'tis fit  
Their house our heroes should admit ;  
While each exists, as poets sing,  
A lazy, lewd immortal thing,  
They must (or grow in disrepute)  
With Earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd  
To praise whatever Boyle † shall build ;  
Needless it is the busts to name  
Of men, monopolists of fame ;  
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone, ‡  
For virtue as for learning known ;  
The thinking sculpture helps to raise  
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :

† Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and im-  
proved by King William III.

‡ Queen Anne, consort to King Richard II. and Queen  
Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

§ Sion-House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of  
Northumberland.

¶ Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remark-  
able for his fine taste in architecture. " Never were pro-  
tection and great wealth more generously and judiciously  
diffused than by this great person, who had every quality  
of a genius and artist, except envy." He died December  
4, 1753.

‡ The author should have said five ; there being the  
busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

ad's ear, and inward sight,  
 ice speaks, and shade gives light:  
 acts from the threshold preach,  
 s dispos'd to musing teach:  
 strong limbs and painted hues,  
 sh by the slightest bruise;  
 es, begun within,  
 ore slow life's frail machine;  
 got-youth through change of state,  
 like us the turns of fate;  
 to creep have liv'd to fly,  
 ge earth-cells for dwellings high;  
 that did their six wings keep,  
 y died been forc'd to creep;  
 ics like ours profess,  
 er prey upon the less:  
 n on foot huge loads to bring;  
 incessant on the wing,  
 air different ways explore  
 s of want by future store;  
 their vigorous schemes desist  
 , and then are never mis'd.  
 c, toil, marry, increase,  
 nd well, have war and peace,  
 e with age, in half a day  
 accessors, and away.  
 profane this sacred place,  
 with Janus' face;  
 mixt state of pride and care;  
 dness, Falsehood's polish'd ware;  
 disguis'd in Friendship's veil,  
 unmask'd, th' injurious tale;  
 tic, which allows  
 t-remedy for vows;  
 perfuming crowned head,  
 swoon Truth lies for dead;  
 critic, who perceives  
 which plain proportion gives,  
 than lineaments divine  
 he gilding of the shrine;  
 lf-haunting spectro Spleen,  
 t fog the clearest seen;  
 cy, which dreams a lie,  
 believe and knaves apply;  
 firth, profanely loud,  
 y only in a crowd;  
 holy's pensive gloom,  
 Contemplation's room.  
 ! when I touch this string,  
 y Muse directs her wing.  
 fair! with downcast look  
 so much the murmur'ing brook;  
 t thought, with footsteps slow  
 ypress alleys cherish woe:  
 oul in pensive fit,  
 ng like sick linnet sit.  
 y eye, and moulting wing,  
 l, averse to fly or sing;  
 favorite curls begin  
 toilet discipline)  
 air post, lose their smart air,  
 again like common hair;  
 which frequent kerchiefs dry,  
 d circle round the eye;  
 is bur about the Moon,  
 more ill weather soon.  
 so much the doleful knell:  
 the boding night-birds tell;

Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;  
 And hens portentous when they crow;  
 Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;  
 In taper find no winding-sheet:  
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,  
 Though thrown at others, meant for thee:  
 Or when the coruscation gleams,  
 Find out not first the bloody streams;  
 Nor in imprest remembrance keep  
 Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;  
 Nor rise to see in antique hall  
 The moonlight monsters on the wall,  
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass  
 Trailing their sables o'er the grass,  
 Let vice and guilt act how they please  
 In souls, their conquer'd provinces;  
 By Heaven's just charter it appears,  
 Virtue's exempt from quartering fears;  
 Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely drest,  
 Live at discretion in your breast?  
 Be wise, and panic fright disdain,  
 As notions, meteors of the brain;  
 And sights perform'd, illusive scene!  
 By magic-lantern of the Spleen.  
 Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,  
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,  
 Where decent Mirth and Wisdom, join'd  
 In stewardship, regale the mind.  
 Call back the Cupids to your eyes,  
 I see the godlings with surprise,  
 Not knowing home in such a plight,  
 Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—

Far from my theme, from method far,  
 Convey'd in Venus' flying car,  
 I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,  
 That scorn the rein, when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain  
 These holy wars shall ever stain;  
 As spiders Irish wainscot flee,  
 Falsehood with them shall disagree;  
 This floor let not the vulgar tread,  
 Who worship only what they dread:  
 Nor bigots who but one way see  
 Through blinkers of authority.  
 Nor they who its four saints defame  
 By making virtue but a name;  
 Nor abstract wit, (painful regale  
 To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)  
 Artists, who richly chase their thought,  
 Gaudy without, but hollow wrought;  
 And beat too thin, and tool'd too much  
 To bear the proof and standard touch:  
 Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark,  
 With necklace bells in treble bark:  
 Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,  
 The mastiffs of the moral law.  
 Come, nymph, with rural honors drest,  
 Virtue's exterior form confess,  
 With charms untarnish'd, innocence  
 Display, and Eden shall commence;  
 When thus you come in sober fit,  
 And wisdom is preferr'd to wit;  
 And looks diviner graces tell,  
 Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;  
 And Beauty like the ray-clipt Sun,  
 With bolder eye we look upon;  
 Learning shall with obsequious mien  
 Tell all the wonders she has seen;

Reason her logic armor quit,  
 And proof to mild persuasion sit;  
 Religion with free thought dispense,  
 And cease crusading against sense;  
 Philosophy and she embrace,  
 And their first league again take place:  
 And Morals pure, in duty bound,  
 Nymph-like the sisters chief surround;  
 Nature shall smile, and round this cell  
 The turf to your light pressure swell,  
 And knowing Beauty by her shoe,  
 Well air its carpet from the dew.  
 The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,  
 Lets fall his acorns in your neck;  
 Zephyr his civil kisses gives,  
 And plays with curls instead of leaves:  
 Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,  
 And during their vacation sing;  
 And flow'rs lean forward from their seats,  
 To traffic in exchange of sweets;  
 And angels bearing wreaths descend,  
 Preferr'd as vergers to attend  
 This fane, whose deity entreats  
 The fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,  
 And guard us through polemic life;  
 From poison vehicled in praise,  
 For Satire's shots but slightly graze;  
 We claim your zeal, and find within,  
 Philosophy and you are kin.

What virtue is we judge by you;  
 For actions right are beauteous too;  
 By tracing the sole female mind,  
 We best what is true nature find:  
 Your vapors bred from fumes declare  
 How steams create tempestuous air,  
 Till gushing tears and hasty rain  
 Make Heav'n and you serene again.  
 Our travels through the starry skies  
 Were first suggested by your eyes;  
 We, by the interposing fan,  
 Learn how eclipses first began:  
 The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,  
 Describes how blazing comets roam:  
 The glowing colors of the cheek  
 Their origin from Phœbus speak;  
 Our watch how Luna strays above  
 Feels like the care of jealous love;  
 And all things we in science know  
 From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I stray,  
 Drawn by attraction from my way.  
 Mark next with awe the foundress well  
 Who on these banks delights to dwell;  
 You on the terrace see her plain,  
 Move like Diana with her train.  
 If you then fairly speak your mind,  
 In wedlock since with Isis join'd,  
 You'll own, you never yet did see,  
 At least in such a high degree,  
 Greatness delighted to undress;  
 Science a sceptred hand caress;  
 A queen the friends of freedom prize;  
 A woman wise men canonize.

#### THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A SONG.

I LATELY saw, what now I sing,  
 Fair Lucia's hand display'd;  
 This finger grac'd a diamond ring,  
 On that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd plaything she caress'd,  
 She strok'd its head and wings;  
 And while it nestled on her breast,  
 She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set  
 He loosen'd from the rest,  
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,  
 The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,  
 Her diamond to decry:  
 'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,  
 Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-tied knocker none might use  
 The curtains none undraw,  
 The footmen went without their shoes,  
 The street was laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art  
 Of strong emetic kind,  
 Th' apothecary play'd his part,  
 And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,  
 To bring away the stone,  
 Dicky, like people given o'er,  
 Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,  
 He peck'd behind his wing;  
 Lucia, recovering at the news,  
 Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast  
 Two different passions strove;  
 When av'rice ended the contest,  
 And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,  
 Thy pains the sex display,  
 Who, only to repair a ring,  
 Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,  
 Monster of foulest mien:  
 Ye would not let it harbor there,  
 Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,  
 Truth's image break her word,  
 A Lucia's face forbear to smile,  
 A Venus kill her bird.

## THOMAS TICKELL.

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TICKELL, a poet of considerable elevation, was born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in 1686, of a clergyman in the county of Cumberland. He was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, and having taken the degree of M. A. elected fellow of his college, first obtained the crown a dispensation from the king him to be in orders. He then resided in London, where he made himself known to several persons distinguished in letters. His negotiations were carrying on which he peace of Utrecht, he published a poem, "The Prospect of Peace," which ran through several editions. Addison, with whom he had himself by an elegant poem on his opera, speaks highly of "The Prospect of Peace," in the paper of the Spectator, in which he himself as particularly pleased to find or had not amused himself with fables and pagan theology. This commendation was repaid by his lines on Addison's are superior to all others on that subject, excepting of Pope's Prologue. On the occasion of the death of the king, presented George I. with a poem, "The Royal Progress;" and more effectively the cause by two pieces, one called "The Prophecy of Nereus;" the other, "The Epistle from a Lady in England, to a

Gentleman at Avignon." Both these are selected for the purpose of the present volume. He was about this time taken to Ireland, by Addison, who went over as secretary to Lord Sunderland. When Pope published the first volume of his translation of the Iliad, Tickell gave a translation of the first book of that poem, which was patronized by Addison, and occasioned a breach between those eminent men. Tickell's composition, however, will bear no poetical comparison with that of Pope, and accordingly he did not proceed with the task. On the death of Addison, he was intrusted with the charge of publishing his works, a distinction which he repaid by prefixing a life of that celebrated man, with an elegy on his death, of which Dr. Johnson says, "That a more sublime or elegant funeral poem is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature." Another piece, which might be justly placed at the head of sober lyrics, is his "Ode to the Earl of Sunderland," on his installation as a knight of the Garter; which, keeping within the limits of truth, consigns a favorite name to its real honors.

Tickell is represented as a man of pleasing manners, fond of society, very agreeable in conversation, and upright and honorable in his conduct. He was married, and left a family. His death took place at Bath, in 1740, in the 54th year of his age.

### COLIN AND LUCY.

#### A BALLAD.

Master, fam'd for maidens fair,  
 At Lucy was the grace;  
 Her rosy lips, and limpid stream  
 Of so sweet a face:  
 Knew love, and pining care,  
 Her rosy hue,  
 Her lips, and damask cheeks,  
 Her eyes of glossy blue.

Have you seen a lily pale,  
 When beating rains descend?  
 Had the slow-consuming maid,  
 Her life now near its end.  
 You warn'd, of flattering swains  
 Beware, ye easy fair:  
 Her vengeance due to broken vows,  
 Her jur'd swains, beware.

42

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring;  
 And shrieking at her window thrice,  
 The raven flap'd his wing.  
 Too well the lovelorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound:  
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke  
 The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,  
 Which says, I must not stay;  
 I see a hand, you cannot see,  
 Which beckons me away.  
 By a false heart, and broken vows,  
 In early youth I die:  
 Was I to blame, because his bride  
 Was thrice as rich as I?"

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,  
 Vows due to me alone:  
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
 Nor think him all thy own.

2 C 2

To-morrow, in the church to wed,  
Impatient, both prepare!  
But know, fond maid; and know, false man,  
That Lucy will be there!

"Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,  
This bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
I in my winding-sheet."  
She spoke, she died, her corse was borne,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjurd Colin's thoughts?  
How were these nuptials kept?  
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.  
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell:  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!  
The varying crimson fled,  
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead.  
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
One mould with her, beneath one sod,  
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
They deck the sacred green:  
But, swain forsworn, who'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear;  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

TO THE

EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,  
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,  
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.

What mourner ever felt poetic fires!  
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:  
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;  
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;  
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid;  
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!  
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.

Oh, gone for ever; take this long adieu;  
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.  
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,  
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;  
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,  
May shame afflict this alienated heart;  
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,  
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue.  
My grief be doubled from thy image free,  
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,  
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,  
Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;  
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;  
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;  
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;  
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;  
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven  
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;  
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd  
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,  
What new employments please th' unbodied mind  
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal sky,  
From world to world unwearied does he fly!  
Or curious trace the long laborious maze  
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze  
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;  
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?  
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?  
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend:  
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!  
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms  
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms  
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,  
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;  
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree  
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;  
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight  
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,  
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;  
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,  
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;  
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong.  
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song  
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,  
A candid censor, and a friend severe;  
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high  
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structure  
Grace,  
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,  
Why, once so lov'd, whence'er thy bower appear,  
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!  
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair  
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!

How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!  
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;  
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;  
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other hills, however Fortune frown'd;  
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found:  
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,  
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;  
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,  
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.  
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)  
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
And weep a second in th' unfinished song!

These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,  
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,  
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,  
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.  
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.  
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell  
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell,  
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship tried,  
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

## AN IMITATION

OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. *Book II. Ode XV.*

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc  
Indictum ore alio: non socus in jugis  
Ex somnis stupet Euias  
Hobrum propiciens, et nive candidam  
Thracen, ac pede barbare  
Lustratam Rhodopen. *Hor.*

As Mar his round one morning took,  
(Whom some call earl, and some call duke),  
And his new brethren of the blade,  
Shivering with fear and frost, survey'd,  
On Perth's bleak hills he chano'd to spy  
An aged wizard six feet high,  
With bristled hair and visage blighted,  
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grialy sage in thought profound  
Beheld the chief with back so round,  
Then roll'd his eyeballs to and fro  
O'er his paternal hills of snow,  
And into these tremendous speeches  
Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

"Into what ills betray'd, by thee,  
This ancient kingdom do I see!  
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn!  
Woe's me! that ever thou wert born!  
Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)  
On Scottish pads shall amble home;  
I see them drest in bonnets blue  
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew);  
I see the target cast away,  
And chequer'd plaid become their prey,  
The chequer'd plaid to make a gown  
For many a lass in London town.

"In vain thy hungry mountaineers  
Come forth in all thy warlike gear,  
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,  
In which they daily wont to swagger,

And oft have sallied out to pillage  
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,  
Or, while their neighbors were asleep,  
Have carried off a lowland sheep.

"What boots thy high-born host of beggars,  
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,  
With popish cut-throats, perjurd ruffians,  
And Foster's troop of ragamuffins?

"In vain thy lads around thee bandy,  
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.  
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,  
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,  
(A loyal soul) thy troops affright,  
While hoarsely he demands the fight?  
Doth thou not generous Ilay dread,  
The bravest hand, the wisest head?  
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms  
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?

"Douglas, who draws his lineage down  
From thanes and peers of high renown,  
Fiery, and young, and uncontroll'd,  
With knights, and squires, and barons bold,  
(His noble household-band) advances,  
And on the milk-white courser prances.  
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,  
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;  
And Monroe, kindled into rage,  
Sourly defies thee to engage;  
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,  
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.

"But see Argyle, with watchful eyes,  
Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies,  
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,  
He waits to spring upon his prey;  
While, like a herd of timorous deer,  
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,  
Led by their doughty general's skill,  
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

"Is thus thy haughty promise paid  
That to the Chevalier was made,  
When thou didst oaths and duty barter,  
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?  
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,  
With Highland sceptre in his hand,  
Too good for his pretended birth,  
...Then down shall fall the king of Perth.

"'Tis so decreed: for George shall reign,  
And traitors be forsworn in vain.  
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,  
And bless him still with an Argyle.  
While thou, pursu'd by vengeful foes,  
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,  
And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,  
Shall burn the clan, and curse poor Jocky."

## AN EPISTLE

FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN  
AT AVIGNON.

To thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,  
The health, she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends.  
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,  
Worse than an exile on my native shore.  
Companions in your master's flight, you roam,  
Unenvied by your haughty foes at home;  
For ever near the royal outlaw's side,  
You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide.



On glorious schemes and thoughts of empire dwell,  
And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,  
The passive doctrine, and the right divine,  
Say, what new succors does the chief prepare?  
The strength of armics? or the force of prayer?  
Does he from Heaven or Earth his hopes derive?  
From saints departed, or from priests alive? (stand,  
Nor sains nor priests can Brunswick's troops with-  
And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand;  
Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,  
But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,  
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,  
In female joys I took a dull delight,  
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:  
But now, with fears and public cares possess'd,  
The church, the church, for ever breaks my rest.  
The postboy on my pillow I explore,  
And sift the news of every foreign shore,  
Studious to find new friends, and new allies;  
What armies march from Sweden in disguise;  
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,  
And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold:  
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,  
Cross many a region marks the winding way;  
From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,  
And grow a mere geographer by love:  
But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast  
That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:  
Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,  
And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,  
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair:  
In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng  
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.  
Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers;  
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.  
We reason with such fluency and fire,  
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,  
Against her prelates plead the church's cause,  
And from our judges vindicate the laws.  
Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost;  
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast;  
Heaven seems through us thy empire to decree;  
Those who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that when, profusely gay,  
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,  
We stubborn damsels met the public view  
In lothsome wormwood, and repenting rue?  
What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band  
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land!  
Who can forget what fears the foe possess'd,  
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breast!  
Less scar'd than Medway's stream the Norman stood,  
When cross the plain he spied a marching wood,  
Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd  
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade?

Those who the succors of the fair despise,  
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.  
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune cross'd,  
At least more courage than thy men can boast:  
Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,  
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street.  
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,  
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,  
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight  
With all their poles the guardians of the night,  
And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side  
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.

Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note  
To vend the discontented statesman's thought,  
Though red with stripes, and recent from the throng,  
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song.  
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,  
Like Philomela darkling in the shade.  
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,  
And hums in concert o'er his easy chair.

Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,  
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws.  
The pope himself, surrounded with alarms,  
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,  
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,  
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,  
But lists them all to guard his own abodes,  
And into ready money coins his gods.  
The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,  
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;  
Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain  
With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.  
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy silent grove  
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove:  
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,  
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the sylvan war:  
Thy brindled boars may slumber undismay'd,  
Or grunt secure beneath the chestnut shade.  
Inconstant Orleans (still we mourn the day  
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)  
Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,  
Far from the call of his desponding friends.  
Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!  
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race!

Was it for this the Sun's whole lustre fail'd,  
And sudden midnight o'er the Moon prevail'd?  
For this did Heaven display to mortal eyes  
Ærial knights and combats in the skies!  
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red?  
And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret bed?  
False auguries! th' insulting victor's acorn!  
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn!  
O portents construed on our side in vain!  
Let never Tory trust eclipse again!  
Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye skies!  
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders retire!

To Rome then must the royal wanderer go,  
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe!  
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,  
One half in luxury, and one in prayer!  
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease.  
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.  
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race  
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,  
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,  
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote?  
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,  
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed!  
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,  
And English heretics curse once a year!  
Garment and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,  
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke!  
Forbid it, Heaven! my soul, to fury wrought,  
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,  
And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;  
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,  
And still the double claim divides my breast.  
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,  
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:  
To James my passion and my weakness guide,  
But reason sways me to the victor's side.

h griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear!  
 Now my language, and my heart, sincere.  
 I did falsehood his fair fame disgrace:  
 Force had falsehood when he show'd his face!  
 I to war our boastful clans were led  
 Driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled:  
 He shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame  
 And Dunkirk in another name:  
 Spain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,  
 But the Thames the world's abundance flows:  
 If feign'd fears and artificial cries,  
 Your town sees fifty churches rise:  
 Hero triumphs as his worth is known,  
 As more firmly on his shaken throne.  
 My sad thought no beam of hope appears  
 In the long prospect of succeeding years.  
 On, aspiring to his father's fame,  
 All his sire: another and the same.  
 Set in lovely Carolina's arms,  
 Where ages propagates her charms:  
 Pain and joy at strife, I often trace  
 Engled parents in each daughter's face;  
 Thickening at the sight, too well I spy  
 Her spirit through the mother's eye:  
 I new thoughts of rage I entertain,  
 I live to hate their innocence in vain.  
 Incess! happy by thy foes confest!  
 O thy husband! in thy children blest!  
 I from thee, from them new beauties born,  
 Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.  
 I wanted to each court, in times to come,  
 A vile celestial and unfading bloom,  
 Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,  
 Smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.  
 Iir descendants of thy sacred bed,  
 Branching o'er the western world, shall spread  
 The fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot  
 Thwart bending of itself takes root,  
 Like their mother plant, ten thousand stand  
 Lant arches on the fertile land;  
 Under her shade the tawny Indians rove,  
 But, at large, through the wide echoing grove.  
 Thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,  
 O mis'd husband, and my dearest friend;  
 Heaven appoints this favor'd race to reign,  
 Good has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain;  
 Be wretched, and thy flight partake?  
 Not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,  
 But at length, submit to fate's decree?  
 To Brunswick, O return to me!  
 Ere before the victor's mercy bend:  
 I spare whole thousands, may to thee extend.  
 I blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,  
 Brunswick's virtue shall secure thy fame:  
 We invite thee to approach his throne,  
 Even the monarch Heaven vouchsafes to own:  
 I will, convince'd, thy reasons will approve;  
 I to them; but swear to me 'twas love.

## AN ODE

DIBED TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND,

AT WINDSOR.

I Dome, where Edward first enroll'd  
 Red-cross knights and barons bold,  
 The vacant seats, by Virtue bought,  
 Ambitious emperors have sought:

Where Britain's foremost names are found,  
 In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,  
 Who made the hostile nations moan,  
 Or brought a blessing on their own:

Once more a son of Spencer waits,  
 A name familiar to thy gates;  
 Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd  
 The Garter while thy founder reign'd,  
 He offer'd here his dinted shield,  
 The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,  
 Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,  
 For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind,  
 To the fierce sons of war confin'd,  
 The flower of chivalry, who drew  
 With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew:  
 Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;  
 Or who, in joust and tourneys skill'd,  
 Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,  
 Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,  
 Our patriots in the list were join'd.  
 Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,  
 Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,  
 Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;  
 But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,  
 These emblems Cecil did invest,  
 And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,  
 Fix'd hugo Orion in the skies,  
 And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,  
 Bespangled with a thousand stars;  
 Till letter'd Athens round the Pole  
 Made gentler constellations roll;  
 In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,  
 And near the Maid the Balance\* hung.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,  
 Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.  
 What though the hero's flame repress'd  
 Burns calmly in thy generous breast!  
 Yet who more dauntless to oppose  
 In doubtful days our home-bred foes!  
 Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,  
 Or view'd with less desiring eye!

The sage, who, large of soul, surveys  
 The globe and all its empires weighs,  
 Watchful the various climes to guide,  
 Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,  
 A nobler name in Windwor's shrine  
 Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,  
 Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,  
 From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,  
 The rage that sets the world on flame?  
 My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind  
 Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.  
 For those, whom bloody garlands crown,  
 The brass may breathe, the marble frown,  
 To him through every rescued land,  
 Ten thousand living trophies stand.

\* Names of constellations.

## JAMES HAMMOND.

JAMES HAMMOND, a popular elegiac poet, was the second son of Anthony Hammond, Esq. of Somersham place, in Huntingdonshire. He was born in 1710, and was educated in Westminster school, where at an early age he obtained the friendship of several persons of distinction, among whom were Lords Cobham, Chesterfield, and Lyttleton. He was appointed equerry to Frederic, Prince of Wales, and upon his interest was brought into parliament in 1741, for Truro in Cornwall. This was nearly the last stage of his life, for he died in June 1742, at the seat of Lord Cobham, at Stowe. An unfortunate passion for a young lady, Miss Dashwood, who was cold to his addresses, is thought to have disordered his mind, and perhaps contributed to his premature death.

Hammond was a man of an amiable character, and was much regretted by his friends. His "Love

Elegies" were published soon after his death by Lord Chesterfield, and have been several times reprinted. It will seem extraordinary that the noble editor has only once mentioned the name of Tibullus, and has asserted that Hammond, sincere in his love, as in his friendship, spoke only the genuine sentiments of his heart, when there are so many obvious imitations of the Roman poet, even so far as the adoption of his names of Neera, Cynthia, and Delia. It must, however, be acknowledged, that he copies with the hand of a master, and that his imitations are generally managed with a grace that almost conceals their character. Still as they are, in fact, poems of this class, however skilfully transposed, we shall content ourselves with transcribing one which introduces the name of his principal patron with peculiarly happy effect.

### ELEGY.

*He imagines himself married to Delia, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.*

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,  
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,  
Whom neighboring foes in constant terror hold,  
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,  
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,  
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,  
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,  
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,  
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,  
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,  
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,  
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,  
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain.  
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!  
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,  
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or, if the Sun in flaming Leo ride,  
By shady rivers indolently stray,  
And with my Delia, walking side by side,  
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,  
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go!  
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,  
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,  
In silent happiness I rest unknown;  
Content with what I am, not what I seem,  
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possesseth,  
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,  
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,  
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind!

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,  
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;  
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,  
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

ope, in wisdom as in wit divine,  
ise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,  
steady rein his eager wit confine,  
manly sense the deep attention draws.

an hope speak his listening country's wrongs,  
umble voice shall please one partial maid ;  
or alone I pen my tender song,  
ly sitting in his friendly shade.

ope shall come, and grace his rural friend,  
shall wonder at her noble guest,  
blushing awe the riper fruit commend,  
or her husband's patron cull the best.

se the care of all my little train,  
I with tender indolence am blest,  
vorite subject of her gentle reign,  
e alone distinguish'd from the rest.

or I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,  
my forests tend my lonely flock ;  
or a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,  
leep extended on the naked rock.

hat avails to press the stately bed,  
or from her midst tasteless grandeur weep,  
rble fountains lay the pensive head,  
while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,  
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight ;  
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,  
And equal rapture glows through every night :

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,  
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind ;  
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,  
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,  
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—  
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,  
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,  
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,  
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,  
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still :

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,  
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart ;  
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,  
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part :

Let them, extended on the decent bier,  
Convey the corse in melancholy state,  
Through all the village spread the tender tear,  
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

## WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, an agreeable poet, was born in 1692, at his father's seat at Edston, in Warwickshire. He was educated at Winchester school, whence he was elected to New College, Oxford. His political attachments were to the Whig party, as appeared from his praises of Marlborough, Stanhope, and Addison. To the latter of these he addressed a poem, in which there is the happy couplet alluded to in the Spectator :

"When panting Virtue her last efforts made,  
"You brought your *Clio* to the Virgin's aid."

"*Clio*" was known to be the mark by which Addison distinguished his papers in that miscellany.

Somerville inherited a considerable paternal estate, on which he principally lived, acting as a magistrate, and pursuing with ardor the amusements of a sportsman, varied with the studies of a man of letters. His mode of living, which was hospitable, and addicted to conviviality, threw him into pecuniary embarrassments, which preyed on his

mind, and plunged him into habits which shortened his life. He died in 1742; and his friend Shenstone, with much feeling, announces the event to one of his correspondents. Somerville passed his life in celibacy, and made over the reversion of his estate to Lord Somerville, a branch of the same family, charged with a jointure to his mother, then in her 90th year.

As a poet, he is chiefly known by "*The Chase*," a piece in blank verse, which maintains a high rank in the didactic and descriptive classes. Being composed by one who was perfectly conversant with the sports which are its subject, and entered into them with enthusiasm, his pictures greatly surpass the draughts of the same kind which are attempted by poets by profession. Another piece connected with this is entitled "*Field Sports*," but only describes that of hawking. In his "*Hobbinol, or Rural Games*," he attempts the burlesque with tolerable success. Of his other pieces, serious and comic, there are few which add to his fame.

### THE CHASE.

#### BOOK I.

#### *Argument.*

The subject proposed. Address to his royal highness the prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chase. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds; the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed,  
And no less various use. O thou, great prince!  
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,  
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.  
While grateful citizens with pompous show,  
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits  
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave  
Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal youth  
Passing they view, admire and sigh in vain;  
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud  
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,  
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,  
And airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn  
Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings;  
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse  
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care  
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,  
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,  
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.  
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth!  
And if, in future times, some envious prince,  
Careless of right, and guileful, should invade  
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain  
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;  
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,  
(A band undaunted, and innur'd to toil)

pass thee around, die at thy feet,  
 thy passage through th' embattled foe,  
 thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee,  
 thy chase of glory shall pursue  
 fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of  
 death.  
 in her productions slow, aspires  
 agrees to reach perfection's height:  
 Art works leisurely, till time  
 the piece, or wise Experience give  
 er finishing. When Nimrod bold,  
 thy hunter, first made war on beasts,  
 'd the woodland-green with purple dye,  
 l unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;  
 rule, his wanton will his guide.  
 be and stones, rude implements of war,  
 his savage bands, a multitude  
 ; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch  
 less toils, then range the desert hills,  
 r the plains below; the trembling herd  
 b' unusual sound, and clamorous shout  
 before; surpris'd, alas! to find  
 their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,  
 and gentle, and by whom as yet  
 ey graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain  
 sting, and grim slaughter red with blood:  
 by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,  
 e licentious knows no bound; at last,  
 r'd with their spoils, joyful they bear  
 ir shoulders broad the bleeding prey.  
 heir altars smoko a sacrifice  
 ll-gracious Power, whose bounteous hand  
 his wide creation; what remains  
 : coals they broil, inelegant  
 nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts  
 er'd luxury. Devotion pure,  
 rg necessity, thus first began  
 e of beasts: though bloody was the deed,  
 out guilt. For the green herb alone  
 to sustain man's laboring race,  
 ry moving thing that liv'd on Earth  
 ted him for food.\* So just is Heaven,  
 us in proportion to our wants.  
 nce or industry in after-time  
 r improvements made, but short as yet  
 erfection. In this isle remote  
 ted ancestors were slow to learn,  
 devote, of the politer arts  
 'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts  
 s William, to more decent rules  
 our Saxon fathers, taught to speak  
 er dialect, with horn and voice  
 the busy hound, whose well-known cry  
 ing peers approve with joint acclaim.  
 a successive huntmen learn'd to join  
 r social leagues, the multitude  
 ; to size, to sort their various tribes;  
 feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.  
 appy Britain! highly favor'd isle,  
 ven's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given  
 the sprightly steed, more fleet than those  
 winds, or the celestial breed  
 e the great Polides through the press  
 s arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;  
 roudly neighing, with the Sun begins  
 his course; and ere his beams decline,  
 sur'd half thy surface unfatigued.  
 lone, fair land of liberty!

Is brod the perfect hound, in scent and speed  
 As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes  
 Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.  
 In vain malignant steams and winter fogs  
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts:  
 The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,  
 Defies the noxious vapor, and confides  
 In this delightful exercise, to raise  
 His drooping herd, and cheer his heart with joy.  
 Ye vigorous youths, by smiling Fortune blest  
 With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,  
 Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care,  
 Hear and attend! while I the means reveal  
 T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,  
 Too costly for the poor: To rein the steed  
 Swift stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack  
 Opening in concerts of harmonious joy,  
 But breathing death. What though the gripe severe  
 Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease  
 Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,  
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,  
 Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts  
 Of angry Jove; though blasted, yet unfallen;  
 Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view  
 Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene  
 In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl  
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on  
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way:  
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,  
 The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.  
 First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,  
 Upon some little eminence erect,  
 And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts  
 On either hand wide opening to receive  
 The Sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,  
 And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack  
 (Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch  
 And bask in his invigorating ray:  
 Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,  
 Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats  
 They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd  
 Salute the new-born day. For not alone  
 The vegetable world, but men and brutes  
 Own his reviving influence, and joy  
 At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance  
 Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,  
 In vain the Muses' aid; untouch'd, unstrung,  
 Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard  
 Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinished lay.  
 Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,  
 A vain expense, on charitable deeds  
 Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,  
 Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor,  
 Pinch'd with afflictive want. For use, not state,  
 Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.  
 O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps  
 Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones  
 To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust  
 That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope.  
 And all his future triumphs, must depend.  
 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy  
 Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,  
 From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,  
 To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,  
 For much to health will cleanliness avail.  
 Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,  
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent  
 O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads  
 Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off  
 Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell

\* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit  
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care :  
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,  
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,  
Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,  
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,  
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,  
From its transparent bosom shall reflect  
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.  
Here when the Sun's too potent gleams annoy  
The crowded kennel and the drooping pack,  
Restless, and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,  
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades  
Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find  
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :  
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,  
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy  
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that  
From shore to shore they swim, while clamor loud  
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :  
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch  
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings  
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,  
The merry multitude disporting play.

But hore with watchful and observant eye,  
Attend their frolics, which too often end  
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head  
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice  
Fierce-menacing o'errule the stern debate,  
And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport  
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,  
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize  
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore  
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,  
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :  
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd  
Loud-clamoring seize the helpless worried wretch,  
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways  
His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.  
O beasts of pity void ! t' oppress the weak,  
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,  
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n !  
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,  
Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker grass  
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice  
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay  
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine  
Of Providence, beneficent and kind  
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes  
A ready remedy, and is himself  
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,  
And many a painful chase, the wise old hound,  
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends  
His master's side, or slumbers at his case  
Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring  
Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil  
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate  
Cautious unfolds, then, wing'd with all his speed,  
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,  
And in imperfect whisperings speaks his joy.

A different hound for every different chase  
Select with judgment ; nor the timorous hare  
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence  
To the mean, murderous, coursing crew ; intent  
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just  
Heaven !

And all their painful drudgeries repay  
With disappointment and severe remorse.

But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope  
To all her subtle play : by Nature led,  
A thousand shifts she tries ; t' unravel these  
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,  
Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings  
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance  
blithe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound  
Salutes thee cowering, his wide-opening nose  
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes  
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy ;  
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,  
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,  
Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs  
Fleck't here and there, in gay enamell'd pride,  
Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail  
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;  
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;  
His round cat foot, straight hams, and wide-spread  
thighs,

And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,  
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,  
Or far-extended plain ; in every part  
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill  
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.  
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean  
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size  
Gigantic ; he in the thick-woven covert  
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake  
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds : But if too small,  
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims ;  
Moi'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag  
Behind inglorious ; or else shivering creep  
Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn.  
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,  
Will better answer all thy various ends,  
And crown thy pleasing labors with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,  
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks  
His gay battalion, as one man they move  
Step after step, their size the same, their arms,  
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze :  
Reviewing generals his merit own ;  
How regular ! how just ! And all his carcs  
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.  
So model thou thy pack, if honor touch  
Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.  
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds  
Of different kinds ; discordant sounds shall grate  
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line  
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.  
But if the amphibious otter be thy chase,  
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns ;  
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field  
Delight thy ravish'd ears ; the deep-flew'd hound  
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;  
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head  
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice  
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,  
And shake the forests : The bold Talbot kind  
Of these the prime ; as white as Alpine snows ;  
And great their use of old. Upon the banks  
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the real  
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew  
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands  
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,  
There dwelt a pilfering race ; well train'd and skill'd  
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil  
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport :  
Not more expert in every fraudulent art

ch-felon \* was of old, who by the tail  
back his lowing prize : in vain his wiles,  
the shelter of the covering rock,  
the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames  
sued from his mouth ; for soon he paid  
feit life : a debt how justly due  
ong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven !  
in the shades of night they ford the stream,  
prowling far and near, whate'er they seize  
es their prey : nor flocks nor herds are safe,  
alls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors  
the favorite horse. Soon as the morn  
ls his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan  
under'd owner stands, and from his lips  
sand thronging curses burst their way :  
ls his stout allies, and in a line  
thful bound he leads, then with a voice  
atters loud his rage, attentive cheers :  
he sagacious brute, his curling tail  
h'd in air, low bending plics around  
sy nose, the steaming vapor snuffs  
tive, nor leaves one turf untried,  
mnacious of the recent stains, his heart  
quick ; his snuffling nose, his active tail,  
his joy ; then with deep opening mouth,  
akes the welkin tremble, he proclaims  
dacious felon ; foot by foot he marks  
nding way, while all the listening crowd  
d his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,  
ndy heaths, and stony barren hills,  
eaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,  
ng he pursues ; till at the cot  
l, and seizing by his guilty throat  
utiff vile, redeems the captive prey :  
uisately delicate his sense !  
ld some more curious sportsman here inquire  
ce this sagacity, this wondrous power  
ing, step by step, or man or brute ?  
guide invisible points out their way  
e dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain ?  
urteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.  
ood that from the heart incessant rolls  
y a crimson tide, then here and there  
ller rills disparted, as it flows  
l'd, the scrous particles evade  
gh th' open pores, and with the ambient air  
gling mix. As fuming vapors rise,  
ang upon the gently purling brook,  
by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd :  
unting Chase grows warmer as he flies,  
rough the net-work of the skin perspires ;  
a long-streaming trail behind, which by  
oler, air condens'd, remains, unless  
e rude storm dispers'd, or rarefied  
meridian Sun's intenser heat.  
ry shrub the warm effluvia cling.  
on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.  
ostrials opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale  
gorous hounds pursue, with every breath  
the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting  
ingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,  
triumphant melody confess  
illating joy. Thus on the air  
f the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks  
forebode a blustering stormy day,  
ering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,  
nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts  
dry parching east, menace the trees

With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare  
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw  
Low-sinking at their ease ; listless they shrink  
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice  
Though oft invok'd ; or haply if thy call  
Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes  
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails  
Inverted ; high on their bent backs erect  
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts  
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant  
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.  
These inauspicious days, on other cares  
Employ thy precious hours ; th' improving friend  
With open arms embrace, and from his lips  
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.  
But if the inclement skies and angry Jove  
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books  
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page  
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.  
Converso familiar with th' illustrious dead ;  
With great examples of old Greece or Rome,  
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,  
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,  
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap  
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-brod,  
polite,  
Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,  
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skut  
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,  
And rusty couples gingling by his side.  
Be thou of other mould ; and know that such  
Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd  
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

#### BOOK II.

#### Argument.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roe-buck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiscan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

Nor will it less delight th' attentive sage  
To observe that Instinct, which unerring guides  
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore, (swift  
And oft transcends : Heaven-taught, the roe-buck  
Loiters at ease before the driving pack  
And mocks their vain pursuit ; nor far he flies,  
But checks his ardor, till the steaming scent  
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.  
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes  
Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to excess each nerve,  
Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;  
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills  
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd  
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous hare  
To choose her soft abode. With step reversed

\* Cacus, Virg. *Æn.* lib. viii.



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The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

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There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,  
Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,  
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,  
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,  
From its transparent bosom shall reflect  
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.  
Here when the Sun's too potent gleams annoy  
The crowded kennel and the drooping pack,  
Restless, and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,  
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades  
Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find  
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :  
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,  
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy  
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that  
From shore to shore they swim, while clamor loud  
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :  
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch  
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings  
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The merry multitude disporting play.

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Attend their frolics, which too often end  
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head  
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice  
Fierce-menacing o'errule the stern debate,  
And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport  
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,  
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize  
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore  
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Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :  
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd  
Loud-clamoring seize the helpless worried wretch,  
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways  
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A ready remedy, and is himself  
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His gay battalion, as one man they move  
Step after step, their size the same, their arms,  
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze :  
Reviewing generals his merit own ;  
How regular ! how just ! And all his cares  
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.  
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 Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw  
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 Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice  
 Though oft invoc'd ; or haply if thy call  
 Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes  
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 Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.  
 These inauspicious days, on other cares  
 Employ thy precious hours ; th' improving friend  
 With open arms embrace, and from his lips  
 Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.  
 But if the inclement skies and angry Jove  
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books  
 Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page  
 Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.  
 Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead ;  
 With great examples of old Greece or Rome,  
 Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,  
 That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,  
 That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap  
 Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-brod,  
 polite,  
 Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,  
 The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skut  
 That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,  
 And rusty couples gingling by his side.  
 Be thou of other mould ; and know that such  
 Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd  
 Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

## BOOK II.

## Argument.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remark-  
 able instances in the hunting of the roo-buck, and  
 in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of  
 the variety of seats or forms of the hare, accord-  
 ing to the change of the season, weather, or wind.  
 Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts,  
 interspersed with rules to be observed by those  
 who follow that chase. Transition to the Asiatic  
 way of hunting, particularly the magnificent  
 manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian  
 princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the  
 history of Gengiscan the Great. Concludes with  
 a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of  
 mankind.

Nor will it less delight th' attentive sage  
 To observe that Instinct, which unerring guides  
 The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore, [swift  
 And oft transcends : Heaven-taught, the roo-buck  
 Loiters at ease before the driving pack  
 And mocks their vain pursuit ; nor far he flies,  
 But checks his ardor, till the steaming scent  
 That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.  
 Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes  
 Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to excess each nerve,  
 Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;  
 Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills  
 Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd  
 To puzzle in the distant vale below.  
 'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous hare  
 To choose her soft abode. With step revers'd

\* Cacus, Viro. Æs. lib. viii.

She forms the doubling maze ; then, ere the morn  
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains  
No settled residence observe, but shift  
Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill  
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze ;  
And then, below, where trickling streams distil  
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,  
And feed their fainting flocks : so the wise hares  
Of quit their seats, lest some more curious eye  
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous  
wiles

Plot their destruction ; or perchance in hopes  
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,  
Or matted blade, wary and close they sit.  
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,  
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,  
They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns  
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields  
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young :  
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains  
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank  
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid  
The dripping covert : yet when winter's cold  
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd  
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep  
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,  
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.  
But every season carefully observ'd,  
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,  
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find  
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain  
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,  
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark  
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap  
Her fragrant bounties showers ; the fields are shorn ;  
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views  
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,  
And counts his large increase ; his barns are stor'd,  
And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.  
All now is free as air, and the gay pack  
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd ;  
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse  
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips  
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd :  
But courteous now he levels every fence,  
Joins in the common cry, and halloo loud,  
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.  
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible !  
To that extended lawn, where the gay court  
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal ;  
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,  
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.  
Oh ! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,  
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right !  
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye,  
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last  
Serum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,  
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,  
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs  
With matchless speed thy green aspiring brow,  
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn ! mild blushing goddess, hail !  
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread  
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,  
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.  
Farewell, Cleora ; here deep sunk in down  
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,  
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive

Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,  
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform  
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,  
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd  
Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay.  
My courser hears their voice ; see there, with can  
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground ;  
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,  
And boils in every vein. As captive boys  
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns  
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks  
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain  
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,  
But give a loose to all their frolic play :  
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack ;  
A thousand wanton gaities express  
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport  
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.  
The rising Sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,  
As many colors from their glossy skins  
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow  
When April showers descend. Delightful scene !  
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,  
And in each smiling countenance appears  
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on ! behind the clustering pack  
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip  
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :  
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves ;  
But let thy brisk assistant on his back  
Imprint thy just resentments ; let each lash  
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,  
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind  
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes ;  
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead  
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast ;  
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread,  
And range around, and dash the glittering dew.  
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,  
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe  
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry  
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills  
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they tread  
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along !  
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check  
Their eager haste ; then o'er the fallow'd ground  
How leisurely they work, and many a pause  
Th' harmonious concert breaks ; till more assur'd  
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.  
What artful labyrinths perplex their way !  
Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts  
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,  
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings  
Around her head, of the same russet hue,  
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes  
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.  
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,  
No clamor loud, no frantic joy be heard,  
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain  
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.  
Now gently put her off ; see how direct  
To her known mew she flies ! Here, huntsman, bring  
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,  
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,  
And seem to plow the ground ! then all at once  
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam  
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose  
From the dark caverns of the blustering god,  
(They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.

as them wings while she's spurr'd on by fear.  
 in rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods  
 all concert join. Now, my brave youths,  
 or the chase, give all your souls to joy!  
 their coursers, than the mountain rose,  
 the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds  
 they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce  
 print  
 unbruised; with emulation fir'd  
 to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,  
 deep ditch exulting bound, and brush  
 ny-twining hedge: the riders bend  
 arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns  
 heir speed, or moderate their rage.  
 re their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,  
 sickness, cares? All, all are gone,  
 the panting winds lag far behind.  
 nan! her gait observe; if in wide rings  
 el her mazy way, in the same round  
 still, she'll foil the beaten track.  
 e fly, and with the favoring wind  
 bold course; less intricate thy task:  
 thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch,  
 ted Chase leaves her late dear abodes,  
 as remote she stretches far away,  
 er to return! For greedy Death  
 exults, secure to seize his prey.  
 from yon covert, where those towering oaks  
 e humble corpse aspiring rise,  
 rious triumphs burst in every gale  
 ravish'd ears! The hunters shout,  
 ging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,  
 a wide opening load the trembling air  
 ous melody; from tree to tree  
 agated cry redoubling bounds,  
 ged zephyrs waft the floating joy  
 all the regions near: afflictive birch  
 the school-boy dreads; his prison broke,  
 ing he flies, nor heeds his master's call;  
 ry traveller forgets his road,  
 bs th' adjacent hill; the plowman leaves  
 ash'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks  
 the shepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls  
 't unpeopled village; and wild crowds  
 'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.  
 w she pants! and o'er yon opening glade  
 ncing by! while, at the further end,  
 zling pack unravel wile by wile,  
 thin maze. The covert's utmost bound  
 skirts; behind them cautious creeps;  
 hat very track, so lately stain'd  
 ie steaming crowd, seems to pursue  
 she flies. Let cavillers deny  
 ites have reason; sure 'tis something more,  
 ven directs, and stratagems inspires  
 the short extent of human thought.  
 —I see her from the covert break;  
 on little eminence she sits;  
 ie listens with one ear erect,  
 ig, and doubtful what new course to take,  
 v t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,  
 l urge on, and still in volleys loud  
 r woes, and mock her sore distress.  
 in louder peals the loaded winds  
 the gathering storm, her fears prevail,  
 the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,  
 ie flies; nor ships with wind and tide,  
 their canvas wings, scud half so fast.  
 re, ye jovial train, your courage try.

And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,  
 In pleasing hurry and confusion tost;  
 Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack  
 Hang on the scent unwearied, up they climb,  
 And ardent we pursue; our laboring steeds  
 We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,  
 Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;  
 Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down  
 Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.  
 Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed  
 Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view  
 The struggling pack; how in the rapid course  
 Alternate they preside, and jostling push  
 To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth  
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;  
 How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound  
 Hangs in the rear, till some important point  
 Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase  
 Sinking he finds: then to the head he springs  
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.  
 Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.  
 Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,  
 Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,  
 How busily he works, but dares not trust  
 His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.  
 Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells  
 Sallied awhile, at once their peal renew,  
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.  
 See, how they toss, with animated rage  
 Recovering all they lost!—That eager haste  
 Some doubling wile foreshows.—Ah! yet once more  
 They're check'd,—hold back with speed—on either  
 hand  
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—"Tis right,  
 Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend  
 Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor Chase  
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.  
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all  
 Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd  
 secure,  
 With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,  
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays  
 Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!  
 The sweat, that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce  
 leaves  
 A languid scent. And now in open view  
 See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts  
 His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.  
 How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,  
 And yet a moment lives; till, round inclos'd  
 By all the greedy pack, with infant screams  
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.  
 So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd  
 Thro'ician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!  
 Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,  
 Return'd their clamorous rage; distress'd he flies,  
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;  
 For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,  
 By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks  
 To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.  
 The huntsman now, a deep incision made,  
 Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down  
 Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.  
 These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite  
 For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies  
 A mangled corpse; in her dim glaring eyes  
 Cold Death exults, and stiffens every limb.  
 Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds  
 Around her bay; or at their master's foot,  
 Each happy favorite courts his kind applause.

With humble adulation cowering low.  
 All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind  
 Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack  
 The concert swell, and hills and dales return  
 The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,  
 A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd  
 In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.  
 But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains  
 So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,  
 Magnificence, and grandeur of the chase;  
 Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,  
 Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,  
 Their silken streamers waving in the wind?  
 Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent,  
 Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?  
 Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,  
 This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain?  
 Nor Vissapour nor Golconda rebel;  
 Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host,  
 Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires  
 To rob and to destroy, beneath the name  
 And specious guise of war. A nobler cause  
 Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,  
 No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,  
 No violated leagues, with sharp remorse  
 Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind  
 Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts  
 He draws his vengeful sword! on beasts of prey  
 Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!  
 Imperial Delhi, opening wide her gates,  
 Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms.  
 And all the pomp of war. Before them sound  
 Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,  
 And bold defiance. High upon his throne,  
 Borne on the back of his proud elephant,  
 Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:  
 Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze  
 Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,  
 And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod:  
 And potent rajahs, who themselves preside  
 O'er realms of wide extent; but here submit  
 Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.  
 Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,  
 The fair sultanas of his court: a troop  
 Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd  
 From each intrusive eye; one look is death.  
 Ah, cruel eastern law! (had kings a power  
 But equal to their wild tyrannic will)  
 To rob us of the Sun's all-cheering ray,  
 Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,  
 Slaves and artificers; and Delhi mourns  
 Her empty and depopulated streets.  
 Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,  
 Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts  
 His sharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,  
 Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,  
 Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.  
 Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd  
 On these extended plains, when Ammon's son  
 With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,  
 The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host  
 More numerous of old, which the great king\*  
 Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East,  
 That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,  
 And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops  
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,  
 A wide circumference, full many a league

In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and p  
 Large provinces; enough to gratify  
 Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound  
 Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan  
 The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.  
 Ile from the throne high-eminent presides,  
 Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the ch  
 From ancient records drawn. With reverence  
 And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive  
 His irreversible decrees, from which  
 To vary is to die. Then his brave bands  
 Each to his station leads; encamping round,  
 Till the wide circle is completely form'd  
 Where decent order reigns, what these comm  
 Those execute with speed, and punctual care  
 In all the strictest discipline of war:  
 As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,  
 Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high re  
 That flies on wings through all th' encircling  
 Each motion steers, and animates the whole.  
 So by the Sun's attractive power controll'd,  
 The planets in their spheres roll round his or  
 On all he shines, and rules the great machine  
 Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mist  
 The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,  
 Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,  
 Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gem  
 And like a sheet of fire, through the dun glo  
 Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,  
 And all the brazen instruments of war,  
 With mutual clamor, and united din,  
 Fill the large concave. While from camp to  
 They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,  
 Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell  
 Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den  
 The lion starts, and morels yet unchew'd  
 Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at o  
 Onward they march embattled, to the sound  
 Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,  
 That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold  
 Heroic deeds. In parties here and there  
 Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters rang  
 Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight  
 The boldest brute, around their masters wait.  
 A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they  
 From every covert, and from every den,  
 The lurking savages. Incessant shouts  
 Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fire  
 Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest re  
 One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep the  
 Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,  
 Boars, tigers, bears and wolves; a dreadful  
 Of grim blood-thirsty foes; growling along,  
 They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance  
 Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spe  
 Present immediate death. Soon as the Nig  
 Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chase,  
 They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around  
 The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, an  
 At proper distances ascending rise,  
 And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.  
 So round some island's shore of large extent,  
 Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,  
 The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,  
 Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wi  
 Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.  
 What dreadful howlings, and what hideous  
 Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst th  
 That glads the night had cheer'd the listening  
 With sweet complainings. Through the silent

\* Xerxes.

the guards assail ; as oft repell'd  
 reluctant, with hot boiling rage  
 the quick, and mad with wild despair.  
 by day they still the chase renew,  
 encamp ; till now in straiter bounds  
 cle lemons, and the beasts perceive  
 ll that hems them in on every side.  
 w their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;  
 an they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage  
 their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws  
 il war begins ; grappling they tear.  
 tigers prey, and bears on wolves :  
 discord ! till the crowd behind  
 g pursue, and part the bloody fray.  
 their wrath subsides ; tame as the lamb  
 hangs his head, the furious pard,  
 und subdu'd, flies from the face of man,  
 rs one glance of his commanding eye.  
 t is a tyrant in distress !  
 st, within the narrow plain confin'd,  
 field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,  
 hitheatre more glorious far  
 cient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps,  
 d, and quite appall'd. In meet array,  
 l in refugent arms, a noble band  
 e ; great lords of high imperial blood,  
 solv'd t' assert their royal race,  
 ve by glorious deeds their valor's growth  
 ere yet the callow down has spread  
 ng shade. On bold Arabian steeds  
 cent pride they sit, that fearless hear  
 r's dreadful roar ; and down the rock  
 ooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge  
 ng along, the greedy tiger leave  
 behind. On foot their faithful slaves  
 velins arm'd attend ; each watchful eye  
 his youthful care, for him alone  
 s, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd  
 lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,  
 is high-elevated throne, beholds  
 ming race ; revolving in his mind  
 nce he was, in his gay spring of life,  
 rigor strung his nerves. Parental joy  
 his eye, and flushes in his cheek.  
 e loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts  
 r hosts, through all the circling line,  
 o wild howlings of the beasts within,  
 ide the welkin ; flights of arrows, wing'd  
 eath, and javelins lanch'd from every arm,  
 re the brutal band, with many a wound  
 rough and through. Despair at last prevails,  
 fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all  
 rooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,  
 yes dart fire ; and on the youthful band  
 ash implacable. They their broad shields  
 nterpose ; on each devoted head  
 aming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,  
 d unerring. Prostrate on the ground  
 nning monsters lie, and their foul gore  
 the verdant plain. Nor idle stand  
 sty slaves ; with pointed spears they pierce  
 h their tough hides ; or at their gaping mouths  
 er passage find. The king of brutes  
 en roarings breathes his last ; the bear  
 es in death ; nor can his spotted skin,  
 sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,  
 e proud pard from unrelenting fate.  
 ttle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along.  
 ; her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey :  
 rces, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,

A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,  
 And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain  
 Alive, with vain assault contend to break  
 Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear  
 Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath  
 The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.  
 Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.  
 And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the  
 work

Of death had been complete ; and Aurengzebe  
 By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.  
 When lo ! the bright sultanas of his court  
 Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display  
 Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save  
 The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny,  
 When suppliant Beauty begs ? At his command,  
 Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops  
 Leave a large void for their retreating foes.  
 Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,  
 To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult  
 In wantonness of power 'gainst the brute race,  
 Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war  
 Wage uncontroll'd : here quench your thirst of  
 blood :

But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

### BOOK III.

#### Argument.

Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves'  
 heads upon the kings of Wales : from hence a  
 transition to fox-hunting, which is described in  
 all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack.  
 Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and  
 other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and  
 the manner of using it. Description of the pit-  
 fall for the lion ; and another for the elephant.  
 The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a  
 mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the  
 wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chase  
 at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address  
 to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's isle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,  
 He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs  
 Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets  
 Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode  
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative  
 Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,  
 Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,  
 And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.  
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores  
 With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.  
 Rich commerce flourish'd ; and with busy oars  
 Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land  
 His royal cares ; wise, potent, gracious prince !  
 His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,  
 And from rapacious savages their flocks :  
 Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid  
 Their tributary wolves ; head after head,  
 In full account, till the woods yield no more,  
 And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.  
 In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd  
 The social troops ; and soon their large increase  
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.  
 But yet, alas ! the wily fox remain'd.

A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around  
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.  
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,  
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood  
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,  
Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night  
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:  
While in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel  
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls  
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,  
With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntaman, prepare  
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis  
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile  
To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,  
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,  
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,  
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,  
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,  
With silence lead thy many-color'd hounds,  
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range  
Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that,  
They cross, examining with curious nose  
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear  
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry  
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.  
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,  
Press to their standard; hither all repair,  
And hurry through the woods; with hasty step  
Rustling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps  
They push, they strive; while from his kennel  
sneaks

The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,  
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals  
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.  
Though high his brush he bear, though tipt with  
white

It gaily shine; yet ere the Sun declin'd  
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue  
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels  
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize  
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood. [hearts

Heavens! what melodious strains! how bent our  
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales  
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives  
From wood to wood, through every dark recess  
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.  
The chorus swells; less various, and less sweet,  
The trilling notes, when in those very groves,  
The feather'd choristers salute the Spring,  
And every bush in concert join; or when  
The master's hand in modulated air,  
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers  
Of music in one instrument combine,  
An universal minstrelsy. And now  
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd  
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;  
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts  
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away.  
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling  
hound

Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.  
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,  
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed;  
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;  
But, in the madness of delight, forget  
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,  
And dangerous our course; but in the brave  
True courage never fails. In vain the stream  
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch

Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,  
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,  
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;  
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold  
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,  
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:  
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink  
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high  
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm. [Chase

What lengths we pass! where will the wandering  
Lead us bewild'rd! smooth as swallows skim  
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.  
See my brave pack; how to the head they press,  
Joisting in close array then more diffuse  
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths  
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes  
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing  
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang  
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind  
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain!  
The panting courser now with trembling nerves  
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur,  
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams,  
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,  
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view  
The strange confusion of the vale below,  
Where sour vexation reigns; see yon poor jade!  
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears;  
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides:  
He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs  
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,  
For every cruel curse returns a groan,  
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief  
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,  
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,  
Well fed with every nicer cate; no cost,  
No labor spar'd; who, when the flying Chase  
Broke from the copse, without a rival led  
The numerous train: now a sad spectacle  
Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,  
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.  
While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,  
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear  
Their weights: another in the treacherous bog  
Lies floundering, half ingulf'd. What biting thoughts  
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments  
His vigor spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth  
Curses his cumbersome bulk; and envies now  
The short pygmean race he whilom kenn'd  
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few  
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath  
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntaman, from this  
height

Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge,  
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round,  
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?  
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags.  
And sweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws  
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptoms too sure  
Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields  
To black despair. But one loose more, and all  
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now  
The rattling clamor rings. The barns, the cots,  
And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.  
Through every homestead, and through every yard,  
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;  
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jaws  
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes  
In a superior stench to lose his own.  
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds

ills of echoing vengeance close pursue.  
 'distress'd, no sheltering covert near,  
 hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore  
 attest his guilt. There, villain, there  
 thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence  
 inquisitive, with clamor loud,  
 their trembling prize; and on his blood  
 eddy transport feast. In bolder notes  
 nding horn proclaims the felon dead:  
 th' assembled village shouts for joy.  
 er, who beholds his mortal foe  
 at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,  
 eful calls us to a short repast:  
 ll glass the liquid amber smiles,  
 ve product; and his good old mate  
 sweet viands heaps the liberal board,  
 n our triumphs, and reward our toils.  
 must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)  
 that numerous pack, that crowd of state,  
 ick the vain profusion of the great  
 he lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.  
 encumbrance! A magnificence  
 vexations! For the wily fox,  
 h' increasing number of his foes,  
 ll the great advantage; slinks behind,  
 / creeps through the same beaten track,  
 ts them step by step: then views, escap'd,  
 vard ecstasy, the panting throng  
 own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.  
 : proud eastern kings summon to arms  
 udy legions, from far distant climes  
 ck in crowds, unpeopling half a world:  
 n the day of battle calls them forth  
 e the well-train'd foe, a band compact  
 n veterans; they press blindly on,  
 confus'd by their own weapons fall,  
 ag carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.  
 ounds alone this noxious brood destroy:  
 ader'd warrener full many a wile  
 to entrap his greedy foe,  
 nocturnal spoils. At close of day,  
 ence drags his trail; then from the ground  
 n the close-graz'd turf, there with nice hand  
 he latent death, with curious springs  
 to fly at once, whenever the tread  
 or beast unwarily shall press  
 lding surface. By th' indented steel  
 pe tenacious held, the felon grins,  
 ggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,  
 very art has fail'd, the captive fox  
 'd the wounded joint, and with a limb  
 aded for his life. But, if perchance  
 eep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;  
 prief'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,  
 : of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.  
 e are various kinds; not even the king  
 s evades this deep devouring grave:  
 the wily African betray'd,  
 s of fate, within its gaping jaws  
 indignant. When the orient beam  
 shes paints the dawn; and all the race  
 ous, with blood full gorg'd, retire  
 r darksome cells, there satiate snore,  
 pping offals, and the mangled limbs  
 and beasts; the painful forester  
 he high hills, whose proud aspiring tops  
 : tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,  
 e clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,  
 :kets intricate, trembling he views  
 eeps in the sand; the dismal road

And avenue to Death. Hither he calls  
 His watchful bands; and low into the ground  
 A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.  
 Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,  
 The but of some fair tree; upon whose top  
 A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.  
 And next a wall they build, with stones and earth  
 Encircling round, and hiding from all view  
 The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades  
 Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow;  
 And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,  
 Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,  
 Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide  
 His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.  
 The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,  
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoyed he hears  
 The bleating innocent, that claims in vain  
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan  
 The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd  
 Another's meal. For now the greedy brute  
 Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound  
 To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd  
 Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies  
 Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail  
 Thine eyeballs flashing fire, thy length of tail,  
 That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd  
 With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane  
 The terror of the woods, thy stately port,  
 And bulk enormous, since by stratagem  
 Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,  
 When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.  
 On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,  
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,  
 But of a different kind, and different use.  
 With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,  
 And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread  
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers  
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest search  
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.  
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit  
 Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,  
 The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind  
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey  
 Advances slow, besprinkling all around  
 With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,  
 The stately elephant from the close shade  
 With step majestic strides, eager to taste  
 The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore  
 Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream  
 To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents  
 The rich repast, unweeting of the death  
 That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks  
 The brittle boughs, and greedily devours  
 The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;  
 The price is life. For now the treacherous turf  
 Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast,  
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.  
 So when dilated vapors, struggling, heave  
 Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground  
 Shrinking subsides, and the thin surface yield,  
 Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, engulf'd  
 With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man!  
 How various are thy wiles! artful to kill  
 Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!  
 Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard  
 Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;  
 The huntaman flies, but to his flight alone  
 Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,  
 A polish'd mirror stops in full career  
 The furious brute: he there his image views.



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And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,  
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,  
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Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high  
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 A polish'd mirror stops in full career  
 The furious brute: he there his image views.

Spots against spots with rage improving glow ;  
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,  
 Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide  
 Distends his opening paws ; himself against  
 Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd.  
 The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim  
 Directs the pointed spear, by which transfir'd  
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.  
 Thus man innumerable engins forms, t' assail  
 The savage kind ; but most the docile horse,  
 Swift and confederate with man, annoys  
 His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid  
 The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage  
 With the more active brutes an equal war.  
 But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,  
 Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop  
 Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild ;  
 Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller  
 Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft on land  
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand  
 Immersed and lost. While these intrepid bands,  
 Safe in their horses' speed, outfly the storm, [prey,  
 And scouring round, make men and beasts their  
 The grisly boar is singled from his herd,  
 As large as that in Erimanthian woods,  
 A match for Hercules. Round him they fly  
 In circles wide ; and each in passing sends  
 His feather'd death into his brawny sides.  
 But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed  
 Haply too near approach ; or the loose earth  
 His footing fail, the watchful angry beast  
 Th' advantage spies ; and at one sidelong glance  
 Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,  
 And, plunging from his back the rider hurls  
 Precipitant ; then bleeding spurns the ground,  
 And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.  
 Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,  
 But with unequal speed ; for still they wound,  
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood  
 Of darts upon his back he bears ; adown  
 His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll  
 From many a gaping font. And now at last  
 Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muse, intent  
 On antique tales ? while yet the royal stag  
 Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe [bard,  
 Windsor's green glades ; where Denham, tuneful  
 Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with his song  
 Sublimely sweet. O ! grant me, sacred shade,  
 To glean submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning Sun, that gilds with trembling rays  
 Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train  
 Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course  
 A scene so gay ; heroic, noble youths,  
 In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs  
 The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells  
 Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove  
 For our more favor'd shades : in proud parade  
 These shine magnificent, and press around  
 The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,  
 They smile superior ; of external show  
 Regardless, while their inbred virtues give  
 A lustre to their power, and grace their court  
 With real splendors, far above the pomp  
 Of Eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.  
 Like troops of Amazons, the female band  
 Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms  
 As those of old ; unskill'd to wield the sword,  
 Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.

The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,  
 Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright  
 Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,  
 With irresistible effulgence arm'd,  
 Fires every heart. He must be more than man  
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.  
 Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,  
 With sweet engaging air, but equal power,  
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains  
 Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,  
 Ever triumphant ! whose victorious charms,  
 Without the needless aid of high descent,  
 Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's  
 lords

To bow and sue for grace. But who is he  
 Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair  
 As opening lilies ; on whom every eye  
 With joy and admiration dwells ? See, see,  
 He reins his docile barb with manly grace.  
 Is it Adonis for the chase array'd ?  
 Or Britain's second hope ? Hail, blooming youth  
 May all your virtues with your years improve  
 Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride  
 Of these our days, and to succeeding times  
 A bright example. As his guard of mutes  
 On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject,  
 And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard  
 Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,  
 And awful silence reigns ; thus stand the pack  
 Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth  
 While pass the glittering court, and royal pair  
 So disciplin'd those bounds, and so reserv'd,  
 Whose honor 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.  
 But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice  
 Let loose the general chorus ; far around  
 Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning

Unharb'd now the royal stag forsakes  
 His wonted lair ; he shakes his dappled sides,  
 And tosses high his beamy head ; the copse  
 Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling al  
 He tries ! not more the wily hare ; in these  
 Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack  
 With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.  
 The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shout  
 Float through the glades, and the wide forest  
 How merrily they chant ! their nostrils deep  
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,  
 And such the harmonious din, the soldier dees  
 The battle kindling, and the statesman grave  
 Forgets his weighty cares ; each age, each sex  
 In the wild transport joins ; luxuriant joy,  
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult  
 On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.  
 How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more  
 Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul  
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,  
 Yield a short interval and ease from pain !

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs  
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now  
 The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling hees  
 High-overgrown ? or who the quivering bog  
 Soft-yielding to the step ? All now is plain,  
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far  
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing gl  
 The forest opens to our wondering view :  
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants  
 Lay waste the world ; his the more glorious  
 To check their pride ; and when the brazen  
 Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)  
 T' employ his station'd legions in the works

se; to smooth the rugged wilderness,  
 n the stagnate fen, to raise the slope  
 ing road, and to make gay the face  
 ure, with th' embellishments of Art.  
 melts my beating heart! as I behold  
 vely nymph, our island's boast and pride,  
 the generous steed, that strokes along  
 ough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,  
 ters in th' extended vale below:  
 garments loosely waving in the wind,  
 l the flush of beauty in their cheeks!  
 at their sides their pensive lovers wait,  
 their dubious course; now chill'd with fear  
 ous, and now with love inflam'd.  
 nt, indulgent Heaven, no rising storm  
 rken with black wings this glorious scene!  
 some malignant power thus damp our joys,  
 ere the gloomy cave, such as of old  
 d to lawless love the Tyrian queen.  
 tain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,  
 s, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign  
 dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.  
 the blown stag, through woods, bogs, roads,  
 and streams  
 asur'd half the forest; but alas!  
 s in vain, he flies not from his fears.  
 a far he cast the lingering pack behind,  
 ggard fancy still with horror views  
 l destroyer; still the fatal cry  
 his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.  
 poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands  
 deem blood distain'd) still seems to hear  
 ing shrieks; and the pale threatening ghost  
 as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.  
 re his slot; up yon green hill he climbs,  
 n its brow awhile, sadly looks back  
 pursuers, covering all the plain;  
 ung with anguish, bears not long the sight,  
 down the steep, and sweats along the vale.  
 ningles with the herd, where once he reign'd  
 monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam  
 als aw'd, and whose exalted power  
 ll rewarded with successful love.  
 base herd have learn'd the ways of men,  
 they fly, or with rebellious aim  
 im from thence: needless their impious deed,  
 untzman knows him by a thousand marks,  
 and imbaw; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;  
 ll distinguish these, and never leave  
 nce devoted foe; familiar grows  
 nt, and strong their appetite to kill.  
 he flies, and with redoubled speed  
 o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew  
 n the track, aloud demand their prey,  
 sh him many a league. If haply then  
 escap'd, and the gay courtly train  
 are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip  
 ll their bold career; passive they stand,  
 'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,  
 y stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.  
 heir general's voice whole armies halt  
 pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.  
 t the king's command, like hasty streams  
 d up awhile, they foam, and pour along  
 resh recruited might. The stag, who hop'd  
 s were lost, now once more hears astunn'd  
 eadful din; he shivers every limb,  
 ts, he bounds, each bush presents a foe.  
 by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,  
 less, and faint, he falters in his pace,

And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce  
 Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs appall'd!  
 Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath  
 His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance  
 Some prying eye surprise him; soon he rears  
 Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn  
 With ill-dissembled vigor, to amuse  
 The knowing forester; who inly smiles  
 At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.  
 So midnight tapers waste their last remains,  
 Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire.  
 From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,  
 And bellow through the vales; the moving storm  
 Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,  
 And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude  
 To his approaching fate. And now in view  
 With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd  
 What strength is left: to the last drops of life  
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side  
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least opening left  
 To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last expire.  
 Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair  
 Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,  
 He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,  
 And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet  
 These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gor'd  
 Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd  
 He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,  
 That covers well his rear, his front presents  
 An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,  
 The rude encounter, and believe your lives  
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof  
 They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,  
 To dare some great exploit; he charges home  
 Upon the broken pack, that on each side  
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,  
 He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze  
 Urges his course with equal violence:  
 Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood  
 Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts  
 Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs  
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge  
 Of a small island, for his weary feet  
 Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.  
 His nose alone above the wave draws in  
 The vital air; all else beneath the flood  
 Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye  
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack  
 Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut  
 The liquid wave with oary feet, that move  
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave  
 No trace behind, and his contracted pores  
 But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains  
 His laboring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:  
 At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,  
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;  
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth  
 Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat  
 Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives  
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds  
 Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream  
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount  
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,  
 Agin he stands at bay, amid the groves  
 Of willows, bending low their downy heads.  
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;  
 These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain  
 The slippery bank, while others on firm land  
 Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,  
 Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.

As when some wily corsair boards a ship  
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,  
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew  
Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep  
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,  
And clinging climb aloft; while those on board  
Urge on the work of Fate; the master bold,  
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves  
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,  
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.  
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves  
To plunge at once into the flood below,  
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulf immers'd.  
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,  
In wild disorder once more views the light;  
Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,  
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;  
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds  
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate.  
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command  
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack  
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee what may thy subjects  
hope;

So kind, and so beneficent to brutes!  
O Mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!  
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!  
Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,  
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,  
And braves the storm beneath: soon as thy smiles  
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,  
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

#### Book IV.

#### Argument.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

WHATEVER of earth is form'd, to earth returns  
Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,  
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,  
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul  
Of man alone, that particle divine,  
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:  
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,  
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.  
The brute creation are his property,  
Subservient to his will, and for him made.  
As hurtful these he kills, as useful these  
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.

Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage  
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now  
As vainly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes  
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,  
Encumbering all the globe: should not his care  
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail;  
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,  
And through the deserts range, shivering, forlorn,  
Quite destitute of every solace dear,  
And every smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply  
With annual large recruits his broken pack,  
And propagate their kind; as from the root  
Fresh scions still spring forth and daily yield  
New blooming honors to the parent-tree.  
Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,  
And princes at their tables feast those hounds  
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urg'd  
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound  
Her frozen bosom to the Western gale;  
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,  
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm  
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,  
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,  
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court  
Their piebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes  
Flash fires impure; nor rest nor food they take,  
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells  
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars  
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,  
The growling rivals in dread battle join,  
And rude encounter; on Scamander's streams  
Heroes of old with far less fury fought  
For the bright Spartan dame, their valor's prize.  
Mangled and torn thy favorite hounds shall lie,  
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear  
A field of blood: like some unhappy town  
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes  
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,  
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;  
And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall:  
Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care  
Prevent: for every longing dame select  
Some happy paramour; to him alone  
In leagues connubial join. Consider well  
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,  
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock.  
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake  
With thorn sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars in-  
woven;

Observe with care his shape, sort, color, size.  
Nor will sagacious hunters less regard  
His inward habits: the vain babblers shun,  
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.  
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears  
With false alarms, and loud impertinence.  
Nor less the shuffling cur avoid, that breaks  
Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge  
Devious he strays, there every muse he tries:  
If haply then he cross the steaming scent,  
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults  
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed  
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind,  
His vex'd associates pant, and laboring strain  
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach  
Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,  
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,  
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.

n from such be hop'd, but a base brood  
 and curs, a frantic, vagrant race?  
 Now the third revolving Moon appears,  
 arpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink,  
 Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes  
 ly crown'd; short pangs produce to light  
 king litter; crawling, helpless, blind,  
 heir guide, they seek the pouting teat  
 uteous streams. Soon as the tender dam  
 n'd them with her tongue, with pleasure  
 view  
 ks of their renown'd progenitors,  
 dge of triumphs yet to come. All these  
 ith joy; but to the merciless flood  
 he dwindling refuse, nor o'erload  
 lgent mother. If thy heart relent,  
 ug to destroy, a nurse provide,  
 the foster-parent give the care  
 superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind  
 n offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold  
 derness, and hospitable love.  
 lic now and playful thy desert  
 oomy cell, and on the verdant turf,  
 rves improv'd, pursue the mimic chase,  
 ; around; unto the choicest friends  
 thy valued prize: the rustic dames  
 thy kennel wait, and in their laps  
 thy growing hopes, with many a kiss  
 and dignify their little charge  
 me great title, and resounding name  
 import. But cautious here observe  
 k thy youthful ardor, nor permit  
 xperienc'd younker, immature,  
 o range the woods, or haunt the brakes  
 lodging conies sport; his nerves unstrung,  
 nght unequal; the laborious chase  
 nt his growth, and his rash forward youth  
 t such vicious habits, as thy care  
 s correction never shall reclaim.  
 t to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,  
 t them to the field; not all at once,  
 hy cooler prudence shall direct,  
 few, and form them by degrees  
 ter discipline. With these consort  
 unch and steady ages of thy pack,  
 experience vers'd in all the wiles  
 xle doublings of the various Chase.  
 s lesson of the youthful train  
 nstinct prompts, and when example guides.  
 io forward younker at the head  
 ddly on in wanton sportive mood,  
 his haste, and let him feel abash'd  
 ing whip. But if he stoop behind  
 modest guise, to his own nose  
 g sure; give him full scope to work  
 ding way, and with thy voice applaud  
 ence, and his care: soon shalt thou view  
 xful pupil leader of his tribe,  
 the listening pack attend his call.  
 ad them forth where wanton lambskins play,  
 ating dams with jealous eyes observe  
 nder care. If at the crowding flock  
 presumptuous, or with eager haste  
 them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain,  
 ul fact attach'd, to the strong ram  
 the rash offender. See! at first  
 d companion, fearful and amaz'd,  
 ag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;  
 ith his load fatigu'd, shall turn ahead,  
 th his curl'd hard front incessant peal

The panting wretch; till, breathless and astunn'd,  
 Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou  
 The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides  
 Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,  
 Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud  
 His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves  
 Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,  
 Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more  
 Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age  
 Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend  
 The taper pliant twig, or potters form  
 Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve,  
 Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old  
 hounds,

Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,  
 Are yet of great account; shall oft untie  
 The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand  
 Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.  
 O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,  
 O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd  
 Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious,  
 As party-chiefs in senates who preside,  
 With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech,  
 Conduct the staring multitude; so these  
 Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,  
 And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,  
 Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,  
 And point the way that leads to Death's dark  
 cave.

Short is their span; few at the date arrive  
 Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song  
 So highly honor'd: kind, sagacious brute!  
 Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal  
 Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.  
 Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er  
 With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the Muso declines to sing,  
 Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell  
 The proper remedy. But O! what care,  
 What prudence, can prevent madness, the worst  
 Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts  
 The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads  
 Through all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,  
 More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;  
 Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting,  
 Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the Sun's parching beams  
 Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou  
 Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,  
 Thy panting pack. If, in dark sullen mood,  
 The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,  
 Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,  
 Gloomy, disconsolate; with speed remove  
 The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains  
 Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease  
 Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But, this neglected, soon expect a change,  
 A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.  
 Or in some dark recess the senseless brute  
 Sits sadly pining; deep melancholy,  
 And black despair, upon his clouded brow  
 Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws  
 The clammy venom, and infectious froth,  
 Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,  
 Malignant vapors taint the ambient air,  
 Breathing perdition; his dim eyes are glaz'd,  
 He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs  
 No more support his weight; abject he lies,

Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till Death at last  
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!  
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes  
Redden with fury, like some angry boar  
Churning he foams; and on his back erect  
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd  
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends  
The poison-tainted air; with rough hoarse voice  
Incessant bays, and snuffs the infectious breeze;  
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts  
At his own shade: jealous, as if he deem'd  
The world his foes. If haply towards the stream  
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills  
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.  
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge  
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.  
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets  
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd  
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth  
Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man, nor beast,  
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,  
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,  
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound  
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy  
The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes  
His raptur'd sense,) a wretched victim falls.  
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!  
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud  
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand  
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day  
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou  
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,  
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,  
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the secret wound  
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!  
Hence to the village with pernicious haste  
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies  
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms  
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,  
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,  
Shun the contagious ban; the rustic bands  
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize  
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,  
From every quarter charge the furious foe,  
In wild disorder, and uncouth array:  
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and  
gor'd,

At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse, return, and view  
With heavy heart that hospital of woe;  
Where Horror stalks at large! insatiate Death  
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour presents  
A different scene of ruin and distress.  
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe  
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead  
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight  
In one eternal broil; not conscious why  
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,  
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble  
reigns.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid  
The perilous debate! Ah! rouse up all  
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground  
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,  
As erst the vestal flames; the pointed steel  
In the hot embers hide; and if surpris'd  
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home  
into the recent sore, and cauterize

The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' æt' Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here should the knowing Muse recount the  
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas  
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts  
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his separate seat  
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his man  
Apart, his range in open air; and then  
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,  
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,  
A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects  
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.  
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught  
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive  
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.  
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth  
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall w

The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath  
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.  
A fate more dismal, and superior ills,  
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the Mox  
Closing her monthly round, returns again  
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she sh  
High in the vault of Heaven; the lurking p  
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foar  
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile  
And all its fiery particles saline.

Invades th' arterial fluid: whose red waves  
Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke  
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues.  
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.  
Now the distended vessels scarce contain  
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part  
Unable to resist: the tender brain

And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake  
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungen  
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his fluttering  
Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns

His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends  
Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,  
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick  
And wildly stares; at last with boundless sv  
The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog  
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious ban  
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and  
Like agitations in his boiling blood  
Present like species to his troubled mind;

His nature and his actions all canine.  
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild  
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms [1  
To swine transform'd, ran grunting throug  
Dreadful example to a wicked world!  
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with  
But dares not drink. Till now at last his so  
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon les  
And to some purer region wings away.

One labor yet remains, celestial Maid!  
Another element demands thy song.

No more o'er craggy steep, through covert  
With pointed thorn, and briars intricate,  
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pa  
But skim with wanton wing the irriguous vi  
Where winding streams amid the flowery m  
Perpetual glide along; and undermine  
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots  
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat  
Of the bright scaly kind; where they at wi  
On the green watery reed their pasture gras

e moist soil, or slumber at their ease,  
 by the restless brook, that draws aslope  
 id train, and laves their dark abodes.  
 rages not Oppression? Where, alas!  
 ence secure? Rapine and Spoil  
 :v'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,  
 and ponds inclose the ravenous pike;  
 is turn becomes a prey; on him  
 phibious otter feasts. Just is his fate  
 d: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears  
 rattle on his back, defend the perch  
 is wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail  
 flow carp; nor all his arts can save  
 nuating eel, that hides his head  
 a the slimy mud; nor yet escapes  
 mson-spotted trout, the river's pride,  
 auty of the stream. Without remorse,  
 idnight pillager, ranging around,  
 e swallows all. The owner mourns  
 eopled rivulet, and gladly hears  
 ntman's early call, and sees with joy  
 ial crew, that march upon its banks  
 parade, with bearded lances arm'd.  
 subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,  
 perhaps, where ancient alders shade  
 ep still pool, within some hollow trunk  
 es his wicker couch: whence he surveys  
 g purlieu, lord of the stream, and all  
 ny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,  
 the felon's claim; try every root,  
 ery reedy bank; encourage all  
 ay spreading pack, that fearless plunge  
 e flood, and cross the rapid stream.  
 ks and caves, and each resounding shore,  
 m your bold defiance; loudly raise  
 heering voice, till distant hills repeat  
 umphs of the vale. On the soft sand  
 re his seal impress'd! and on that bank  
 the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,  
 fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.  
 a that yielding sag-bed, see, once more  
 I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh  
 r goose-footed prowler bends his course,  
 eks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring  
 ger pack, and trail him to his couch.  
 the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,  
 llant chiding, loads the trembling air.  
 Vaisads fair, who o'er these floods preside,  
 p your dripping heads above the wave,  
 ar our melody. Th' harmonious notes  
 ith the stream; and every winding creek  
 llow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood  
 endent, still improve from shore to shore  
 eet reiterated joys. What shouts!  
 lamor loud! What gay heart-cheering sounds  
 ough the breathing brass their mazy way!  
 ires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains  
 ncing billows, when proud Neptune rides  
 nph o'er the deep. How greedily  
 nuff the fishy steam, that to each blade  
 centing clings! See! how the morning dew  
 weep, that from their feet besprinkling drop  
 'd, and leave a track oblique behind.  
 a firm land they range; then in the flood  
 lunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools  
 g they work their way: no hole escapes  
 urious search. With quick sensation now  
 ming vapor stings; flutter their hearts,  
 y redoubled bursts from every mouth  
 er symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,

That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes  
 The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,  
 And dread abode. How these impatient climb,  
 While others at the root incessant bay!  
 They put him down. See, there he drives along!  
 Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.  
 Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat  
 Into the sheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!  
 The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears  
 Menace destruction: while the troubled surge  
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,  
 Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,  
 And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!  
 See, that bold hound has seiz'd him! down they sink,  
 Together lost: but soon shall he repent  
 His rash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies  
 Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank  
 With ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,  
 Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,  
 This artful diver best can bear the want  
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,  
 Beneath the whelming element. Yet there  
 He lives not long; but respiration needs  
 At proper intervals. Again he vents;  
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd  
 His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.  
 Fixt is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,  
 Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,  
 With him it mounts; sure guide to every foe.  
 Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound  
 Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank  
 He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes  
 Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd through  
 and through,  
 On pointed spears they lift him high in air;  
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:  
 Bid the loud horns, in guilty-warbling strains,  
 Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.  
 Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance  
 Above the wave, in sign of liberty  
 Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.  
 Rejoice secure and bless'd; did not as yet  
 Remain some of your own rapacious kind;  
 And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.  
 O happy! if ye knew your happy state,  
 Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature boon  
 Cheers with her smiles, and every element  
 Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown  
 From marble pedestals; nor Raphael's works,  
 Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?  
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold;  
 And at another's cost may feast at will  
 Our wondering eyes; what can the owner more?  
 But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with power.  
 The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,  
 And vistas opening to the wearied eye,  
 Through all his wide domain; the planted grove,  
 The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir  
 Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose  
 Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul  
 Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,  
 Until his prince's favor makes him great.  
 See, there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!  
 The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves  
 Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth  
 The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns  
 With promises, that die as soon as born.  
 Vile intercourse! where virtue has no place.  
 Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;  
 He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone.



The pageant of a day ; without one friend  
To soothe his tortur'd mind : all, all are fled.  
For, though they bask'd in his meridian ray,  
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,  
No wicked interest, bribes the venal heart ;  
But inclination to our bosom leads,  
And weds them there for life ; our social cups  
Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd,  
We speak our inmost souls ; good-humor, mirth,  
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,  
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan  
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk  
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,  
Who thus could reign, enenvied and secure !

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,  
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,  
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read  
Th' expanded volume, and submit adore  
That great creative Will, who at a word

Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul  
To this gross clay confin'd flutters on Earth  
With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range  
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way ;  
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,  
Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,  
Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone  
Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,  
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,  
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself : yet this at least  
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,  
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits  
Of wealth or honors ; but enough to raise  
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want  
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,  
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,  
Blooms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and  
streams,

Each towering hill, each humble vale below,  
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake  
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round.

## ALEXANDER POPE.

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ALEXANDER POPE, an English poet of great eminence, was born in London in 1688. His father, who appears to have acquired wealth by trade, was a Roman Catholic, and being disaffected to the politics of King William, he retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he purchased a small house with some acres of land, and lived frugally upon the fortune he had saved. Alexander, who was from infancy of a delicate habit of body, after learning to read and write at home, was placed about his eighth year under the care of a Romish priest, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. His natural fondness for books was indulged about this period by Ogilby's translation of Homer, and Sandys's of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which gave him so much delight, that they may be said to have made him a poet. He pursued his studies under different priests, to whom he was consigned. At length he became the director of his own pursuits, the variety of which proved that he was by no means deficient in industry, though his reading was rather excursive than methodical. From his early years poetry was adopted by him as a profession, for his poetical reading was always accompanied with attempts at imitation or translation; and it may be affirmed that he rose at once almost to perfection in this walk. His manners and conversation were equally beyond his years; and it does not appear that he ever cultivated friendship with any one of his own age or condition.

Pope's Pastorals were first printed in a volume of Tonson's *Miscellanies* in 1709, and were generally admired for the sweetness of the versification, and the lustre of the diction, though they betrayed a want of original observation, and an artificial cast of sentiment: in fact, they were any thing rather than real pastorals. In the mean time he was exercising himself in compositions of a higher class; and by his "Essay on Criticism," published two years afterwards, he obtained a great accession of reputation, merited by the comprehension of thought, the general good sense, and the frequent beauty of illustration which it presents, though it displays many of the inaccuracies of a juvenile author. In 1712 his "Rape of the Lock," a mock-heroic, made its first appearance, and conferred upon him the best title he possesses to the merit of invention. The machinery of the Sylphs was afterwards added, an exquisite fancy-piece, wrought with unrivalled skill and beauty. The "Temple of Fame," altered from Chaucer, though partaking of the embarrassments of the original plan, has many passages which may rank with his happiest efforts.

In the year 1713, Pope issued proposals for publishing a translation of Homer's *Iliad*, the success of which soon removed all doubt of its making an accession to his reputation, whilst it afforded an

ample remuneration for his labor. This noble work was published in separate volumes, each containing four books; and the produce of the subscription enabled him to take that house at Twickenham which he made so famous by his residence and decorations. He brought hither his father and mother; of whom the first parent died two years afterwards. The second long survived, to be comforted by the truly filial attentions of her son. About this period he probably wrote his *Epistle* from "Eloisa to Abelard," partly founded upon the extant letters of these distinguished persons. He has rendered this one of the most impressive poems of which love is the subject; as it is likewise the most finished of all his works of equal length, in point of language and versification. The exaggeration, however, which he has given to the most impassioned expressions of Eloisa, and his deviations from the true story, have been pointed out by Mr. Berrington in his lives of the two lovers.

During the years in which he was chiefly engaged with the *Iliad*, he published several occasional works, to which he usually prefixed very elegant prefaces; but the desire of farther emolument induced him to extend his translation to the *Odyssey*, in which task he engaged two inferior hands, whom he paid out of the produce of a new subscription. He himself, however, translated twelve books out of the twenty-four, with a happiness not inferior to his *Iliad*; and the transaction, conducted in a truly mercantile spirit, was the source of considerable profit to him. After the appearance of the *Odyssey*, Pope almost solely made himself known as a satirist and moralist. In 1728 he published the three first books of the "Dunciad," a kind of mock-heroic, the object of which was to overwhelm with indelible ridicule all his antagonists, together with some other authors whom spleen or party led him to rank among the dunces, though they had given him no personal offence. Notwithstanding that the diction and versification of this poem are labored with the greatest care, we shall borrow nothing from it. Its imagery is often extremely gross and offensive; and irritability, ill-nature, and partiality, are so prominent through the whole, that whatever he gains as a poet he loses as a man. He has, indeed, a claim to the character of a satirist in this production, but none at all to that of a moralist.

The other selected pieces, though not entirely free from the same defects, may yet be tolerated; and his noble work called the "Essay on Man," which may stand in the first class of ethical poems, does not deviate from the style proper to its topic. This piece gave an example of the poet's extraordinary power of managing argumentation in verse, and of compressing his thoughts into clauses of

the most energetic brevity, as well as of expanding them into passages distinguished by every poetic ornament. The origin of this essay is, however, generally ascribed to Lord Bolingbroke, who was adopted by the author as his "guide, philosopher, and friend;" and there is little doubt that, with respect to mankind in general, Pope adopted, without always fully understanding, the system of Bolingbroke.

On his works in prose, among which a collection of letters appears conspicuous, it is unnecessary here to remark. His life was not prolonged to the period of old age: an oppressive asthma indicated an early decline, and accumulated infirmities incapacitated him from pursuing the plan he had formed for new works. After having complied, through the instiga-

tion of a Catholic friend, with the ceremonies of that religion, he quietly expired on May 30th, 1744, at the age of fifty-six. He was interred at Twickenham, where a monument was erected to his memory by the commentator and legatee of his writings, bishop Warburton.

Regarded as a poet, while it is allowed that Pope was deficient in invention, his other qualifications will scarcely be disputed; and it will generally be admitted that no English writer has carried to a greater degree correctness of versification, strength and splendor of diction, and the truly poetical power of vivifying and adorning every subject that he touched. The popularity of his productions has been proved by their constituting a *school* of English poetry, which in part continues to the present time.

## THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

*Written in the Year 1712.*

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;*

*Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuimus tuis.*

*Mart.*

### CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
I sing—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:  
This e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:  
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel  
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?  
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,  
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?  
In tasks so bold, can little men engage?  
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,  
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:  
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,  
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:  
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,  
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.  
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,  
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:  
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed  
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.  
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau  
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)  
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,  
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care  
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!  
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,  
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;  
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,  
The silver token, and the circled green,

Or virgins visited by angel-powers,  
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;  
Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,  
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,  
To maids alone and children are reveal'd;  
What, though no credit doubting wits may give,  
The fair and innocent shall still believe.  
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,  
The light militia of the lower sky:  
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,  
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.  
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,  
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.  
As now your own, our beings were of old,  
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;  
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
From earthly vehicles to these of air.  
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,  
That all her vanities at once are dead:  
Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.  
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,  
And love of ombre, after death survive.  
For when the fair in all their pride expire,  
To their first elements their souls retire:  
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame  
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.  
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.  
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.  
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,  
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste  
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:  
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.  
What guards the purity of melting maids,  
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,  
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,  
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,  
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,  
When music softens, and when dancing fires?

'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,  
Though honor is the word with men below.

"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,

For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace.  
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,  
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:  
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,  
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,  
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,  
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear.  
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,  
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,  
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

"Of, when the world imagine women stray.  
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,  
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,  
And old impertinence expel by new.  
What tender maid but must a victim fall  
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?  
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,  
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?  
With varying vanities, from every part,  
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart;  
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.  
This erring mortals levity may call;  
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,  
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.  
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,  
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star  
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,  
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;  
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where.  
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!  
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:  
Beware of all, but most beware of man!" [long.

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too  
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.  
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,  
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;  
Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner read,  
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.  
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,  
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.  
A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;  
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.  
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
The various offerings of the world appear;  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.  
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.  
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.  
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The busy Sylphs surround their darling care:  
These set the head, and those divide the hair;  
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;  
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

## CANTO II.

Nor with more glories in th' ethereal plain.  
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.  
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her  
shone,

But every eye was fix'd on her alone.  
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.  
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:  
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind,  
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck  
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.  
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
With hairy springes we the birds betray;  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;  
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd;  
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.  
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;  
For when success a lover's toil attends,  
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.  
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd  
Propitious Heaven, and every power ador'd;  
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,  
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.  
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,  
And all the trophies of his former loves.  
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.  
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes  
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:  
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;  
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:  
While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;  
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gentle play,  
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,  
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,  
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.  
He summons straight his denizens of air;  
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:  
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,  
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.  
Some to the Sun their insect wings unfold,  
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,  
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.  
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,  
 Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,  
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,  
 While every beam new transient colors flings,  
 Colors that change when'er they wave their wings.  
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast  
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;  
 His purple pinions opening to the Sun,  
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:

"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;  
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!  
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd  
 By laws eternal to th' æreal kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play,  
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;  
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,  
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;  
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale light  
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,  
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,  
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:  
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,  
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,  
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;  
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;  
 To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;  
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,  
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,  
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;  
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,  
 To change a sounce, or add a furbelow.

"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair  
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care:  
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;  
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.  
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
 Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;  
 Or stain her honor, or her new bricade;  
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;  
 Or lose her heart, or necklaco at a ball;  
 Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must  
 fall.

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:  
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;  
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;  
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;  
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;  
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,  
 We trust the important charge, the petticoat:  
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,  
 Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of  
 whale.

Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
 And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,  
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,  
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;  
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
 wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:

Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;  
 Or alum styptics with contracting power  
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower:  
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,  
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spok; the spirits from the sails descend:  
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;  
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;  
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;  
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,  
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

## CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,  
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,  
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its  
 name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;  
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
 In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,  
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
 One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
 At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.  
 Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
 The Sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:  
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine;  
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
 And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,  
 At ombre singly to decide their doom;  
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' æreal guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important card:  
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,  
 Then each according to the rank they bore;  
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.  
 Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,  
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
 And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;  
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;  
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;  
 And party-colored troops, a shining train,  
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:  
 Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they  
 were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!  
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.  
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard  
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.  
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,  
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,  
The rest, his many-color'd robe conceal'd.  
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,  
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,  
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,  
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,  
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;  
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.  
His warlike Amazon her host invades,  
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.  
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,  
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:  
What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;  
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;  
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,  
And his resolute queen, with powers combin'd,  
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.  
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,  
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,  
With like confusion different nations fly,  
Of various habit, and of various dye,  
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,  
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.  
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;  
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.  
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
On one nice trick depends the general fate,  
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen  
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:  
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.  
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;  
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.  
Sudden, these honors shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:  
On shining Altars of Japan they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:  
At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;  
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,  
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.  
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)  
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain  
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.

Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late.  
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!  
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,  
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:  
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,  
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends  
The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,  
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;  
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;  
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind.  
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,  
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,  
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.  
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;  
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain.  
(But airy substance soon unites again.)  
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever  
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,  
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!  
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,  
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine  
(The victor cried,) the glorious prize is mine!  
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
Or in a coach and six the British fair,  
As long as Atalanta shall be read,  
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,  
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,  
While nymphs take treats, or assignments give,  
So long my honor, name, and praise, shall live!  
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,  
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate.  
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,  
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy:  
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,  
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel  
The conquering force of unresisted steel!

## CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,  
And secret passions labor'd in her breast.  
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,  
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,  
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,  
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,  
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
Not Cynthia when her mantleau's quiv'ring sawy,

E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,  
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,  
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,  
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,  
As ever sullied the fair face of light,  
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,  
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,  
And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.  
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,  
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.  
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,  
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,  
But differing far in figure and in face,  
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,  
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;  
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and  
noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.  
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,  
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,  
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.  
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,  
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;  
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;  
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,  
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,  
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:  
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,  
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,  
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.  
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,  
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:  
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;  
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;  
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,  
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band,  
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,  
Then thus address'd the power.—"Hail, wayward  
queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:  
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,  
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,  
On various tempers act by various ways,  
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;  
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,  
And send the godly in a pet to pray.  
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,  
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.  
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,  
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,  
Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,  
Or change complexions at a losing game;  
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,  
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,  
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,  
Or compos'd the head-dress of a prude,  
Or e'er to rosy lap-dog gave disease,  
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:  
That single act gives half the world the Spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air  
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.  
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,  
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;  
There she collects the force of female lungs,  
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.  
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,  
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.  
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,  
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to-day.

Sunk in Thalestria's arms the nymph he found,  
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.  
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,  
And all the Furies issued at the vent.  
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,  
And fierce Thalestria fans the rising fire.

"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried,  
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! replied)

"Was it for this you took such constant care  
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?  
For this your locks in paper durance bound,  
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?  
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,  
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?  
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,  
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!  
Honor forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine  
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.  
Methinks already I your tears survey,  
Already hear the horrid things they say,  
Already see you a degraded toast,

And all your honor in a whisper lost!  
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?  
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!  
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,  
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,  
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,  
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?  
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-Park Circus grow.  
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!  
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,  
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,  
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:  
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.)  
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,  
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,  
And thus broke out:—"My Lord, why, what the  
devil?

Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be  
civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox!  
Give her the hair!"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

"It grieves me much (replied the peer again),  
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;  
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,  
(Which never more shall join its parted hair,  
Which never more its honors shall renew,  
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew.)  
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."  
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread  
The long-contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;  
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.  
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,  
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;

On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,  
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:  
"For ever curs'd be this detested day,  
Which snatch'd my best, my favorite curl away:  
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,  
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!  
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid  
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.  
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd  
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;  
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,  
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!  
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,  
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.  
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?  
Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!  
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,  
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;  
The tottering china shook without a wind,  
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!  
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,  
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!  
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!  
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:  
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,  
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;  
The Sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,  
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;  
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,  
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.  
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize  
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

## CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;  
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.  
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,  
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?  
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,  
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.  
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;  
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:

"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honor'd most,  
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?  
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,  
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd? (beaux?)  
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd  
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?  
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,  
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:  
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,  
Behold the first in virtue as in face!  
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,  
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away:  
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares pro-  
duce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?  
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;  
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.  
But since, alas, frail beauty must decay;  
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;  
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,  
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;  
What then remains, but well our power to use,  
And keep good-humor still, whate'er we lose?  
And trust me, dear, good-humor can prevail,  
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding  
fail;

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued:  
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.  
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,  
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;  
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones  
crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,  
And base and treble voices strike the skies.  
No common weapons in their hands are found;  
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.  
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,  
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;  
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;  
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;  
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,  
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:  
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives  
way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!  
Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height  
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:  
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey  
The growing combat, or assist the fray.  
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,  
And scatters death around from both her eyes,  
A beau and witting perish'd in the throng,  
One died in metaphor, and one in song.  
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"  
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.  
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,  
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.  
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies  
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,  
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;  
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,  
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;  
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,  
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:  
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,  
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.  
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,  
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:  
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;  
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,  
The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda cried,  
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.  
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,  
In three seal rings; which after, melted down,  
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:  
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,  
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;  
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,  
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)  
"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!  
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:  
All that I dread is leaving you behind!"



rather than so, ah! let me still survive.

And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the Lock," she cries; and all around,

"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain

Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,

And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!

The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in vain:

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,

So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,

Since all things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,

And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:

There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;

The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,

Dried butterflies, and tones of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,

Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:

(So Rome's great founder to the Heavens withdrew,

To Proculus alone confess'd in view.)

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,

And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,

The Heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,

And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray.

This the blest lover shall for Venus take,

And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,

When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy rav-

ish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,

Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye,

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,

This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,

And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

## PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

'To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,

To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;

To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,

Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:

For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,

Commanding tears to stream through every age;

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,

And foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move

The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;

In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,

And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.

Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,

Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:

He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,

And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.

Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,

What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:

No common object to your sight displays,

But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,

And greatly falling with a falling state.

While Cato gives his little senate laws,

What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

Who sees him act, but envies every deed?

Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed!

Ev'n when proud Caesar midst triumphal cars,

The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,

Ignobly vain, and impotently great,

Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;

As her dead father's reverend image past,

The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;

The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;

The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;

Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,

And honor'd Caesar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,

And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.

With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd

Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she sub-

dued;

Your scene precariously subsists too long

On French translation, and Italian song.

Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage.

Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;

Such plays alone should win a British ear,

As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

## ELOISA TO ABELARD.

### Argument.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hand of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give a lively picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,

Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,

And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;

What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?

Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?

Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?

Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,

And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,

Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:

Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,

Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:

not, my hand—the name appears  
 written—wash it out, my tears!  
 st Eloisa weeps and prays,  
 still dictates, and her hand obeys.  
 see walls! whose darksome round contains  
 sighs, and voluntary pains:  
 l rocks! which holy knees have worn;  
 und caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!  
 where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep;  
 ng saints, whose statues learn to weep!  
 old like you, unmov'd and silent grown,  
 t yet forgot myself to stone.  
 Heaven's while Abelard has part,  
 Nature holds out half my heart;  
 rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,  
 for ages taught to flow in vain.  
 thy letters trembling I uncloze,  
 k-known name awakens all my woes.  
 for ever sad! for ever dear!  
 th'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.  
 too, where'er my own I find,  
 misfortune follows close behind.  
 line my gushing eyes o'erflow,  
 gh a sad variety of woe:  
 m in love, now withering in my bloom,  
 convent's solitary gloom!  
 rn Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,  
 d the best of passions, love and fame.  
 ite, oh write me all, that I may join  
 thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.  
 nor Fortune take this power away;  
 r Abelard less kind than they?  
 I are mine, and those I need not spare,  
 demands what else were shed in prayer;  
 er task these faded eyes pursue;  
 nd weep is all they now can do.  
 hare thy pain, allow that sad relief;  
 rst share it, give me all thy grief.  
 rst taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
 ish'd lover, or some captive maid; [spires,  
 y, they speak, they breathe what love in-  
 m the soul, and faithful to its fires,  
 n's wish without her fears impart,  
 e blush, and pour out all the heart,  
 soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
 a sigh from Indus to the Pole.  
 now'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,  
 re approach'd me under Friendship's name;  
 form'd thee of angelic kind,  
 nation of th' All-beauteous Mind.  
 iling eyes, attempering every ray,  
 eetly lambent with celestial day.  
 I gaz'd; Heaven listen'd while you sung;  
 s divine came mended from that tongue.  
 like those what precept fail'd to move?  
 they taught me 'twas no sin to love:  
 ugh the taught me of pleasing sense I ran,  
 d an angel whom I lov'd a man.  
 remote the joys of saints I see,  
 them that Heaven I lose for thee.  
 t, when press'd to marriage, have I said,  
 all laws but those which love has made!  
 as air, at sight of human ties  
 is light wings, and in a moment flies.  
 h, let honor, wait the wedded dame,  
 r deed, and sacred be her fame;  
 e passion all those views remove;  
 alth, and honor! what are you to love?  
 us god, when we profane his fires,  
 less passions in revenge inspires,

And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,  
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.  
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,  
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:  
 Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;  
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.  
 If there be yet another name more free,  
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!  
 Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,  
 When love is liberty, and Nature law:  
 All then is full, possessing and possess'd,  
 No craving void left aching in the breast:  
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,  
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.  
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on Earth there be)  
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.  
 Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!  
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!  
 Where, where was Eloisa? her voice, her hand,  
 Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.  
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;  
 The crime was common, common be the pain.  
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,  
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.  
 Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,  
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?  
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?  
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,  
 The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:  
 Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,  
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.  
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,  
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:  
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;  
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.  
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;  
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.  
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,  
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,  
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;  
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.  
 Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,  
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,  
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,  
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.  
 Ah! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,  
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.  
 From the false world in early youth they fled,  
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.  
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,  
 And Paradise was open'd in the wild.  
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores  
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;  
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,  
 Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven;  
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,  
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise,  
 In these lone walls, (their days eternal bound,)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,  
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,  
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;  
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,  
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.  
 But now no face divine contentment wears,  
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.  
 See how the force of others' prayers I try,  
 (O pious fraud of amorous charity!)  
 But why should I on others' prayers depend?  
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!

Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,  
And all those tender names in one, thy love!  
The darksome pines that o'er you rocks reclin'd  
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,  
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,  
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,  
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,  
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;  
No more these scenes my meditation aid,  
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:  
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,  
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws  
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;  
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
Shades every flower and darkens every green,  
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;  
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!  
Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain;  
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;  
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,  
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,  
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.  
Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?  
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?  
Ev'n here where frozen Chastity retires,  
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;  
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;  
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,  
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;  
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,  
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.  
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,  
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?  
How the dear object from the crime remove,  
Or how distinguish penitence from love?  
Unequal task! a passion to resign,  
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!  
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
How often must it love, how often hate!  
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!  
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:  
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!  
Oh, come, oh, teach me Nature to subdue,  
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.  
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he  
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!  
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!  
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;  
Labor and rest that equal periods keep;  
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"  
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;  
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven.  
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.  
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,  
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;  
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;  
For her white virgins hymeneals sing:  
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,  
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,  
Far other raptures of unholy joy:  
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,  
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,  
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,  
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.  
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!  
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!  
Provoking demons all restraint remove,  
And stir within me every source of love.  
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,  
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.  
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,  
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.  
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:  
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.  
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;  
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!  
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go  
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe.  
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,  
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.  
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies:  
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.  
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,  
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain  
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;  
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose:  
No pulses that riots, and no blood that glows.  
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow.  
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;  
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,  
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd Heaven.  
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?  
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.  
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;  
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.

Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn  
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.  
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!  
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,  
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,  
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.  
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,  
Thy image steals between my God and me;  
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,  
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.  
When from the censor clouds of fragrance roll,  
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,  
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,  
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:  
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,  
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,  
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,  
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,  
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:  
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!  
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart:  
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,  
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;  
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears.  
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers:  
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest shade;  
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole!  
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!  
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me.  
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

quit, thy memory resign!  
 Once me, hate whate'er was mine.  
 And tempting looks, (which yet I view)  
 Ador'd ideas, all adieu!  
 Hene! O Virtue heavenly fair!  
 Vision of low-thoughted Care!  
 Sing Hope, gay daughter of the sky!  
 Our early immortality!  
 Mild, each amicable guest;  
 I wrap me in eternal rest!  
 In cell sad Eloisa spread,  
 In tomb, a neighbor of the dead.  
 Wind methinks a spirit calls,  
 And Echoes talk along the walls.  
 Catch'd the dying lamp around,  
 In shrine I heard a hollow sound.  
 "Come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)  
 "Is here, sad sister, come away!"  
 Myself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
 When then, though now a sainted maid:  
 I'm in this eternal sleep:  
 Forgets to groan, and Love to weep;  
 Distention loses every fear;  
 Thou man, absolves our frailties here."  
 "Come! prepare your romantic bowers,  
 Lilies, and ever-blooming flowers.  
 Here sinners may have rest, I go,  
 As refin'd in breasts seraphic glow;  
 And! the last sad office pay,  
 My passage to the realms of day;  
 Tremble, and my eyeballs roll,  
 At breath, and catch my flying soul!  
 Sacred vestments may'st thou stand,  
 And taper trembling in thy hand,  
 Cross before my lifted eye,  
 Once, and learn of me to die.  
 "Once-lov'd Eloisa see!  
 No crime to gaze on me.  
 "Check the transient roses fly!  
 Sparkle languish in my eye!  
 Motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;  
 O Abelard be lov'd no more.  
 Eloquent! you only prove  
 How true, when 'tis man we love.  
 When Fate shall thy fair frame destroy  
 Of all my guilt, and all my joy,  
 Static may thy pangs be drown'd,  
 As descend, and angels watch thee round.  
 As skies may streaming glories shine,  
 Embrace thee with a love like mine!  
 Kind grave unite each hapless name,  
 O love immortal on thy fame!  
 Hence, when all my woes are o'er,  
 A rebellious heart shall beat no more;  
 As two wandering lovers brings  
 As white walls and silver springs,  
 As marble shall they join their heads,  
 As falling tears each other sheds;  
 Say, with mutual pity mov'd,  
 "Never love as these have lov'd!"  
 I choir, when loud hosannas rise,  
 As pomp of dreadful sacrifice,  
 As if some relenting eye  
 As stone where our cold relics lie,  
 As I shall steal a thought from Heaven,  
 As ear shall drop, and be forgiven.  
 Fate some future bard shall join  
 As tude of griefs to mine,  
 As whole years in absence to deplore,  
 As harms he must behold no more:

Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well;  
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell!  
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;  
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most!

## THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader, who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionfi of the former, and the Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

In that soft season, when descending showers  
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;  
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,  
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;  
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,  
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,  
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,  
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings.)  
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,  
 And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;  
 The whole creation open to my eyes:  
 In air self-balance'd hung the globe below,  
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;  
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes, were seen;  
 There towering cities, and the forests green:  
 Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes!  
 There trees and intermingled temples rise:  
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;  
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,  
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,  
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,  
 Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:  
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,  
 Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.  
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay.  
 Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;  
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,  
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.  
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,  
 The greater part by hostile time subdued;  
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,  
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.  
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;  
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.

Critics I saw, that other names deface,  
And fix their own, with labor, in their place:  
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.  
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,  
But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;  
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays  
Not more by Envy, than excess of Praise.  
Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,  
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:  
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,  
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.  
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past  
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last;  
These ever new, nor subject to decays,  
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)  
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;  
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;  
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,  
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;  
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.  
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;  
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.  
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,  
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.  
Four faces had the dome, and every face  
Of various structure, but of equal grace!  
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,  
Salute the different quarters of the sky.  
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,  
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,  
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,  
The walls in venerable order grace:  
Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,  
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,  
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,  
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.  
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,  
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:  
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,  
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:  
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound  
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:  
Amphion there the loud creating lyre  
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!  
Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,  
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:  
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,  
The dome swell up, the widening arches bend,  
The growing towers like exhalations rise,  
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,  
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.  
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,  
And the great founder of the Persian name:  
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,  
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:  
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,  
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.  
These stopp'd the Moon, and call'd the unbodied  
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;  
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,  
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;

Of talismans and sigils knew the power,  
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.  
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,  
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race  
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,  
Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the starry spheres,  
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.  
High on his car Sesostri struck my view,  
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew:  
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;  
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.  
Between the statues obeliaks were plac'd,  
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,  
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.  
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,  
And Runic characters were grav'd around.  
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,  
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.  
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,  
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,  
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),  
And youths that died to be by poets sung.  
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,  
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,  
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;  
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,  
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,  
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:  
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,  
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold.  
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:  
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around  
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:  
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,  
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:  
As Heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,  
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.  
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,  
The sage historians in white garments wait;  
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,  
His scythe the revers'd, and both his pinions bound.  
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms  
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.  
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd  
The youth that all things but himself subdued;  
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,  
And his horn'd head belied the Lybian god.  
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;  
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;  
Unmov'd, superior still in every state,  
And scarce detested in his country's fate.  
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,  
But with their toils their people's safety bought:  
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;  
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;  
Bold Scipio, savior of the Roman state,  
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;  
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind  
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,  
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suffering heroes next their honors claim.  
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,  
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these  
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;  
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel.  
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:

s abode the martyr'd Phocian claims,  
 gis, not the last of Spartan names:  
 uer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,  
 utus his ill genius meets no more.  
 n the centre of the hallow'd choir,  
 ous columns o'er the rest aspire;  
 the shrine itself of Fame they stand,  
 e chief honors, and the fane command.  
 i the first, the mighty Homer shone;  
 adamant compos'd his throne;  
 of verse! in holy fillets drest,  
 er beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;  
 i blind, a boldness in his looks appears;  
 s he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.  
 us of Troy were round the pillar seen:  
 erce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;  
 ector glorious from Patroclus' fall,  
 ragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.  
 and life did every part inspire,  
 as the work, and prov'd the master's fire;  
 g expression most he seem'd t' affect,  
 re and there disclos'd a brave neglect.  
 lden column next in rank appear'd,  
 ich a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;  
 d the whole, and labor'd every part,  
 atient touches of unwearied Art:  
 antuan there in sober triumph sate,  
 d his posture, and his look sedate;  
 ner still he fix'd a reverent eye,  
 without pride, in modest majesty.  
 g sculpture on the sides were spread  
 ian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;  
 tretch'd upon the funeral pyre,  
 bending with his aged sire:  
 am'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne  
 AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.  
 swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
 eads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:  
 ike some furious prophet, Pindar rode,  
 sem'd to labor with th' inspiring god.  
 the harp a careless hand he flings,  
 idly sinks into the sounding strings.  
 ur'd games of Greece the column grace,  
 e and Jove survey the rapid race.  
 uths hang o'er their chariots as they run;  
 ry steeds seem starting from the stone;  
 ampions in distorted postures threat;  
 l appear'd irregularly great.  
 e happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre  
 eter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:  
 l with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse  
 fter spirit of the Sapphic Muse.  
 lish'd pillar different sculptures grace;  
 k outlasting monumental brass.  
 miling Loves and Bacchanals appear,  
 dian star and great Augustus here.  
 ves that round the infant poet spread  
 a, and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.  
 s, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,  
 d in thought the mighty Stagirite;  
 red head a radiant zodiac crown'd,  
 arious animals his sides surround;  
 rcing eyes, erect, appear to view  
 or worlds, and look all Nature through.  
 h equal rays immortal Tully shone,  
 oman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:  
 ing his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand  
 to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.  
 l, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,  
 e great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,  
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:  
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,  
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.  
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat  
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;  
 The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,  
 The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,  
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,  
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.  
 With various-color'd light the pavement shone,  
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;  
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,  
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.  
 When on the goddess first I cast my sight,  
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;  
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,  
 Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.  
 With her, the temple every moment grew,  
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view:  
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,  
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend.  
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,  
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;  
 A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,  
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nino  
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:  
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;  
 For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string;  
 With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,  
 And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,  
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,  
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,  
 From different quarters fill the crowded hall:  
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;  
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;  
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew  
 Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,  
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,  
 Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
 And a low murmur runs along the field.  
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,  
 And all degrees before the goddess bend;  
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,  
 And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.  
 Their pleas were different, their request the same;  
 For good and bad alike aro fond of Fame.  
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honors crown'd;  
 Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,  
 And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,  
 And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer.

"Long have we sought t' instruct and please man-  
 kind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;  
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,  
 We here appeal to thy superior throne:  
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,  
 For Fame is all we must expect below."

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise  
 The golden trumpet of eternal Praise:  
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,  
 That fills the circuit of the world around,  
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;  
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:



There various news I heard of love and strife,  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,  
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,  
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,  
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,  
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,  
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,  
The falls of favorites, projects of the great,  
Of old mismanagements, taxations new :  
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,  
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,  
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;  
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :  
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,  
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers, not a few ;  
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands  
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;  
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,  
And wild impatience star'd in every face.  
The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;  
And all who told it added something new,  
And all who heard it made enlargements too,  
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.  
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,  
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.  
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,  
With gathering force the quickening flames advance ;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,  
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,  
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,  
And rush in millions on the world below ;  
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,  
Their date determines, and prescribes their force :  
Some to remain, and some to perish soon :  
Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.  
Around a thousand winged wonders fly, [the sky.  
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through

There, at one passage, oft you might survey  
A lie and truth contending for the way ;  
And long 'twas doubtful, though so closely pent,  
Which first should issue through the narrow vent :  
At last agreed, together out they fly,  
Inseparable now the truth and lie ;  
The strict companions are for ever join'd,  
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :  
" What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?  
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?"  
" 'Tis true," said I, " not void of hopes I came,  
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?  
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others' breath,  
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !  
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,  
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)  
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,  
Be envied, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ;  
All luckless wits their enemies profess,  
And all successful, jealous friends at best.  
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call ;  
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.  
But if the purchase costs so dear a price  
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice :

Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,  
And follow still where Fortune leads the way ;  
Or if no basis bear my rising name,  
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ;  
Then teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,  
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;  
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;  
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !"

## THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IX.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,  
When the fair consort of her son replies :  
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,  
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;  
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate  
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.  
No nymph of all (Echalia could compare  
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,  
Her tender mother's only hope and pride  
(Myself the offering of a second bride).  
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,  
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,  
Andremon lov'd ; and, bless'd in all those charms  
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,  
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.  
These shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,  
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought ;  
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest  
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.  
Not distant far, a watery lotos grows ;  
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,  
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie  
In glowing colors with the Tyrian dye :  
Of these she crop'd to please her infant son ;  
And I myself the same rash act had done ;  
But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)  
The violated blossoms drop with blood.  
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;  
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.  
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),  
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,  
Forsook her form ; and, fixing here, became  
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,  
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight :  
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,  
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd :  
But when she backward would have fled, she found  
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :  
In vain to free her fastening feet she strove,  
And, as she struggles, only moves above ;  
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow  
By quick degrees, and cover all below :  
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves  
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :  
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen  
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.  
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,  
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast.  
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied  
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.  
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,  
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,



Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,  
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andremon and th' unhappy sire  
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire ;  
A springing tree for Dryope they find,  
And print warm kisses on the panting rind ;  
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,  
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.  
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,  
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;  
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,  
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,  
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,  
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

" If to the wretched any faith be given,  
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven,  
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;  
In mutual innocence our lives we led :  
If this be false, let these new greens decay,  
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,  
And crackling flames on all my honors prey !  
But from my branching arms this infant bear,  
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :  
And to his mother let him oft be led,  
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;  
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame  
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,  
To hail this tree ; and say, with weeping eyes,  
Within this plant my hapless parent lies :  
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,  
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,  
Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but warn'd by me,  
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.  
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !  
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,  
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel  
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.  
Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join  
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.  
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,  
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.  
I can no more ; the creeping rind invades  
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :  
Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice  
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ;  
And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;  
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,  
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

#### VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IV.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign :  
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,  
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.  
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,  
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;  
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,  
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.  
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,  
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,  
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,  
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.  
Now the cleft rind inserted gruffs receives,  
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives ;

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,  
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.  
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,  
To lawless sylvans all access denied.  
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,  
Who haunt the forest, or frequent the lawns,  
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,  
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,  
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair !  
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,  
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.  
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears :  
And first a reaper from the field appears ;  
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.  
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,  
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade :  
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,  
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.  
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,  
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.  
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,  
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.  
A soldier now, he with his sword appears ;  
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears :  
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,  
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,  
With all the marks of reverend age appears,  
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs :  
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,  
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.  
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,  
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd ;  
And " Happy you !" (he thus address'd the maid)  
" Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,  
As other gardens are excell'd by thine !"   
Then kiss'd the fair ; (his kisses warmer grow  
Than such as women on their sex bestow.)  
Then, plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,  
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.  
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread :  
He view'd her twining branches with delight,  
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

" Yot this tall elm, but for his vine" (he said)  
" Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;  
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround  
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.  
Ah, beauteous maid ! let this example move  
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love :  
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue !  
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you  
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,  
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.  
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,  
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,  
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,  
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods  
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,  
Whom age and long experience render wise,  
And one whose tender care is far above  
All that these lovers ever felt of love,  
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)  
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.  
For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;  
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.

unt lands Vertumnus never roves;  
u, contented with his native groves;  
first sight, like most, admires the fair;  
he lives; and you alone shall share  
affection, as his early care.  
he's lovely far above the rest,  
with immortal, and with beauty blest.  
at he varies every shape with ease,  
as all forms that may Pomona please.  
at should most excite a mutual flame,  
ual cares and pleasures are the same.  
your orchard's early fruit are due,  
sing offering when 'tis made by you,  
ies these; but yet (alas!) complains,  
ill the best and dearest gift remains.  
fair fruit that on yon branches glows  
at ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;  
teful herbs that in these gardens rise,  
the kind soil with milky sap supplies;  
ly you, can move the god's desire:  
wn so constant and so pure a fire!  
compassion touch your gentle mind;  
'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind;  
no frost, when early buds appear,  
the promise of the youthful year;  
ada, when first your florid orchard blows,  
he light blossoms from their blasted boughs!"  
when the various god had urg'd in vain,  
ight assum'd his native form again;  
nd so bright an aspect now he bears,  
n through clouds th' emerging Sun appears,  
ence exerting his refulgent ray,  
the darkness, and reveals the day.  
e prepar'd, but check'd the rash design:  
en, appearing in a form divine,  
mph surveys him, and beholds the grace  
ming features, and a youthful face;  
soft breast consenting passions move,  
e warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

## AN ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

### EPISTLE I.

OF NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RE-  
SPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

#### *The Argument.*

in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only  
regard to our own system, being ignorant of  
relations of systems and things. II. That man  
to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited  
place and rank in the creation, agreeable  
general order of things, and conformable  
ds and relations to him unknown. III. That  
early upon his ignorance of future events,  
early upon the hope of a future state, that  
s happiness in the present depends. IV. The  
of aiming at more knowledge, and pretend-  
more perfection, the cause of man's error  
siness. The impiety of putting himself in

the place of God, and judging of the fitness or  
unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or in-  
justice, of his dispensations. V. The absurdity  
of conceiving himself the final cause of the crea-  
tion, or expecting that perfection in the moral  
world, which is not in the natural. VI. The un-  
reasonableness of his complaints against Provi-  
dence, while on the one hand he demands the  
perfection of the angels, and on the other the  
bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to  
possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher  
degree, would render him miserable. VII. That  
throughout the whole visible world, an universal  
order and gradation in the sensual and mental  
faculties is observed, which causes a subordina-  
tion of creature to creature, and of all creatures to  
man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, re-  
flection, reason; that reason alone countervails all  
the other faculties. VIII. How much farther this  
order and subordination of living creatures may ex-  
tend above and below us; were any part of which  
broken, not that part only, but the whole con-  
nected creation, must be destroyed. IX. The ex-  
travagance, madness, and pride of such a desire.  
X. The consequence of all the absolute submis-  
sion due to Providence, both as to our present and  
future state.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of kings.  
Let us (since life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us, and to die)  
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;  
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;  
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;  
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.  
Together let us beat this ample field,  
Try what the open, what the covert yield;  
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore  
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;  
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise:  
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;  
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say, first, of God above, or man below,  
What can we reason, but from what we know?  
Of man, what see we but his station here,  
From which to reason, or to which refer?  
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be  
known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.  
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,  
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
Observe how system into system runs,  
What other planets circle other suns,  
What varied Being peoples every star,  
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.  
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,  
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,  
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?  
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,  
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou  
find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?  
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?  
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made  
Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade?

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,  
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,  
Where all must full or not coherent be,  
And all that rises, rise in due degree;  
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,  
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:  
And all the question (wrangle o'er so long)  
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call  
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labor'd on with pain,  
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:  
In God's, one single can its end produce;  
Yet serves to second too some other use.  
So man, who here seems principal alone,  
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;  
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man re-  
strains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;  
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:  
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend  
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;  
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why  
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;  
Say, rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:  
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;  
His time a moment, and a point his space.  
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?  
The blest to-day is as completely so,  
As who began a thousand years ago.

### III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:  
Or who could suffer being here below?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar.  
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.  
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
Man never is, but always To be blest:  
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
His soul proud Science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler Heaven;  
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

To be, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;  
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:  
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;  
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:  
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.  
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:

And who but wishes to invert the laws  
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,  
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for  
mine:

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power;  
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;  
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew  
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;  
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;  
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;  
My footstool Earth, my canopy the skies."  
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,  
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep!  
"No," 'tis replied, "the first Almighty Cause  
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;  
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:  
And what created perfect?" Why then man?  
If the great end be human happiness,  
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?  
As much that end a constant course requires  
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires;  
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,  
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.  
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,  
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline;  
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,  
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;  
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,  
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?  
From pride, from pride our very reasoning springs:  
Account for moral as for natural things:  
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?  
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,  
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;  
That never air or ocean felt the wind,  
That never passion discompos'd the mind.  
But all subsists by elemental strife;  
And passions are the elements of life.  
The general order, since the whole began,  
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he  
soar,

And, little less than angel, would be more;  
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears  
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

for his use all creatures if he call,  
 at their use, had he the powers of all?  
 to these without profusion, kind,  
 oper organs, proper powers assign'd;  
 eeming want compensated of course,  
 rith degrees of swiftness, there of force;  
 exact proportion to the state;  
 g to add, and nothing to abate.  
 east, each insect, happy in its own:  
 ven unkind to man, and man alone?  
 e alone, whom rational we call,  
 as'd with nothing, if not blest with all?  
 bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)  
 to act or think beyond mankind;  
 vers of body or of soul to share,  
 at his nature and his state can bear.  
 as not man a microscopic eye?  
 a plain reason, man is not a fly.  
 at the use, were finer optics given,  
 ect a mite, not comprehend the Heaven?  
 h, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
 art and agonize at every pore?  
 sk effluvia darting through the brain,  
 a rose in aromatic pain?  
 ure thunder'd in his opening ears,  
 unn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
 ould he wish that Heaven had left him still  
 hispering zephyr, and the purling rill!  
 nds not Providence all good and wise,  
 in what it gives, and what denies?  
 Far as creation's ample range extends,  
 ale of sensual, mental powers ascends:  
 ow it mounts to man's imperial race,  
 he green myriads in the peopled grass:  
 modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
 ole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;  
 ill, the headlong lioness between,  
 und sagacious on the tainted green;  
 ring, from the life that fills the flood,  
 t which warbles through the vernal wood!  
 ider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
 t each thread, and lives along the line:  
 nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
 oisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!  
 nstinct varies in the grovelling swine,  
 r'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!  
 that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!  
 or separate, yet for ever near!  
 ibrance and Reflection how allied!  
 hin partitions Sense from Thought divide!  
 iddle natures, how they long to join,  
 ver pass th' insuperable line!  
 t this just gradation, could they be  
 ted, these to those, or all to thee?  
 wners of all subdued by thee alone,  
 by Reason all these powers in one?  
 . See, through this air, this ocean, and this  
 earth,  
 tter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 how high! progressive life may go!  
 l, how wide! how deep extend below!  
 ain of being! which from God began,  
 s ethereal, human, angel, man,  
 ird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 s can reach; from Infinite to thee,  
 ee to Nothing.—On superior powers  
 ve to press, inferior might on ours;  
 e full creation leave a void,  
 one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll  
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall.  
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;  
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,  
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.  
 All this dread order break—for whom? for thee!  
 Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another in this general frame:  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains  
 The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;  
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;  
 Great in the Earth, as in th' ethereal frame;  
 Warm in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.  
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;  
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All Discord, Harmony not understood;  
 All partial Evil, universal Good.  
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

#### EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RE-  
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#### Argument.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties. The limits of his capacity. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary. Self-love the stronger, and why. Their end the same. III. The passions, and their use. The predominant passion, and its force. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,  
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,  
Where all must full or not coherent be,  
And all that rises, rise in due degree;  
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,  
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:  
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)  
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call  
May, must be right, as relative to all.  
In human works, though labor'd on with pain,  
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:  
In God's, one single can its end produce;  
Yet serves to second too some other use.  
So man, who here seems principal alone,  
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;  
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man re-  
strains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;  
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:  
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend  
His actions, passions, being's, use and end;  
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why  
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;  
Say, rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:  
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;  
His time a moment, and a point his space.  
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?  
The blest to-day is as completely so,  
As who began a thousand years ago.

### III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,

All but the pago prescrib'd, their present state:  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:  
Or who could suffer being here below?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
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things separate and evident: what is the office of reason. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men. How useful they are to society; and to individuals, in every state, and every age of life.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man.  
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:  
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,  
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,  
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;  
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;  
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;  
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;  
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:  
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;  
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;  
Created half to rise, and half to fall;  
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,

Go, measure Earth, weigh air, and state the tides;  
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,  
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;  
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,  
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;  
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,  
And quitting sense call imitating God;  
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,  
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.  
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—  
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,  
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,  
Describe or fix one movement of his mind!  
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,  
Explain his own beginning or his end?  
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part  
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;  
But when his own great work is but begun,  
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science, then, with Modesty thy guide;  
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;  
Deduct what is but Vanity or dream,  
Or Learning's luxury, or Idleness;  
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,  
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;  
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrecent parts  
Of all our Vices have created Arts;  
Then see how little the remaining sum,  
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;  
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;  
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;  
Each works its end, to move or govern all:  
And to their proper operation still,  
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;  
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.

Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
And but for this, were active to no end:  
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot;  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,  
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,  
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;  
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.  
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;  
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:  
That sees immediate good by present sense;  
Reason, the future and the consequence.  
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,  
At best more watchful this, but that more strong;  
The action of the stronger to suspend,  
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.  
Attention, habit, and experience gains;  
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.  
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,  
More studious to divide than to unite;  
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,  
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.

Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,  
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.  
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,  
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;  
But greedy that, his object would devour,  
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:  
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call;

'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:  
But since not every good we can divide,  
And Reason bids us for our own provide;  
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,  
List under Reason, and deserve her care;  
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,  
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast  
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;  
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;  
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:  
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;  
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.  
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;  
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,  
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.  
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,  
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:  
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;  
But what composes man, can man destroy?  
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,  
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;  
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;  
These, mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;  
The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife  
Gives all the strength and color of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes:  
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:  
Present to grasp, and future still to find.  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;  
On different senses, different objects strike:  
Hence different passions more or less inflame,  
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;

One master passion in the breast,  
 On's serpent, swallows up the rest.  
 Perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
 The lurking principle of Death;  
 A disease, which must subdue at length,  
 With his growth; and strengthens with his  
 strength:  
 And mingled with his very frame,  
 His disease, its Ruling Passion came;  
 A humor which should feed the whole,  
 As to this, in body and in soul:  
 It warms the heart, or fills the head,  
 And opens, and its functions spread,  
 On plies her dangerous art,  
 As it all upon the peccant part.  
 Its mother, Habit is its nurse;  
 It, Faculties, but make it worse;  
 Self but gives it edge and power;  
 Men's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.  
 Wretched subjects though to lawful sway,  
 A weak queen, some favorite still obey:  
 He lend not arms, as well as rules,  
 As she more than tell us we are fools!  
 To mourn our nature, not to mend;  
 Accuser, but a helpless friend!  
 A judge turn pleader, to persuade  
 The we make, or justify it made;  
 An easy conquest all along,  
 Removes weak passions for the strong:  
 Small humors gather to a gout,  
 Or fancies he has driv'n them out.  
 Nature's road must ever be prefer'd;  
 Here no guide, but still a guard:  
 To rectify, not overthrow,  
 Let this passion more as friend than foe;  
 Or power the strong direction sends,  
 Moral men impels to several ends:  
 Flying winds, by other passions tost,  
 As them constant to a certain coast.  
 For knowledge, gold or glory, please,  
 More strong than all) the love of ease;  
 Life 'tis follow'd ev'n at life's expense;  
 Chant's toil, the sage's indolence,  
 The hero's humility, the hero's pride,  
 Like, find Reason on their side.  
 Eternal Art, producing good from ill,  
 This passion our best principle:  
 The mercury of man is fix'd,  
 Shows the virtue with his nature mix'd;  
 As cements what else were too refin'd,  
 No interest body acts with mind.  
 Its, ungrateful to the planter's care,  
 As stocks inserted learn to bear;  
 As virtues thus from passions shoot,  
 Nature's wit working at the root.  
 As of vigor and honesty appear  
 Seen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!  
 For zeal and fortitude supply;  
 For rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;  
 Though some certain strainers well refin'd,  
 Love, and charms all woman-kind;  
 Which th' ignoble mind's a slave,  
 In the learn'd or brave;  
 As, male or female, can we name,  
 It will grow on pride, or grow on shame.  
 Nature gives us (let it check our pride)  
 As nearest to our vice allied:  
 As he bias turns to good from ill,  
 As reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,  
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:  
 The same ambition can destroy or save,  
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,  
 What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,  
 In man they join to some mysterious use;  
 Though each by turns the other's bound invade,  
 As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,  
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice  
 Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,  
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite  
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?  
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;  
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.  
 But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:  
 Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;  
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,  
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
 No creature owns it in the first degree,  
 But thinks his neighbor further gone than he:  
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;  
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,  
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;  
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;  
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;  
 For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;  
 Each individual seeks a several goal;

VI. But Heaven's great view, is one, and that the  
 whole.

That counter-works each folly and caprice;  
 That disappoints th' effect of every vice:  
 That, happy frailties to all ranks applied;  
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;  
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;  
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:  
 That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,  
 Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise.  
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,  
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,  
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
 Bids each on other for assistance call,  
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
 The common interest, or endear the tie.  
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,  
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;  
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,  
 Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;  
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,  
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbor with himself.  
 The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,  
 The fool is happy that he knows no more.  
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,  
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.



See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;  
The starving chymist in his golden views  
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,  
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:  
See some fit passion every age supply;  
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,  
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite:  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:  
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;  
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.  
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays  
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:  
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,  
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:  
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy;  
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy;  
One prospect lost, another still we gain;  
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain:  
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,  
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.  
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;  
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

### EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RE-  
SPECT TO SOCIETY.

#### *Argument.*

I. The whole universe one system of society. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another. The happiness of animals mutual. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals. III. How far society carried by instinct. How much farther by reason. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, and in the forms of society. V. Origin of political societies. Origin of monarchy. Patriarchal government. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle. Mixed government. Various forms of each, and the true end of all.

HERE then we rest; "the Universal Cause  
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."  
In all the madness of superfluous health,  
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,  
Let this great truth be present night and day;  
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of  
Love

Combining all below and all above.  
See plastic Nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend,

Attract, attracted to, the next in place  
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.  
See matter next, with various life endued,  
Press to one centre still, the general good.  
See dying vegetables life sustain,  
See life dissolving, vegetate again:  
All forms that perish other forms supply,  
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die.)  
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;  
One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
Connects each being, greatest with the least;  
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;  
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;  
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good  
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?  
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn:  
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?  
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?  
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.  
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,  
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?  
The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.  
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?  
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:  
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,  
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;  
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.  
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"  
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:  
And just as short of reason he must fall,  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control;  
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:  
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,  
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.  
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?  
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings!  
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings!  
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,  
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:  
For some, his interest prompts him to provide,  
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:  
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy  
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.  
That very life his learned hunger craves,  
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;  
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,  
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:  
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain.  
Than favor'd man by touch ethereal slain.  
The creature had his feast of life before;  
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!  
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,  
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:  
To man imparts it; but with such a view  
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:  
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,  
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.  
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd  
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest  
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best

alike by that direction tend,  
 the means proportion'd to their end.  
 ere full Instinct is th' unerring guide,  
 pe or council can they need beside?  
 however able, cool at best,  
 it for service, or but serves when prest,  
 l we call, and then not often near;  
 est Instinct comes a volunteer,  
 ver to o'ershoot, but just to hit;  
 till too wide or short is human Wit;  
 quick Nature happiness to gain,  
 heavier Reason labors at in vain.  
 serves always, Reason never long:  
 at go right, the other may go wrong.  
 the acting and comparing powers  
 their nature, which are two in ours!  
 ason raise o'er Instinct as you can,  
 tis God directs, in that 'tis man.  
 taught the nations of the field and wood  
 their poison, and to choose their food?  
 it, the tides or tempests to withstand,  
 the wave, or arch beneath the sand?  
 ade the spider parallels design,  
 De Moivre, without rule or line?  
 d the stork, Columbus-like, explore  
 s not his own, and worlds unknown before?  
 lls the council, states the certain day?  
 rms the phalanx, and who points the way?  
 od, in the nature of each being, founds  
 er bliss, and sets its proper bounds:  
 e fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,  
 ual wants built mutual happiness:  
 the first, eternal Order ran,  
 eature link'd to creature, man to man.  
 er of life all-quickenning ether keeps,  
 thes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,  
 a profuse on earth, one Nature feeds  
 al flame, and swells the genial seeds.  
 n alone, but all that roam the wood,  
 g the sky, or roll along the flood,  
 ves itself, but not itself alone,  
 ex desires alike, till two are one.  
 ds the pleasure with the fierce embrace;  
 ove themselves, a third time, in their race.  
 east and bird their common charge attend,  
 others nurse it, and the sires defend;  
 ung dismiss'd to wander earth or air,  
 stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;  
 k dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,  
 r love succeeds, another race.  
 er care man's helpless kind demands;  
 nger care contracts more lasting bands:  
 ion, Reason, still the ties improve,  
 extend the interest, and the love:  
 oice we fix, with sympathy we burn;  
 irtue in each passion takes its turn;  
 ll new needs, new helps, new habits rise,  
 raft benevolence on charities.  
 one brood, and as another rose,  
 natural love maintain'd, habitual those:  
 it, scarce ripen'd into perfect man.  
 lpleas him from whom their life began:  
 y and Forecast just returns engage,  
 ointed back to youth, this on to age;  
 Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope, combin'd,  
 read the interest, and preserve the kind.  
 Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly  
 trod;  
 ite of Nature was the reign of God:

Self-love and social at her birth began,  
 Union the bond of all things, and of man.  
 Pride then was not; nor arts, that Pride to aid;  
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;  
 The same his table, and the same his bed;  
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.  
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,  
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:  
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,  
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:  
 Heaven's attribute was universal care,  
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.  
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!  
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;  
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,  
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.  
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,  
 And every death its own avenger breeds;  
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,  
 And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.  
 See him from Nature rising slow to Art!  
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part:  
 Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—  
 "Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:  
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;  
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;  
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive;  
 Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;  
 Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,  
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.  
 Here too all forms of social union find,  
 And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:  
 Here subterranean works and cities see;  
 There towns aerial on the waving tree.  
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,  
 The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;  
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,  
 And anarchy without confusion know;  
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,  
 Their separate cells and properties maintain.  
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,  
 Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.  
 In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,  
 Entangle Justice in her net of Law,  
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;  
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
 Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,  
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:  
 And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,  
 Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."  
 V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;  
 Cities were built, societies were made:  
 Here rose one little state; another near  
 Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.  
 Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,  
 And there the streams in purer rills descend,  
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow;  
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.  
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,  
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.  
 Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,  
 Till common interest plac'd the sway in one.  
 'Twas Virtue only, (or in arts or arms,  
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms.)  
 The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,  
 A prince the father of a people made.  
 VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch  
 sate,  
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:

On him, their second Providence, they hung,  
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.  
 He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,  
 Taught to command the fire, control the flood,  
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,  
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.  
 Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began  
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:  
 Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd  
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.  
 Or plain tradition, that this All begun,  
 Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;  
 The worker from the work distinct was known,  
 And simple Reason never sought but one:  
 Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,  
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;  
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,  
 And own'd a father when he own'd a God.  
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;  
 For Nature knew no right divine in men,  
 No ill could fear in God: and understood  
 A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.  
 True faith, true policy, united ran;  
 That was but love of God, and this of man.  
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,  
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one;  
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,  
 T' invert the world and counter-work its cause?  
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;  
 Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,  
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,  
 And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:  
 She midst th' lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,  
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,  
 To power unseen, and mightier far than they:  
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,  
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:  
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;  
 Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;  
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,  
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;  
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,  
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.  
 Zeal, then, not charity, became the guide;  
 And Hell was built on spite, and Heaven on pride.  
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;  
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:  
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food;  
 Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;  
 With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,  
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, through just, and through unjust,

To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:  
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause  
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.  
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,  
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?  
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,  
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?  
 His safety must his liberty restrain:  
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.  
 Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,  
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:  
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,  
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,  
 Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore  
 The faith and moral. Nature gave before;  
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;  
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:  
 Taught power's due use to people and to kings,  
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,  
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,  
 That touching one must strike the other too;  
 Till jarring interests of themselves create  
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.  
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs  
 From order, union, full consent of things:  
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty,  
 made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;  
 More powerful each as needful to the rest,  
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;  
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring  
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.  
 For forms of government let fools contest;  
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:  
 For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;  
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
 But all mankind's concern is charity:  
 All must be false that thwarts this one great end;  
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.  
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:  
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.  
 On their own axis as the planets run,  
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;  
 So two consistent motions act the soul;  
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,  
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

#### EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

#### Argument.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of Hope and Fear. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favor of particulars. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches. Honours

ity. Greatness. Fame. Superior talents. pictures of human infelicity in men, pos- of them all. VII. That virtue only consti- a happiness, whose object is universal, and prospect eternal. That the perfection of and happiness consists in a conformity to der of Providence here, and a resignation ere and hereafter.

FINES! our being's end and aim!  
 Leisure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:  
 nothing still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
 ch we bear to live, or dare to die,  
 still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
 'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:  
 celestial seed! if dropp'd below,  
 what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
 ming to some court's propitious shine,  
 with diamonds in the flaming mine?  
 with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 d in iron harvests of the field?  
 grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,  
 ht to blame the culture, not the soil:  
 no spot is happiness sincere,  
 where to be found, or everywhere:  
 er to be bought, but always free,  
 d from monarchs, St. John! dwells with  
 thee.

f the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:  
 ls to serve, and that to shun mankind;  
 ace the bliss in action, some in ease,  
 all it pleasure, and contentment these:  
 ank to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;  
 well'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;  
 lent, to each extreme they fall,  
 in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.  
 thus define it, say they more or less,  
 us, that happiness is happiness?  
 Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;  
 as can reach it, and all heads conceive;  
 her goods, in no extreme they dwell;  
 seeds but thinking right, and meaning well;  
 urn our various portions as we please,  
 common sense, and common ease.  
 ber, man, "the Universal Cause  
 : by partial, but by general laws;"  
 kes what happiness we justly call,  
 not in the good of one, but all.  
 not a blessing individuals find,  
 e way leans and hearkens to the kind:  
 lit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,  
 rn'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:  
 at to shun or hate mankind pretend,  
 admirer, or would fix a friend:  
 t what others feel, what others think,  
 sures sicken, and all glories sink:  
 a his share; and who would more obtain,  
 d, the pleasure pays not half the pain.  
 is Heaven's first law; and this confest,  
 e, and must be, greater than the rest,  
 ch, more wise; but who infers from hence  
 ch are happier, shocks all common sense.  
 to mankind impartial we confess,  
 e equal in their happiness:  
 ual wants this happiness increase;  
 ure's difference keeps all Nature's peace.  
 n, circumstance, is not the thing;  
 he same in subject or in king,  
 obtain defence, or who defend,  
 who is, or him who finds a friend.

Heaven breathes through every member of the whole,  
 One common blessing, as one common soul.  
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,  
 And each were equal, must not all contest?  
 If then to all men happiness was meant,  
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;  
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:  
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,  
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise,  
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?  
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,  
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,  
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.  
 But Health consists with Temperance alone;  
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.  
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;  
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.  
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,  
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?  
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,  
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?  
 Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,  
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:  
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
 One they must want, which is to pass for good.  
 Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,  
 Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe!

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,  
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.  
 But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,  
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.  
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!  
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!  
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!  
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?  
 Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,  
 Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?  
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,  
 Why, full of days and honor, lives the sire?  
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,  
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?  
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)  
 Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?  
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.  
 God sends not ill; if rightly understood,  
 Or partial ill is universal good,  
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,  
 Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.  
 We just as wisely might of Heaven complain  
 That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,  
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease  
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.  
 Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause  
 Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,  
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?  
 On air or sea new motions be impress,  
 Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?  
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?  
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,  
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)  
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?  
 A kingdom of the just then let it be:  
 But first consider how those just agree.  
 The good must merit God's peculiar care;  
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?  
 One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;  
 Another deems him instrument of Hell;  
 If Calvin feels Heaven's blessing, or its rod,  
 This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.  
 What shocks one part, will edify the rest,  
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.  
 The very best will variously incline,  
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.  
 WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,  
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;  
 And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,  
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."  
 What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?  
 That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;  
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;  
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,  
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.  
 The good man may be weak, be indolent;  
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.  
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?  
 "No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"

Add health and power, and every earthly thing,  
 "Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"  
 Nay, why external for internal given?  
 Why is not man a god, and Earth a Heaven?  
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive  
 God gives enough, while he has more to give;  
 Immense the power, immense were the demand;  
 Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?  
 What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,  
 Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?  
 Then give Humility a coach and six,  
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,  
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.  
 Weak, foolish man? will Heaven reward us there  
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?  
 The boy and man an individual makes,  
 Yet sigh 'at thou now for apples and for cakes?  
 Go, like the Indian, in another life  
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;  
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,  
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind;  
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring  
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;  
 How oft by these at sixty are undone  
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!  
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,  
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?  
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;  
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.  
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,  
 The lover and the love of human-kind,  
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,  
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk.  
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,

That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.  
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:  
 But, by your father's worth if yours you rate,  
 Count me those only who were good and great.  
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood  
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood,  
 Go! and pretend your family is young;  
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
 What can ennoble sons, or slaves, or cowards?  
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say, where greatness lies:

"Where but among the heroes and the wise?"  
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;  
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,  
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise:

All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:  
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,  
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.  
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:  
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great;  
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
 Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,  
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.  
 Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown.  
 The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.  
 All that we feel of it begins and ends  
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;  
 To all beside as much an empty shade  
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;  
 Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,  
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:  
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
 As Justice tears his body from the grave;  
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,  
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.  
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;  
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:  
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
 Of stupid starrers, and of loud huzzas;  
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,  
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?  
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?  
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;  
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own:  
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,  
 Without a second, or without a judge:

would you teach, or save a sinking land !  
 none aid you, and few understand.  
 pre-eminence ! yourself to view  
 life's weakness, and its comforts too.  
 then these blessings to a strict account ;  
 ir deductions ; see to what they mount :  
 sch of other each is sure to cost ;  
 ich for other oft is wholly lost ;  
 consistent greater goods with these ;  
 netimes life is risk'd, and always ease :  
 und if still the things thy envy call,  
 uldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?  
 for ribands, if thou art so silly,  
 w they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.  
 w dirt the passion of thy life ?  
 t on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.  
 allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
 east, brightest, meanest of mankind :  
 h'd with the whistling of a name,  
 mwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !  
 nited, thy ambition call,  
 icient story, learn to scorn them all.  
 n the rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and great,  
 false scale of happiness complete !  
 s of kings, or arms of queens who lay,  
 ppy ! those to ruin, these betray.  
 / what wretched steps their glory grows,  
 rt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose ;  
 how guilt and greatness equal ran,  
 that rais'd the hero, sunk the man :  
 rope's laurels on their brows behold,  
 i'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold :  
 e them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,  
 ious for plunder'd provinces.  
 th ill-fated ; which no act of fame  
 ght to shine, or sanctified from shame !  
 eater bliss attends their close of life ?  
 eedy minion, or imperious wife,  
 hied arches, storied halls invade,  
 nt their slumbers in the pompous shade.  
 t dazzled with their noontide ray,  
 the morn and evening to the day ;  
 le amount of that enormous fame,  
 hat blends their glory with their shame !  
 then this truth (enough for man to know),  
 alone is happiness below."

7 point where human bliss stands still,  
 es the good without the fall to ill ;  
 nly merit constant pay receives,  
 n what it takes, and what it gives ;  
 nequall'd, if its end it gain,  
 t lose, attended with no pain :  
 satiety, though e'er so blest,  
 more relish'd as the more distress'd :  
 deat mirth unfeeling Folly wears,  
 asing far than Virtue's very tears :  
 m each object, from each place acquir'd,  
 'exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;  
 ated, while one man's oppress'd :  
 ejected, while another's blest ;  
 ere no wants, no wishes can remain,  
 it to wish more virtue, is to gain.  
 e sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !  
 ho but feels can taste, but thinks can know :  
 with fortune, and with learning blind,  
 must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;  
 no sect, who takes no private road,  
 s through Nature, up to Nature's God ;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,  
 Joins Heaven and Earth, and mortal and divine ;  
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,  
 But touches some above, and some below ;  
 Learns from this union of the rising whole  
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;  
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
 All end in love of God, and love of man.  
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,  
 And opens still, and opens on his soul :  
 Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,  
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.  
 He sees, why Nature plants in man alone  
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :  
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find :)  
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this  
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;  
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest ;  
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,  
 Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.  
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ?  
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part.  
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,  
 In one close system of benevolence :  
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts : but human  
 soul  
 Must rise from individual to the whole.  
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;  
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,  
 Another still, and still another spreads ;  
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace ;  
 His country next ; and next all human race ;  
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind  
 Take every creature in, of every kind ;  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
 And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend ! my genius ! come along !  
 Oh master of the poet, and the song !  
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,  
 To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,  
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,  
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;  
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;  
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.  
 Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name  
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;  
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?  
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy  
 foes,  
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?  
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,  
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;  
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light ;  
 Show'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT ;  
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;  
 That true self-love and social are the same ;  
 That virtue only makes our bliss below ;  
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

## MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitatis opus, ut currat sententia, neu se  
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :  
 Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,  
 Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poëtæ,  
 Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque  
 Extenuantis eas consulto. *Hor.*

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

## EPISTLE I.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS  
OF MEN.*Argument.*

- I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world: and some reason for it. Education alters the nature, or at least character of many. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humors, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

Yes, you despise the man to books confin'd,  
 Who from his study rails at human-kind;  
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance  
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance.  
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,  
 That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,  
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,  
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,  
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much.  
 To observations which ourselves we make,  
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;  
 To written wisdom, as another's, less:  
 Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.  
 There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,  
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:  
 Shall only man be taken in the gross?  
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;  
 Next, that he varies from himself no less;  
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,  
 And all opinion's colors cast on life.  
 Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,  
 Quick whirle, and shifting eddies, of our minds!  
 On human actions reason though you can,  
 It may be reason, but it is not man:  
 His principle of action once explore,  
 That instant 'tis his principle no more.  
 Like following life through creatures you direct,  
 You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the difference is as great between  
 The optics seeing, as the objects seen.  
 All manners take a tincture from our own;  
 Or come discolored through our passions shown.  
 Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,  
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.  
 Nor will life's stream for observation stay,  
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way:  
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,  
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.  
 Oft, in the passion's wild rotation tost,  
 Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:  
 Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,  
 And what comes then is master of the field.  
 As the last image of that troubled heap,  
 When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,  
 (Though past the recollection of the thought.)  
 Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought.  
 Something as dim to our internal view,  
 Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;  
 Others, so very close, they're hid from none;  
 (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light.)  
 Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;  
 And every child hates Shylock, though his soul  
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.  
 At half mankind when generous Manly raves,  
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves;  
 When universal homage Umbra pays,  
 All see 'tis vice, an itch of vulgar praise.  
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,  
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.  
 But these plain characters we rarely find:  
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind;  
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;  
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.  
 The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;  
 And, in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:  
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;  
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigor, in the gout  
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;  
 Early at business, and at hazard late;  
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;  
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;  
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.  
 Cautious is ever moral, ever grave,  
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave.

at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,  
 with venison to a saint without.  
 would not praise Patricio's high desert,  
 and unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,  
 apprehensive head! all interests weigh'd,  
 open sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.  
 asks you not, his pride is in piquette,  
 market fame, and judgment at a bet.  
 made (say, Montagne, or more sage Charron)  
 warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?  
 used prince a leaden saint revere,  
 as regent tremble at a star?  
 one a bigot keep, a genius quit,  
 as through piety, and dup'd through wit?  
 a woman, child, or dotard rule,  
 at her wisest monarch made a fool?  
 w, God and Nature only are the same:  
 the judgment shoots a flying game;  
 of passage! gone as soon as found,  
 the Moon perhaps, now under ground.  
 in the sage, with retrospective eye,  
 from th' apparent what conclude the why,  
 the motive from the deed, and show,  
 that we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.  
 if Fortune or a mistress frowns,  
 lunge in business, others shave their crowns;  
 the soul of one oppressive weight,  
 sits an empire, that embroils a state:  
 me adust complexion has impell'd  
 to the convent, Philip to the field.  
 always actions show the man: we find  
 as a kindness, is not therefore kind:  
 as prosperity becalm'd his breast,  
 as the wind just shifted from the east:  
 before humble he who seeks retreat,  
 guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:  
 combats bravely is not therefore brave,  
 adds a death-bed like the meanest slave:  
 reasons wisely is not therefore wise,  
 dead in reasoning, not in acting, lies.  
 grant that actions best discover man;  
 he most strong, and sort them as you can.  
 w that glare, each character must mark,  
 dance not the many in the dark.  
 will you do with such as disagree?  
 as them, or miscall them policy?  
 men at once (the character to save)  
 ain rough hero turn a crafty knave?  
 in truth the man but chang'd his mind,  
 as was sick, in love, or had not din'd.  
 by from Britain Cæsar would retreat?  
 himself might whisper, he was beat.  
 ask the world's great empire for a punk?  
 perhaps might answer, he was drunk.  
 ge historians! 'tis your task to prove  
 tion, conduct; one, heroic love.  
 from high life high characters are drawn:  
 in crapo is twice a saint in lawn;  
 e is just, a chancellor juster still;  
 nman learn'd; a bishop, what you will;  
 f a minister; but, if a king,  
 rise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.  
 virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
 here Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:  
 as low vale, the soil the virtues like,  
 release as beauties, here as wonders strike.  
 the same Sun with all diffusive rays  
 in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,  
 ze the stronger effort of his power,  
 stly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind;  
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.  
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;  
 The next a tradesman meek, and much a liar:  
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;  
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave:  
 Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:  
 A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:  
 A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell  
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;  
 Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,  
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,  
 What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?  
 Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;  
 Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature? habit can efface,  
 Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:  
 By actions? those uncertainty divides:  
 By passions? these dissimulation hides:  
 Opinions? they still take a wider range:  
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with  
 climes,  
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,  
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known;  
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere;  
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.  
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,  
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.  
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;  
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies:  
 Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,  
 The club must hail him master of the joke.  
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?  
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.  
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores  
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;  
 Enough if all around him but admire,  
 And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.  
 Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,  
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;  
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;  
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt;  
 His passion still, to covet general praise;  
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;  
 A constant bounty, which no friend has made;  
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;  
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,  
 Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:  
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;  
 A rebel to the very king he loves;  
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,  
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.  
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?  
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,  
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,  
 If second qualities for first they take.  
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;  
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;  
 In this the lust, in that the avarice,  
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.  
 That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,  
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.



Lucullus, when frugality could charm,  
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.  
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,  
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.  
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
As fits give vigor, just when they destroy.  
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.  
Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
And totter on in business to the last;  
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,  
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace  
Has made the father of a nameless race,  
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd  
By his own son, that passes by unblest:  
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,  
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;  
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:  
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!  
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."  
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,  
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,  
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,  
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke,)  
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace,  
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:  
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—  
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd  
An humble servant to all human-kind, [stir,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could  
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir!"

"I give and I devise" (old Eucio said,  
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."  
Your money, sir?—"My money, sir, what all?  
Why, if I must"—(then wept) "I give it Paul."  
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried.  
"Not that—I cannot part with that,"—and died.

And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:  
Such in those moments as in all the past,  
"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

## TO A LADY.

### EPISTLE II.

#### OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,  
"Most women have no characters at all."  
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,  
All how unlike each other, all how true!  
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,  
Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side.  
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,  
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.  
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,  
In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,  
Or dress in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,  
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,  
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colors and the ground prepare!  
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;  
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it  
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,  
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,  
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,  
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;  
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,  
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:  
So morning insects, that in muck begun,  
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;  
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend.  
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice,  
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.  
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink.  
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.  
All eyes may see from what the change arose,  
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"  
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees  
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,  
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;  
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.  
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,  
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;  
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,  
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;  
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,  
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;  
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,  
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;  
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,  
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;  
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,  
And made a widow happy, for a whim.  
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,  
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?  
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?  
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:  
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,  
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres;  
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;  
And atheism and religion take their turns;  
A very heathen in the carnal part,  
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk,  
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;  
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,  
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.  
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,  
Her head's untouch'd; that noble seat of thought;  
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit  
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.  
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?  
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.  
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,  
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of Taste,  
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,  
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:  
So Philomede, lecturing all mankind  
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,

address, the delicacy—stoops at once,  
 makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.  
 via 's a wit, has too much sense to pray;  
 ast our wants and wishes, is her way;  
 aks of God, but of her stars, to give  
 mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."  
 all for death, that opiate of the soul!  
 tia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.  
 what can cause such impotence of mind?  
 rk too fickle, or a spouse too kind?  
 wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;  
 too much spirit to be e'er at ease;  
 too much quickness ever to be taught;  
 too much thinking to have common thought:  
 urchase pain with all that joy can give,  
 lie of nothing but a rage to live.  
 rn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,  
 s so meek, no ass so obstinate.  
 r, that owns her faults, but never mends,  
 use she's honest, and the best of friends.  
 r, whose life the church and scandal share,  
 ver in a passion, or a prayer.  
 r, who laughs at Hell, but (like her grace)  
 "Ah! how charming, if there's no such  
 place!"

ho in sweet vicissitude appears  
 irth and opium, ratasie and tears,  
 ially anodyne, and nightly draught,  
 ll those foes to fair-ones, time and thought.  
 an and fool are too hard things to hit;  
 ue no-meaning puzzles more than wit.  
 t what are these to great Atossa's mind?  
 e once herself, by turns all woman-kind!  
 with herself, or others, from her birth  
 all her life one warfare upon Earth:  
 s, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,  
 i, whate'er she hates and ridicules.  
 ought advances, but her eddy brain  
 is it about, and down it goes again.  
 ifty years the world has been her trade,  
 wisest fool much time has ever made.  
 loveless youth to unrespected age,  
 usion gratified, except her rage,  
 ch the fury still outran the wit,  
 pleasure mist her, and the scandal hit.  
 breaks with her, provokes revenge from  
 Hell,

e's a bolder man who dares be well.  
 very turn with violence pursued,  
 ore a storm her hate than gratitude:  
 at each passion turns, or soon or late;  
 if it makes her yield, must make her hate:  
 iors! death! and equals! what a curse!  
 n inferior not dependant? worse.  
 d her, and she knows not to forgive;  
 o her, and she'll hate you while you live:  
 ie, and she'll adore you—Then the bust  
 emple rise—then fall again to dust.  
 ight, her lord was all that's good and great;  
 ve this morning, and his will a cheat.  
 ge! by the means defeated of the ends,  
 rit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,  
 alth of followers! without one distress  
 f herself, through very selfishness!  
 i, curs'd with every granted prayer,  
 ees with all her children, wants an heir.  
 s unknown descends th' unguarded store,  
 unders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.  
 ures, like these, dear madam, to design,  
 no firm hand, and no unerring line;

Some wandering touches, some reflected light,  
 Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:  
 For how should equal colors do the knack?  
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—  
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.  
 "With every pleasing, every prudent part,  
 Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.  
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;  
 But never, never reach'd one generous thought.  
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,  
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.  
 So very reasonable, so unmov'd,  
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.  
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,  
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;  
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,  
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.  
 Forbid it, Heaven, a favor or a debt  
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.  
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;  
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.  
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,  
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.  
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?  
 She bids her footman put it in her head.  
 Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?  
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,  
 Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:  
 'The same for ever! and describ'd by all  
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.  
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,  
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.  
 'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,  
 To draw the naked is your true delight.  
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,  
 None see what parts of Nature it conceals:  
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,  
 We owe to models of an humble kind.  
 If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,  
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.  
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing  
 To draw the man who loves his God, or king:  
 Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)  
 From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,  
 A woman's seen in private life alone:  
 Our bolder talents in full life display'd;  
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade.  
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;  
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,  
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,  
 That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men, we various ruling passions find;  
 In women, two almost divide the kind:  
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,  
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught  
 Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?  
 Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,  
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;  
 But every woman is at heart a rake:  
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;  
 But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!  
 Power all their end, but beauty all the means:  
 In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,  
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;  
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.  
 But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,  
 As hard a science to the fair as great!  
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,  
 Worn out in public, weary every eye,  
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,  
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view;  
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,  
 To covet flying, and regret when lost:  
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,  
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend;  
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,  
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.  
 As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,  
 So these their merry, miserable night;  
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,  
 And haunt the places where their honor died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!  
 A youth of frolics, an old-age of cards:  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;  
 Young without lovers, old without a friend;  
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;  
 Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;  
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!  
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,  
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:  
 So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,  
 All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,  
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,  
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:  
 She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting ways,  
 Yet has her humor most, when she obeys;  
 Let fops or Fortune fly which way they will,  
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;  
 Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,  
 And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,  
 Woman's at best a contradiction still.  
 Heaven when it strives to polish all it can  
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man;  
 Picks from each sex, to make the favorite blest,  
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:  
 Blends, in exception to all general rules,  
 Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:  
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,  
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride;  
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;  
 Shakes all together, and produces—you.  
 Be this a woman's fame! with this unblest,  
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.  
 This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)  
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;  
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,  
 Averted half your parents' simple prayer;  
 And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf  
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.  
 The generous god, who wit and gold refines,  
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,  
 Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,  
 To you gave sense, good-humor, and a poet.

# TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

## EPISTLE III.

### ON THE USE OF RICHES.

#### Argument.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable. How a prodigal does the same. The due medium, and true use of riches. The Man of Ross. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death. The story of Sir Balaam.

P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagree,  
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me!  
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,  
 That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;  
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,  
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,  
 (And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)  
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,  
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:  
 But when, by man's audacious labor won,  
 Flam'd forth this rival too, its sire, the Sun,  
 Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men.  
 To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,  
 We find our tenets just the same at last.

Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,  
 No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect;  
 Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,  
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows  
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;  
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:  
 What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)  
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust:  
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,  
 But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend:

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend  
 B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd  
 In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,  
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.  
 Once we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,  
 From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,  
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,  
 "Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."  
 Blest Paper-credit! last and best supply!  
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!

imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,  
ocket states, can fetch or carry kings;  
le leaf shall wait an army o'er,  
p off senates to some distant shore;  
like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro,  
tes and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:  
ant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,  
ilent sells a king, or buys a queen.  
! that such bulky bribes as all might see,  
as of old, encumber'd villany!

France or Rome divert our brave designs,  
all their brandies, or with all their wines?  
could they more than knights and 'squires  
confound,  
ter all the quorum ten miles round?  
tesman's slumbers how this speech would  
spoil!

Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;  
bales of British cloth blockade the door;  
dred oxen at your levee roar."  
r Avarice one torment more would find;  
ould Profusion squander all in kind.  
e his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;  
Worldly crying coals from street to street,  
a, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,  
mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.  
Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and  
hogs,

he himself have sent it to the dogs?  
race will game: to White's a bull be led,  
spurning heels and with a butting head.  
hite's be carried, as to ancient games,  
oursers, vases, and alluring dames.  
then Uxorio, if the stakes be sweep,  
home six whores, and make his lady weep?  
t Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,  
to St. James's a whole herd of swine?  
thy check on all industrious skill,  
oil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!  
then, my lord, on such a world we fall,  
say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold and  
all.

What riches give us, let us then inquire?  
fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,  
clothes, and fire.

is too little? would you more than live?  
'tis more than Turner finds they give.  
'tis more than (all his visions past)  
ppy Wharton, waking, found at last!  
can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;  
hartres, vigor; Japhet, nose and ears?  
hey, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,  
lvia's buckle ease the throbs below;  
al, old Narses, thy obscener ail,  
all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?  
might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)  
Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;  
d some doctor that would save the life  
retched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife;  
ousands die, without or this or that,  
nd endow a college, or a cat.  
me, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,  
rich a bastard, or a son they hate.  
haps you think the poor might have their part;  
damns the poor, and hates them from his  
heart:

grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule  
every man in want is knave or fool:  
cannot love" (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)  
wretch he starves"—and piously denies:

But the good bishop, with a meeker air,  
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,  
Each does but hate his neighbor as himself:  
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides  
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,  
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,  
Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;  
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-Sea year?

To live on venison when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?  
Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?  
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,  
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:  
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,  
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,  
To just three millions stunted modest Gage.  
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,  
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.

Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,  
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate:

"At length Corruption, like a general flood,  
(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)

Shall deluge all; and Avarice, creeping on,  
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;

Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,  
Peers and butler share alike the box;

And judges job, and bishops bite the town,  
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.

See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,  
And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's

arms!"

'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener, fir'd thy brain,  
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:

No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see

Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,

And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,

To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:

But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,

Than even that passion, if it has no aim;

For though such motives folly you may call,

The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: "Tis Heaven each passion  
sends,

And different men directs to different ends.

Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

Extremes in man concur to general use."

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?

That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,

Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor;

This year, a reservoir, to keep and spare;  
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,  
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,  
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,  
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:  
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)  
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?  
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,  
With soups unbought and salads bless'd his board?  
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more  
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before:  
To cram the rich, was prodigal expense,  
And who would take the poor from Providence?  
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,  
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;  
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,  
No noontide bell invites the country round:  
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,  
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:  
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,  
Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unopening door;  
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,  
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,  
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.  
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;  
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,  
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.  
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,  
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!  
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,  
His oxen perish in his country's cause;  
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,  
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.  
The woods recede around the naked seat,  
The Sylvas groan—no matter—for the fleet:  
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:  
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.  
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,  
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.  
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,  
Britain that pays her patriots with her spoils?  
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,  
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art  
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,  
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,  
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;  
To balance fortune by a just expense,  
Join with economy, magnificence;  
With splendor, charity; with plenty, health;  
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!  
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move  
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty  
given,

And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven;  
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)  
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.  
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;  
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:  
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,  
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?  
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that  
cheats.

Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon  
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?

Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,  
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?  
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,  
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?  
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,  
And angels guard him in the golden mean!  
There, English Bounty yet awhile may stand,  
And Honor linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross:  
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS:  
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry  
brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow!  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;  
But clear and artless pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows!  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise!  
"The Man of ROSS," each lisping babe replies.  
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!  
The Man of ROSS divides the weekly bread:  
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;  
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,  
The young who labor, and the old who rest.  
Is any sick? the Man of ROSS relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.  
Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue  
What all so wish, but want the power to do!  
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?  
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
This man possess—five hundred pounds a year.  
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw  
your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone!  
His race, his form, his name almost unknown!

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame.  
Will never mark the marble with his name:  
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,  
Of rich and poor makes all the history;  
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;  
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.  
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend  
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;  
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,  
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;  
That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own,  
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.  
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!  
And see, what comfort it affords our end,  
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,  
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung.  
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies—alas, how chang'd from him,  
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!  
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;

gay, at council, in a ring  
 'd statesmen, and their merry king.  
 o flatter, left of all his store;  
 o laugh at, which he valued more.  
 ictor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
 e, this lord of useless thousands ends.  
 ace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,  
 l (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me!"  
 his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John!  
 in do, when all I have is gone."  
 me, Reason, which of these are worse,  
 th a full, or with an empty purse?  
 more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd:  
 d tell me, was thy death more bless'd?  
 w tenants break, and houses fall,  
 y want he could not build a wall.  
 daughter in a stranger's power,  
 want; he could not pay a dower.  
 ey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,  
 ry want that sold them for two pound.  
 v'n denied a cordial at his end,  
 the doctor, and expell'd the friend?  
 t a want, which you perhaps think mad,  
 bers feel, the want of what he had!  
 d Brutus dying, both exclaim,  
 and Wealth! what are ye but a name?"  
 uch worth are other worlds prepar'd?  
 ey both, in this, their own reward?  
 point! to which we now proceed.  
 are tir'd—I'll tell a tale.—*B.* Agreed.  
 ere London's column, pointing at the skies,  
 ll bully, lifts the head, and lies;  
 velt a citizen of sober fame,  
 good man, and Balaam was his name;  
 , punctual, frugal, and so forth;  
 would pass for more than he was worth.  
 dish his week-day meal affords,  
 d pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:  
 at church, and 'Change; his gains were  
 sure,  
 gs rare, save farthings to the poor.  
 evil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,  
 'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;  
 now is wiser than of yore,  
 sts by making rich, not making poor.  
 by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep  
 e, and plunge his father in the deep;  
 l against his Cornish lands they roar,  
 rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.  
 aam now, he lives like other folks,  
 his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:  
 ce yourself," was soon my lady's word;  
 two puddings smok'd upon the board.  
 and naked as an Indian lay,  
 t factor stole a gem away:  
 'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,  
 he diamond, and the rogue was bit.  
 ple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,  
 give sixpence where I gave a groat;  
 ce I went to church, I'll now go twice—  
 so clear too of all other vice."  
 ter saw his time: the work he plied;  
 d subscriptions pour on every side,  
 e demon makes his full descent  
 undant shower of cent per cent,  
 p within him, and possesses whole,  
 s director, and secures his soul.  
 r Balaam, now a man of spirit,  
 his gettings to his parts and merit;

What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,  
 And God's good providence, a lucky hit.  
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn:  
 His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:  
 Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life,)  
 But duly sent his family and wife.  
 There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide  
 My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.  
 A nymph of quality admires our knight;  
 He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:  
 Leaves the dull cit, and joins (to please the fair)  
 The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:  
 First, for his son a gay commission buys,  
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:  
 His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;  
 She bears a coronet and p-x for life.  
 In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,  
 And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.  
 My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,  
 He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:  
 The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues;  
 The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:  
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,  
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:  
 The devil and the king divide the prize,  
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

*Argument.*

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burthensome and ridiculous. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind. What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men; and finally the great and public works which become a prince.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ  
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;

Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste  
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?  
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;  
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:  
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;  
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;  
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,  
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.  
Think we all these are for himself? no more  
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?  
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.  
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?  
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."  
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,  
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.  
See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,  
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:  
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,  
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,  
And pompous buildings once were things of use.  
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules  
Fill half the land with imitating fools;  
Who random drawings from your sheets shall  
take,

And of one beauty many blunders make;  
Load some vain church with old theatric state,  
Turn arts of triumph to a garden-gate;  
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all  
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;  
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,  
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.  
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,  
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;  
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,  
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,  
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:  
Something there is more needful than expense,  
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:  
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,  
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:  
A light which in yourself you must perceive;  
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,  
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,  
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;  
In all, let Nature never be forgot.  
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,  
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;  
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,  
Where half the skill is decently to hide.  
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,  
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.  
Consult the genius of the place in all;  
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;  
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,  
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;  
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,  
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;  
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines;  
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follows sense, of every art the soul,  
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,  
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,  
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;  
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow  
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;  
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:  
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,  
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:  
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,  
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.  
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,  
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.  
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete;  
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;  
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,  
And strength of shade contends with strength of  
light;

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,  
Blushing in bright diversities of day,  
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—  
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;  
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,  
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabina  
stray'd,

Or sate delighted in the thickening shade,  
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,  
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!  
His son's fine taste an opener Vista loves,  
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;  
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,  
With all the mournful family of yews:  
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,  
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,  
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"  
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,  
Soft and agreeable come never there.  
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught  
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.  
To compass this, his building is a town,  
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:  
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,  
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!  
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!  
The whole a labor'd quarry above ground.  
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind  
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.  
His gardens next your admiration call,  
On every side you look, behold the wall!  
No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;  
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other.  
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,  
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;  
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;  
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;  
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;  
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;  
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,  
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,  
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:  
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—  
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;  
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your  
thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?  
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;  
To all their dated backs he turns you round;  
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.

are vellum, and the rest as good  
his lordship knows, but they are wood.  
like or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,  
shelves admit not any modern book.  
now the chapel's silver bell you hear,  
ummons you to all the pride of prayer:  
quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.  
nted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,  
led clouds in fair expansion lie,  
ring all Paradise before your eye.  
t, the cushion and soft dean invite,  
ever mentions Hell to ears polite.  
hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;  
dred footsteps scrape the marble hall:  
ch buffet well-color'd serpents grace,  
aping Tritons spew to wash your face.  
a dinner? this a genial room?  
s a temple, and a hecatomb.  
mn sacrifice perform'd in state,  
rink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
ck retires each flying course, you'd swear  
o's dread doctor and his wand were there.  
en each act the trembling salvers ring,  
soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the  
King.  
nty starving, tantaliz'd in state,  
omplaisantly help'd to all I hate,  
ed, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,  
of his civil pride from morn to eve;  
e such lavish cost, and little skill,  
wear no day was ever pass'd so ill.  
hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;  
h to himself, and to his infants bread,  
aborer bears: What his hard heart denies,  
haritable vanity supplies.  
other age shall see the golden ear  
own the slope, and nod on the parterre,  
harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,  
laughing Ceres reassume the land.  
to then shall grace, or who improve the soil?  
plants like Bathurst, or who builds like  
Boyle?  
use alone that sanctifies expense,  
splendor borrows all her rays from sense.  
s father's acres who enjoys in peace,  
akes his neighbors glad, if he increase:  
e cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,  
o their lord owe more than to the soil;  
e ample lawns are not asham'd to feed  
milky heifer and deserving steed;  
e rising forests, not for pride or show,  
uture buildings, future navies, grow:  
is plantations stretch from down to down,  
shade a country, and then raise a town.  
u too proceed! make falling arts your care,  
new wonders, and the old repair;  
and Palladio to themselves restore,  
be whate'er Vitruvius was before:  
ings call forth the ideas of your mind,  
d to accomplish what such hands design'd,  
arbors open, public ways extend,  
emples worthier of the God ascend;  
he broad arch the dangerous flood contain,  
mole projected break the roaring main;  
to his bounds their subject sea command,  
roll obedient rivers through the land;  
e honors, Peace to happy Britain brings;  
e are imperial works, and worthy kings.

## TO MR. ADDISON.

## EPISTLE V.

## OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of medals: it was some time before he was secretary of state; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time his verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality, and was, therefore, a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years;  
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,  
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!  
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!  
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, [toil'd:  
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr  
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,  
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:  
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;  
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!  
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,  
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.  
Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,  
And papal piety, and gothic fire.  
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,  
Some buried marble half preserves a name;  
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust  
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:  
Huge moles, whose shadows stretch'd from shore to  
shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!  
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,  
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.  
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,  
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps;  
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;  
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,  
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:  
In one short view subjected to our eye  
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.  
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,  
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.  
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!  
To gain Pescenius one employs his schemes,  
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstasie dreams.  
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,  
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:  
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,  
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine  
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine.



Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,  
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.  
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage:  
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:  
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
And art reflected images to art.

Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,  
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?  
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,  
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?  
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;  
There, warriors frowning in historic brass!  
Then future ages with delight shall see  
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;  
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,  
A Virgil there, and here an Addison:  
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)  
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine:  
With aspect open shall erect his head,  
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,  
"Statesman, best friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honor clear;  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;  
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd."

#### EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

##### BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,  
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.  
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can  
hide!

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.  
By land, by water, they renew the charge;  
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.  
No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;  
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,  
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?  
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?  
All fly to Twit'nam, and, in humble strain,  
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.  
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,  
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:  
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,  
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did you not prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song.)  
What drop of nostrum can this plague remove?  
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?  
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;  
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.  
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!  
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:  
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;  
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility; I read

With honest anguish, and an aching head;  
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane,  
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,  
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:  
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;  
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace:  
I want a patron; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter  
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,  
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet—"Tis a stranger eues,  
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends.

The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fir'd that the house reject him, "Sdeath! I'll print it,

And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with

Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks:

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king),

His very minister, who spied them first,

(Some say his queen,) was forc'd to speak, or burst

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face!

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous

things,

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,

"Tis nothing—P. Nothing! if they bite and kick!

Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass.

That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)

The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel! Take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break.

Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,

Thou stand'st at unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb

through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,

The creature's at his dirty work again,

Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,

Proud of a vast extent of slimy lines!

Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,

Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?

And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?

His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?

Does not one table Bavius still admit?

Still to one bishop Philip seems a wit?

Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God's sake—you'll

offend;

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:

ould write, and I am twice as tall ;  
 s like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than all.  
 mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,  
 e slaver kills, and not the bite.  
 quite angry is quite innocent :  
 'tis ten times worse when they repent.  
 dicates in high heroic prose,  
 dicules beyond a hundred foes ;  
 on all Grub-street will my fame defend,  
 ore abusive, calls himself my friend.  
 rints my letters, that expects a bribe,  
 hers roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"  
 ro are, who to my person pay their court :  
 h like Horace, and, though lean, am short.  
 n's great son one shoulder had too high,  
 David's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"  
 obliging creature, make me see  
 at disgrac'd my betters, met in me.  
 or my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 so immortal Maro held his head ;"  
 hen I die, be sure you let me know  
 Homer died three thousand years ago.  
 y did I write? what sin to me unknown  
 me in ink, my parents', or my own?  
 a child, nor yet a fool to Fame,  
 I in numbers, for the numbers came.  
 no calling for this idle trade,  
 ty broke, no father disobey'd ;  
 luse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife ;  
 lp me through this long disease, my life ;  
 ond, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,  
 each, the being you preserv'd, to bear.  
 why then publish? Granville the polite,  
 nowing Walsh, would tell me I could write ;  
 natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,  
 longreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays ;  
 ourly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,  
 nitred Rochester would nod the head,  
 St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)  
 open arms receiv'd one poet more.  
 r my studies, when by these approv'd!  
 er their author, when by these below'd!  
 these the world will judge of men and books,  
 on the Burnetts, Oldmixons, and Cooks.  
 t were my numbers: who could take offence  
 pure description held the place of sense?  
 gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,  
 ated mistress, or a purling stream.  
 en did Gildon draw his venal quill ;  
 id the man a dinner, and sate still.  
 en did Dennis rave in furious fret:  
 or answer'd, I was not in debt.  
 nt provok'd, or madness made them print,  
 'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.  
 some more sober critic come abroad ;  
 ong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
 eading, study, are their just pretence,  
 all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.  
 as and points they set exactly right,  
 t were a sin to rob them of their mite.  
 e'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
 slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:  
 wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
 word-catcher, that lives on syllables,  
 such small critics some regard may claim,  
 ry'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.  
 't in amber to observe the forms  
 irs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
 hings we know are neither rich nor rare,  
 onder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too ;  
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;  
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?  
 The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,  
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,  
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year,  
 He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:  
 And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:  
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:  
 All these, my modest satire bad translate,  
 And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!  
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;  
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,  
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;  
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be!  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

What, though my name stood rubric on the walls,  
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?  
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,  
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?  
 I sought no homage from the race that write ;  
 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:  
 Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)  
 No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.  
 I ne'er with wits or wtlings pass'd my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;  
 Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,  
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;  
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,  
 With handkerchief and orange at my side!  
 But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.  
 Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,  
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;  
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,  
 Horace and he went hand in hand in song.  
 His library (where busts of poets dead  
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place ;  
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,  
 And flatter'd every day, and some days eat ;  
 Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise

To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,  
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh,  
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:  
But still the great have kindness in reserve,  
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose-  
quill!

May every Bavius have his Bufo still!  
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,  
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,  
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,  
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!  
Blest be the great! for those they take away,  
And those they left me; for they left me Gay:  
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,  
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:  
Of all thy blameless life the sole return  
My verse, and Queenaberry weeping o'er thy urn!  
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!

(To live and die is all I have to do.)  
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,  
And see what friends, and read what books I please:  
Above a patron, though I condescend  
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.  
I was not born for courts or great affairs:  
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;  
Can sleep without a poem in my head,  
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?  
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?  
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)  
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?  
"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt  
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."  
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,  
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"  
And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.  
Poor, guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,  
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!  
But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,  
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,  
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,  
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:  
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,  
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:  
Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
And show the sense of it without the love;  
Who has the vanity to call you friend,  
Yet wants the honor, injur'd, to defend;  
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:  
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,  
And sees at Cannons what was never there;  
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,  
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;  
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,  
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?  
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?  
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?  
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:  
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;  
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,  
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
And he himself one vile Antithesis.  
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,  
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,  
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,  
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,  
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.  
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,  
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,  
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,  
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways:  
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,  
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;  
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,  
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:  
That not for fame, but Virtue's better end,  
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
The damning critic, half-approving wit,  
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;  
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,  
Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;  
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape.  
The libell'd person and the pictur'd shape;  
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
A friend in exile, or a father dead;  
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,  
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—  
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:  
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great!  
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:  
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a gaol;  
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,  
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;  
If on a pillory, or near a throne,  
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:  
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess  
Foe to his pride but friend to his distress:  
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,  
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moe  
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?  
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie  
To please his mistress one aspers'd his life;  
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:  
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,  
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;

two Curlls of town and court, abuse  
er, mother, body, soul, and Muse.  
y! that father held it for a rule,  
sin to call our neighbor fool:  
rmless mother thought no wife a whore:  
is, and spare his family, James Moore;  
ed names, and memorable long;  
be force in virtue, or in song.  
ntle blood (part shed in Honor's cause,  
et in Britain Honor had applause)  
arent sprung.—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own,  
tter got, than Bestia's from the throne.  
no pride, inheriting no strife,  
rrying discord in a noble wife,  
r to civil and religious rage,  
d man walk'd innoxious through his age.  
rts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.  
d, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,  
guage, but the language of the heart.  
ro honest, by experience wise;  
by temperance, and by exercise;  
, though long, to sickness past unknown,  
thr was instant, and without a groan.  
me thus to live, and thus to die!  
rung from kings shall know less joy than I.  
end! may each domestic bliss be thine!  
mpleasing melancholy mine:  
the tender office long engage,  
the cradle of reposing age,  
nient arts extend a mother's breath,  
anguor smile, and smooth the bed of death,  
the thought, explain the asking eye,  
ep awhile one parent from the sky!  
s like these if length of days attend,  
aven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
o him social, cheerful, and serene,  
t as rich as when he serv'd a queen!  
ther that blessings be denied or given,  
r was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

## MESSIAH.

ED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S PASTORAL.

uphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
venly themes sublimer strains belong.  
ssy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
ams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
no more—O thou my voice inspire  
uch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!  
into future times, the bard begun:  
n shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!  
sser's root behold a branch arise,  
sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:  
real spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
its top descends the mystic Dove.  
vens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
soft silence shed the kindly shower!  
k and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
orm a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
ees shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;  
ng Justice lift aloft her scale;  
'er the world her olive wand extend,  
ite-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descend.  
r the years, and rise th' expected morn!  
ug to light, auspicious Babe, be born!

See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:  
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!  
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!  
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!  
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!  
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:  
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:  
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
From every face he wipes off every tear.  
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,  
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:  
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
The promis'd father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;  
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:  
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,  
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.  
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
And heap'd with products of Sabeen springs!  
For thee Idumæ's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See Heaven his sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine  
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!  
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

## ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?  
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,  
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?  
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?  
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;  
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:  
Thence to their images on Earth it flows,  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,  
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)  
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And separate from their kindred dregs below;  
So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death;  
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,  
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:  
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
And frequent hearths shall besiege your gates:  
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
(While the long funerals blacken all the way.)  
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,  
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield."  
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!  
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oh, ever-injur'd shade:  
—y fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid!

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd!  
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show?  
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,  
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face!  
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade  
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;  
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part:  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;  
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

## SATIRE.

The first Part (to verse 132.) imitated in the Year 1714, by  
Dr. Swift; the latter Part added afterwards.

I've often wish'd that I had clear  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end,  
A terrace-walk, and half a rood  
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,  
I ask not to increase my store;  
"But here a grievance seems to lie,  
All this is mine but till I die;  
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever  
To me and to my heirs for ever.

"If I ne'er got or lost a groat,  
By any trick, or any fault;  
And if I pray by Reason's rules,  
And not like forty other fools:  
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!  
'To grant me this and t' other acre:  
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,  
Direct my plow to find a treasure.'  
But only what my station fits,  
And to be kept in my right wits,  
Preserve, Almighty Providence!  
Just what you gave me, competence:  
And let me in these shades compose  
Something in verse as true as prose;  
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,  
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,  
Let me but live on this side Trent;  
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,  
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,  
'Tis for the service of the crown.  
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,  
Send for him up, take no excuse."  
The toil, the danger of the seas;  
Great ministers ne'er think of these;  
Or let it cost five hundred pound,  
No matter where the money's found.  
It is but so much more in debt,  
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,  
Let my lord know you're come to town."  
I hurry me in haste away,  
Not thinking it is levee-day;  
And find his honor in a pound,  
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,  
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green.  
How should I thrust myself between?  
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,  
And smiling whispers to the next,  
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,  
To jostle here among a crowd."

Another, in a surly fit,  
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,  
"So eager to express your love,  
You ne'er consider whom you shove,  
But rudely press before a duke."  
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,  
And take it kindly meant to show  
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw:  
When twenty fools I never saw  
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,  
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case—  
That, begs my int'rest for a place—  
A hundred other men's affairs,  
Like bees, are humming in my ears.  
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,  
Without your help the cause is gone."  
The duke expects my lord and you,  
About some great affair, at two—  
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,  
To get my warrant quickly sign'd.  
Consider 'tis my first request."  
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:—  
Then presently he falls to tease,  
"You may for certain, if you please;  
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—  
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,  
(October next it will be four.)  
Since Harley bid me first attend,  
And chose me for an humble friend;  
Would take me in his coach to chat,  
And question me of this and that;  
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"  
"Who's chariot's that we left behind?"  
Or gravely try to read the lines  
Writ underneath the country signs;  
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day  
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"  
Such tattle often entertains  
My lord and me as far as Staines,  
As once a week we travel down  
To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes, *inter nos*,  
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,  
Because they see me us'd so well:  
"How think you of our friend the Dean?  
I wonder what some people mean;  
My lord and he are grown so great,  
Always together, *tête-à-tête*.  
What, they admire him for his jokes—  
See but the fortune of some folks!"  
There flies about a strange report  
Of some express arriv'd at court;  
I'm stop't by all the fools I meet,  
And catechis'd in every street.  
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;  
Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?  
Or do the prints and papers lie?"  
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.  
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!  
'Tis now no secret!"—I protest  
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,  
When are the troops to have their pay?"  
And, though I solemnly declare  
I know no more than my lord-mayor,  
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown  
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,  
My choicest hours of life are lost;  
Yet always wishing to retreat,  
Oh, could I see my country-seat!  
There, leaning near a gentle brook,  
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,  
And there in sweet oblivion drown  
Those cares that haunt the court and town.  
O charming noons! and nights divine!  
Or when I sup, or when I dine,  
My friends above, my folks below,  
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,  
The beans and bacon set before 'em,  
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:  
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,  
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!  
Here no man prates of idle things,  
How this or that Italian sings,  
A neighbor's madness, or his spouse's,  
Or what's in either of the houses:  
But something much more our concern,  
And quite a scandal not to learn:  
Which is the happier, or the wiser,  
A man of merit, or a miser?  
Whether we ought to choose our friends,  
For their own worth, or our own ends?  
What good, or better, we may call,  
And what the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)  
A tale extremely *à propos*:  
Name a town life, and in a trice  
He had a story of two mice.  
Once on a time (so runs the fable)  
A country mouse, right hospitable,  
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,  
Just as a farmer might a lord.  
A frugal mouse upon the whole,  
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,  
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,  
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.  
He brought him bacon (nothing lean);  
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;  
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,  
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;

Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,  
He eat himself the rind and paring.  
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
But show'd his breeding and his wit;  
He did his best to seem to eat,  
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.  
But Lord, my friend, this savage scene!  
For God's sake, come, and live with men;  
Consider, mice, like men, must die,  
Both small and great, both you and I:  
Then spend your life in joy and sport;  
(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.)"

The veriest hermit in the nation  
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.  
Away they come, through thick and thin,  
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:  
(Twas on the night of a debate,  
When all their lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet  
Shin'd in description, he might show it;  
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,  
And tips with silver all the walls;  
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:  
But let it (in a word) be said,  
The Moon was up, and men a-bed,  
The napkins white, the carpet red:  
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,  
And down the mice sate, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,  
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;  
Tells all their names, lays down the law,  
"Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!  
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,  
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."  
Was ever such a happy swain!  
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.  
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude  
To eat so much—but all's so good.  
I have a thousand thanks to give—  
My lord alone knows how to live."  
No sooner said, but from the hall  
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:  
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door!"—  
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.  
O for the heart of Homer's mice,  
Or gods to save them in a trice!  
(It was by Providence they think,  
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)  
"An't please your honor," quoth the peasant,  
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:  
Give me again my hollow tree,  
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

## EPISTLE TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL  
MORTIMER.

*Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's Poems  
published by our Author, after the said Earl's im-  
prisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the  
Country, in the Year 1721.*

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung.  
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!  
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!  
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!  
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great;  
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear.)  
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days.  
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,  
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;  
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:  
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried.  
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;  
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:  
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.  
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,  
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;  
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.  
Ev'n now she shades thy evening-walk with bays.  
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);  
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,  
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

R. H.

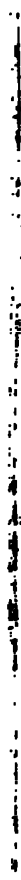
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[REDACTED]

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates.

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[REDACTED]

